WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 14, 1931

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# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

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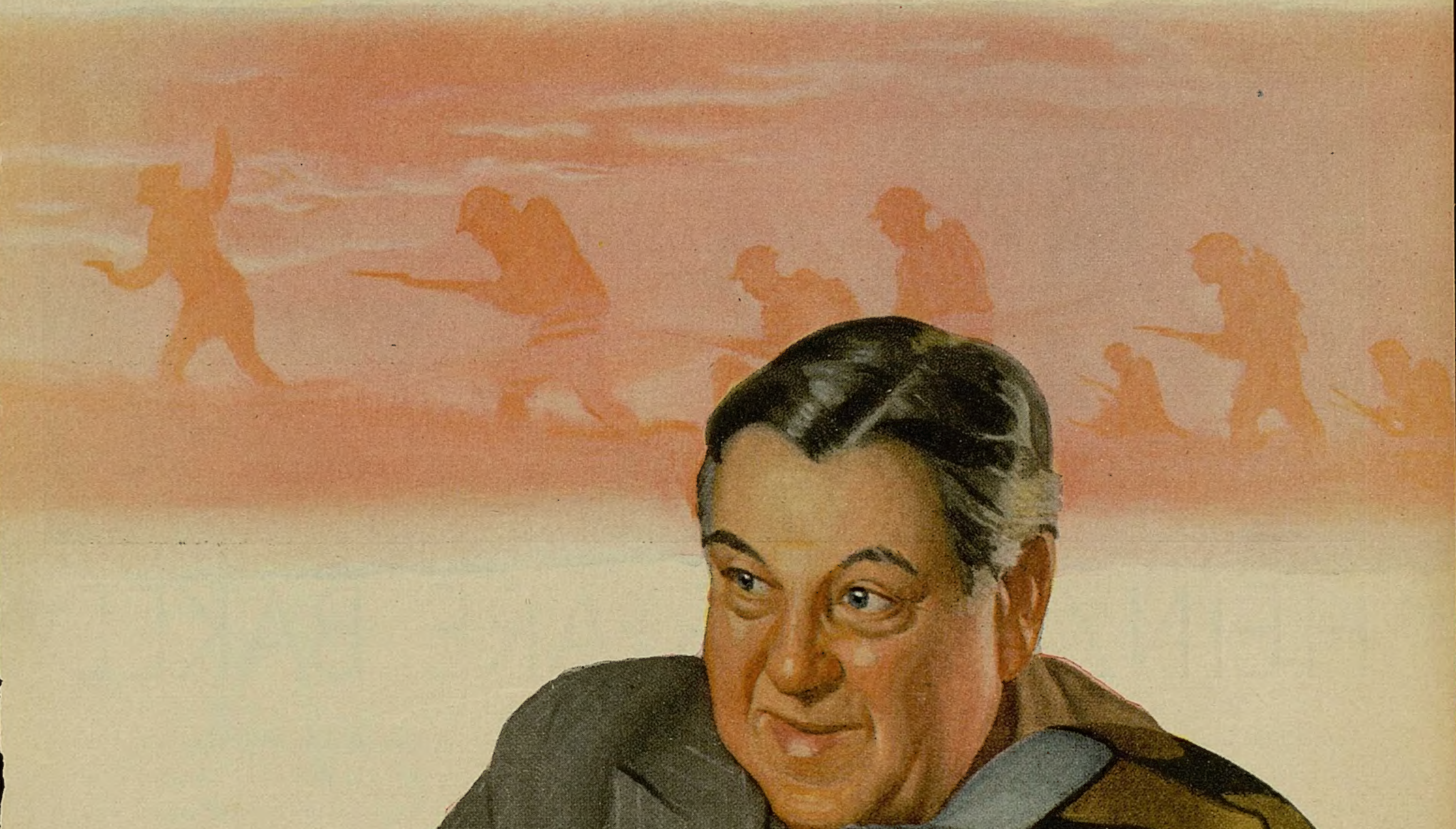
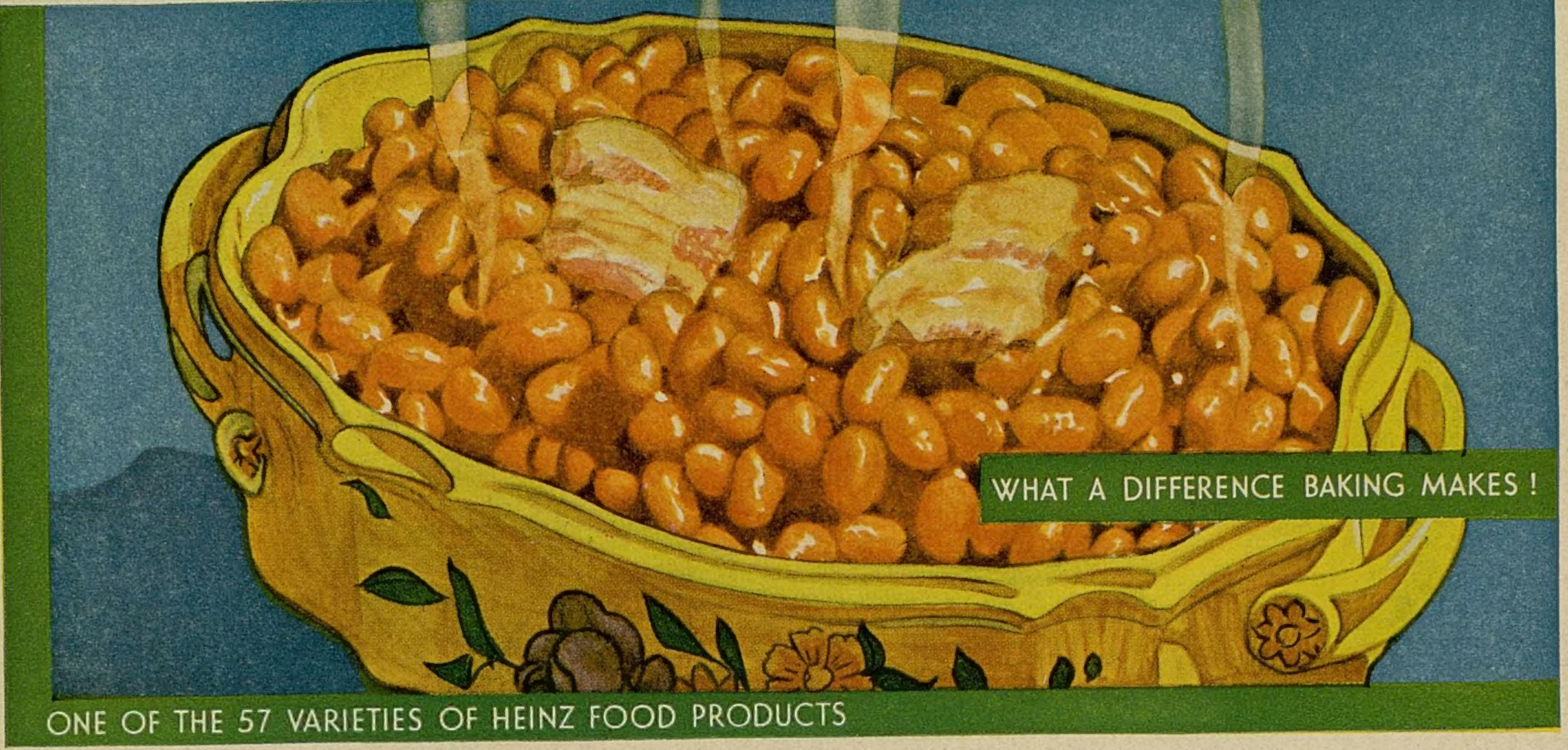


*Beginning* ~ **WHISTLING CAT**

*A Great New Novel by* **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

# IF YOU THINK ALL THE BEANS YOU CALL "BAKED BEANS" ARE REALLY BAKED ● YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS ●


WHAT A DIFFERENCE BAKING MAKES!
ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

# HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED

You call the beans you get "baked beans." But are they really baked? Don't be too sure! Few brands are. Before you answer "Yes"—read the label. Look for the word "BAKED."

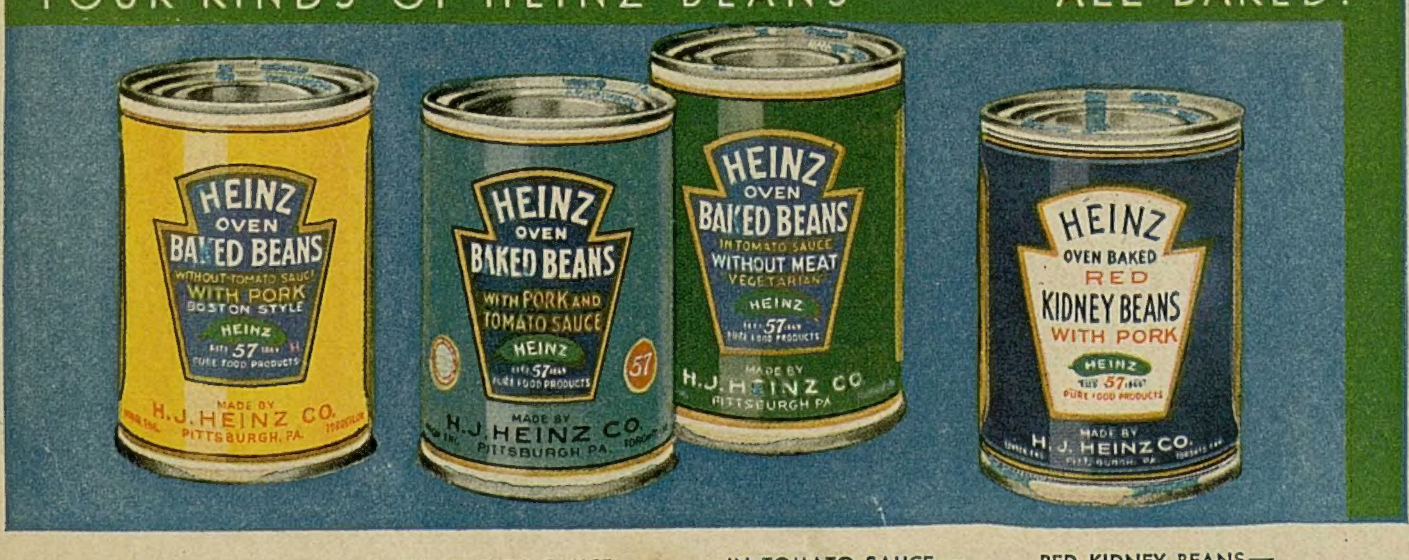
If the beans aren't plainly labeled "BAKED," they aren't baked. They're only steamed or boiled. And there's all the difference between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans that there is between boiled and baked potatoes.

But, you may say, I *like* the beans I get. Of course you do—or you wouldn't keep on getting them. But just wait till you've tried *real* baked beans — beans actually baked in ovens, by the special Heinz method! For oven-baking makes beans lighter and more digestible — brings out the full flavor — lets the sauce permeate through and through, just as butter permeates a baked potato. Yes. Just try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—once—and you'll never again be satisfied with any others.

Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans come in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce—with pork and without. And what sauce! Made from ripe, red, *fresh* tomatoes —a delightful blend with the luscious flavor of the beans themselves. Then there is Boston Style—with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans, in a savory sauce —ready to serve— a delicious vegetable for luncheon or dinner.

Make a note—now—to get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in the style you like best. Watch your family's broad smiles at the very first bite. An appetizing dish—and a nourishing one, too. All the food value of meat and potatoes. Serve them often. But just make sure of one thing— that you get real *baked* beans. Insist always upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans.

## FOUR KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS • • • ALL BAKED!


HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITHOUT TOMATO SAUCE WITH PORK BOSTON STYLE HEINZ 57 H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.
HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE HEINZ 57 H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH PA.
HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE WITHOUT MEAT VEGETARIAN HEINZ 57 H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH PA.
HEINZ OVEN BAKED RED KIDNEY BEANS WITH PORK HEINZ 57 H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH PA.

BOSTON STYLE— WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE— AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE— WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS— WITH PORK

## UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED" THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS!

*Under the Pure Foods Law, only beans that really are baked can be labeled "BAKED."*

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Nov. 14, 1931

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

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*"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.*

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# FOUND—A DEPENDABLE SOLUTION OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Throughout the entire country preparations are being made to feed the hungry this coming winter. Unemployment has brought sorrow and suffering to literally millions of people, and the various plans that have been proposed to relieve the situation would fill a library.

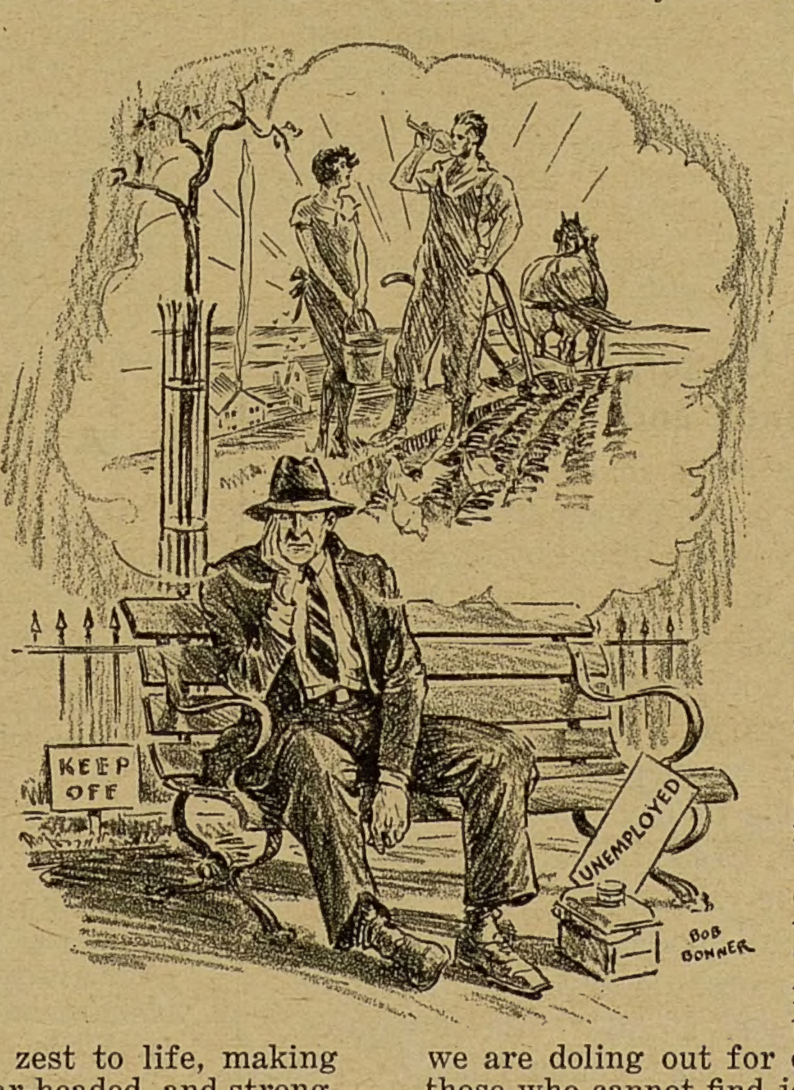
The writer has maintained again and again in editorials and articles appearing in newspapers and magazines that there is only one solution to the problem, and that is to find some means of enabling very worker to earn a living or himself. If there are no rders in the factory, jobs cant be created.

And again and again it has een stated that during the oom period labor was scarce in ll of our large cities, high wages were paid, and the surlus labor from the country locked to the cities. When the pression appeared they were arged—millions of them. were no orders to fill, and orkers were not required.

This surplus labor must go ack to the country. There is o other alternative. And no atter what methods may be dopted to artificially create obs, they will not be permanent.

But when a family moves to he country, to a plot of land on hich they can raise vegetables, rn, and practically everything ey need to eat, they become lf-supporting very quickly ereafter. They have a home their own. Fresh air, sunne, and wholesome foods add zest to life, making m healthier, happier, more clear-headed, and strong, able citizens of this great country.

Able-bodied men, literally millions of them, are look- for work—any kind of work by which they can earn ving. They do not want charity. The very word is oxious to them. They want work, and usually they ot care how hard it is as long as they can earn a fortable living.



Secretary of Labor Doak made a demonstration through the Red Cross at Greenville, South Carolina, that proved beyond all question the possibilities of going back to the farm. In that city the Red Cross was overburdened. Secretary Doak insisted that something should be done to effectively remedy the situation. After much insistence he was finally able to secure five thousand dollars. With this small amount and with the aid of the Red Cross forty-two families were taken from the breadline and moved out to neglected farms overgrown with weeds. They were furnished with seeds and garden implements; each family was given a mule, and within a short time thereafter they began to support themselves.

It is Secretary Doak's contention that if he was given a million dollars to carry out similar plans he could remedy the unemployment problem throughout the entire South. Here is a chance for wealthy citizens to help remedy this appalling problem.

In Mary Noble's article—Driven Back to Paradise!—appearing in this issue, the spirit of these self-respecting families is clearly indicated. "Out of the hell that charity brings, into the light of self-respect" clearly expresses the change brought about in these people. In comparing farm life to the city, one woman says:

"Who wouldn't like it? I am my own boss out here. In the city I worked in the sewing hall at the mill. My husband made good money, but I had to spend every cent of it to live."

In answer to the question if they had raised enough vegetables to feed themselves during the summer, she replied: "I reckon we did! We've had all we could eat. Nobody will have to feed us this winter."

One woman stated that she expected to have nine vegetables in her garden every month during the winter. That is possible in the South Carolina climate. They have no cow, but they expect to have one. And a pig? Yes, they expect to have a pig also.

But what is more important, perhaps, than anything else is that they are comfortable and happy. They have secured a new-found freedom. They have had to work hard, but they are pleased beyond words with the rewards of their labors.

Now here is a practical demonstration that is a definite solution of the unemployment problem. The proof is right before us at Greenville, under the supervision of the Red Cross in coöperation with the Department of Labor at Washington. Secretary of Labor Doak is warm in his praise of this particular method. The Red Cross indorses it enthusiastically.

Before this issue of Liberty is in the hands of its readers we are hoping that some of the legislators of the various states, together with the federal government at Washington, aided by the many relief agencies, will see the tremendous advantage of this solution of our present menacing problem.

There are farms—thousands of them—idle, overgrown with weeds, run down, deserted. There are millions of acres of fertile land in various parts of the country. The money that we are doling out for charity should be used to send those who cannot find jobs to the land, where they can earn their own living. Financial riches will not be one of the rewards, but these workers can expect what is far more valuable, and that is buoyant, vigorous vitality, abounding physical wealth, with the joy that comes from work well done, and a feeling of self-confidence and self-respect that can never be found among the crestfallen victims of the breadline.

# Fathers and Mothers

"COVER THE KNEES AND AVOID THE SNEEZE"

## You will want to read every word of this important message to your children

SOME boys and girls thought it smart to go without long stockings during cold fall or winter weather. But how terribly mistaken they were! By exposing the knees in cold weather, children not only risk their health but sometimes actually wreck a whole life of happiness. Great doctors who take care of bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble are warning against this dangerous practice. You will want to know what some of these well-known doctors have told us, so we are giving you *their* opinions. Decide never again to go without long stockings in cold weather—better be safe than sorry. Ask *your doctor*, too!

### Expert Opinion

WHAT FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

∆ ∆

"When mothers bring their children to me, I always advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

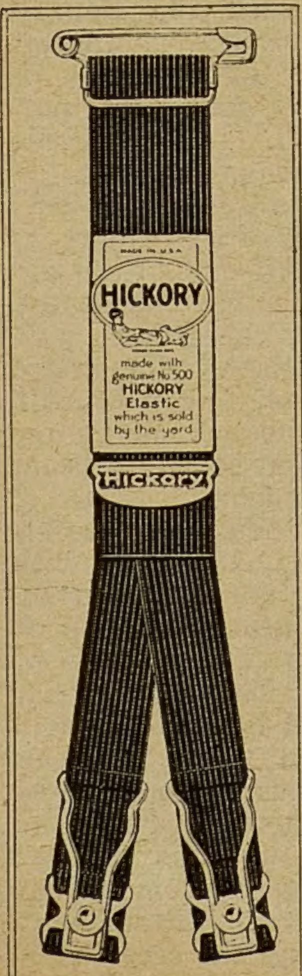
∆ ∆

"Bare knees in cold or damp weather frequently lead to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children) I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

∆ ∆

"In summer time, it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."


MADE IN U.S.A.
HICKORY
made with genuine No 500 HICKORY Elastic which is sold by the yard
Hickory

### Hickory Garters Keep Stockings Snug and Smooth

Since bare knees in cold weather are dangerous, as these great authorities tell you, surely no sensible boy or girl will risk going without long stockings. Ask your doctor—he'll tell you the same thing. Of course you want your stockings held properly and neatly in place. That is why we suggest Hickory Garters. Made strong to last long—of real live HICKORY ELASTIC—the kind mother buys by the yard. You'll find Hickory Garters at all good notions departments 25c and more, depending upon style and size. By all means, refuse substitutes —always get the Genuine Hickory.

# HICKORY

CHILDREN'S GARTERS

*Made strong to last long*

## A Special Offer For Boys and Girls

### FREE—A Membership Certificate to the Hickory Health Club

Wouldn't you like to join the Hickory Health Club, and get a fine Membership Certificate—size 8 x 11 inches—all ready for framing, free?

### How you can do it

We believe that many of our boy and girl friends who wear Hickory Garters can write a rhyme about Hickory Garters just as good as, or better than, "Made Strong to Last Long." So write your rhyme on a sheet of paper—or have mother or daddy do it for you. Send it together with your name, ag birthday, and address, *enclosing the little orange color Hickory label from a pair of Hickory Garters*—and w will send your Hickory Health Club Membership Certificate—FREE. That's easy—isn't it?

### And here's something else A full yard sample of genuine Hickory Elastic FREE!

With your Membership Certificate we will send a generous full yard sample of ¼ white, genuine HICKORY Elastic *free.* It's the famous *boilproof* kind that just wears and wears. Mother will find good use for it and will discover it's the best kind to use. It's the best elastic made!

### Rules of the Club

All members of the Hickory Health Club promise to wear long stockings in cold weather and to follow parents' instructions in all things co cerning good health, good manners, good deeds and good grades. Join the Hickory Health Club today It's loads of fun. By following the simple rules the Club, you should grow big and stron healthy and happy.

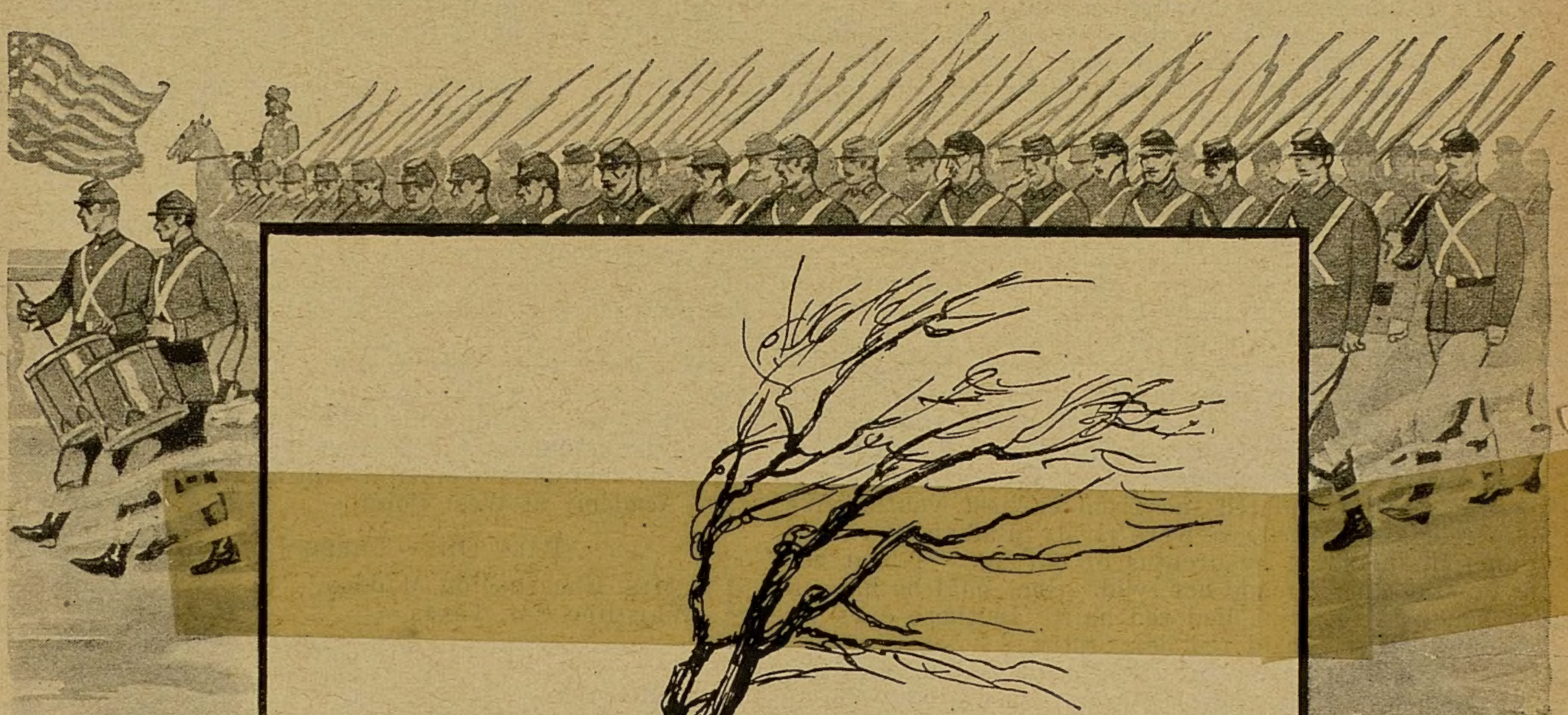
Write today. Remember to give your name, a birthday and address—and of course you won't f get to enclose the little orange colored Hick label from a pair of Hickory Garters.

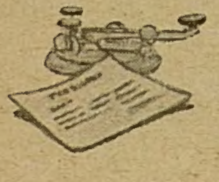
**A. STEIN & COMPANY**
1145 W. CONGRESS STREET CHICAGO, ILLIN

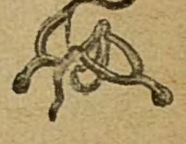
### *Beginning—A Great New Novel by*

## ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

# *Whistling Cat*







*Decorations*
*by*
R. A. CAMERON

*Pictures*
*by*
NORMAN PRICE

### *A Thrilling Story of Hearts and Bullets*

*(Reading time: 31 minutes 35 seconds.)*

FOREWORD

HOT June nights and a honey-colored moon; the river, velvet and silver, flowing through shadowless stillness heavy with oleander and orange bloom . . .

Mother, slender, lovely in her dark garb, pacing the patio with some Sister of the Holy Cross . . .

Then, in the moonlit street below, the O'Brien girl whistling or singing the song of The Whistling Cat:

"Oh, law-zy me, ah los' mah lovin' li'l' cat!
Law-zy me, ah los' mah kit-tee!
Oh, is yuh see a whistlin' kitty-cat aroun'?
Oh, he done run away an' can't be foun'!

"Oh, he kin whistle lak de whistle on de jail;
Oh, he kin whistle lak a bird-ee!
Oh, he kin whistle lak a speckle' li'l' quail
When he-all a-rompin' wif he tail.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page five

"Eaf I c'u'd whistle lak a nes'n' mockin' bird,
Ah 'spec' mah kitty'd come a-runnin';
But ah ain' know how fo' teh squidulate ma bref,
An' ah'd skeer mah kitty mos' to deaf!"

These are my earliest recollections of my boyhood on the Rio Grande in the little Texan town called Whistling Cat. Mexico lay just across the river, and the city of Matamoras not far away.

My mother was a young widow hopelessly in love with my dead father, who fell at the Battle of Buena Vista.

We raised oranges. Our servants were Calixto, an old Mistec Indian who waited on Mother like a nurse; Pio Pacheco, our corral boss; and Emilio Bandara, an Apache half-breed and our grove boss. These three servants had served under my father in the Mexican War. Mother and they brought me up.

Mother's pension from the government was small. I went to work to help out when I was twelve. I earned a dollar a week as messenger for the South Western Telegraph Company.

Few families of consequence lived in Whistling Cat. The town was named from that lithe brown jungle cat which emits a loud and sweet birdlike whistle when excited, and is very easily tamed. The O'Briens had several at various times.

Mother lived in seclusion. Almost her only companions were nuns of the Holy Cross.

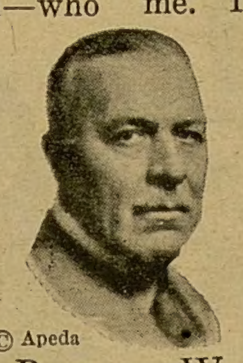
The O'Briens were a family of distinction. Captain Stephen O'Brien was a widower, handsome, reckless, dissipated; and he courted my mother—or wished to.

But her thoughts were with God alone; and, excepting for me, the world had ended for her at Buena Vista.

Iris O'Brien was younger than I, but she bullied me, bossed me, intimidated me from earliest youth. We quarreled, we fought, we were rivals in all those violent games indulged in by urchins of our age. I beat her swimming and it made her wild. She could be hateful or honey-sweet. She had red hair. In those days we children never considered her pretty.

The O'Briens were poor. The beautiful captain gambled and drank. He was a lawyer. He was also one of the incorporators and directors of the South Western Telegraph Company, an association of Southern gentlemen. And in Whistling Cat there was no woman except my mother—and in Matamoras no woman at all—who wouldn't happily succumb to the gay gray eye and careless chestnut hair of this courtly descendant of French and Irish quality.

As I say, we had only oranges and Mother's pension to live on. So, when school days ended for me, I was first employed as messenger and then I learned the magnetic telegraph in the local office which was part of the South Western Telegraph Company's territory. My earnings made life easier for us all.



© Apeda

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

*abandoned a career as a painter and illustrator and turned to writing the sixty-odd novels which have made him famous. This is his sixth serial to appear in Liberty.*

IRIS O'BRIEN also learned to be an operator; but her station was located at Point Isabel, down the river.

We used to talk together, gossip, dispute, quarrel over the wire; and very soon we learned to read "by ear," and to recognize each other's "writing," and also the peculiar individual style characteristic of every operator on our line. This is not difficult and comes naturally with continual practice at the key.

I was only twelve, and Iris was eleven, when we began to learn the Morse telegraph system. By the time I was fourteen I had become an expert operator. Iris took less time to mature, and was soon the fastest operator on the line.

About that time the rebel guns opened on Fort Sumter. I remember very well relaying dispatches concerning it.

Living remote as we were on the Rio Grande, I had little national consciousness and only an instinctive loyalty to Texas. But Mother was of another mind. The husband she loved had been a New Yorker and a West Pointer, and was serving the Republic as an officer in the United States army when he died at Buena Vista.

Few folk in our village remained loyal to the distracted Republic—Mother and I, one or two others, and Captain Stephen O'Brien of the Whistling Cat Light Dragoons—no others.

As for Iris, she was singing The Bonnie Blue Flag and Dixie and Maryland all day long—having returned from Point Isabel, where the office had been evacuated in expectation of a Federal fleet. Her father merely laughed at her.

Somebody had nicknamed Iris the Whistling Cat. She always believed I did, but I didn't, though I called her that when annoyed by her.

Her beautiful father vanished presently, and later it was rumored he had made his way North and had joined a Federal cavalry regiment. Iris, abandoned and now utterly dependent upon herself, became my fellow operator in the employ of the South Western Telegraph Company. And here, for nearly two years, she and I worked.

As for Iris, with her passionate adoration of her native state of Texas, and her Bonnie Blue Flag, there seemed to be little doubt regarding her political sympathies. At least, I supposed so. And so did everybody else.

At fourteen plenty of boys went into the army. Usually as drummer boys, it is true, but there were plenty of big fourteen-, fifteen-, and sixteen-year-old boys carrying muskets and sabers, too. And I was now sixteen.

So I grew very, very restless, and had already laid plans to make my way to Point Isabel and get aboard some Federal warship which would take me North, when, to my astonishment and concern, and out of a clear sky, came my thunderbolt appointment as a cadet to the Military Academy at West Point.

## PART ONE—THREE LETTERS

TO Mrs. Encarnación Maddox,
Whistling Cat, Texas.

*Military Academy, West Point,*
*July 15, 1863.*

DEAR MOTHER:

I know *now!* You sent me here because you were afraid I'd enlist and be killed.

You had it all made up with the President to appoint me. I'm locked up for four years! Oh, Mother!

I didn't understand. I thought the war would go on for years and years. I supposed they would graduate my class after a few months' training, because so many regulars have been killed.

They are not going to. The war probably will be all over before I can get into it.

Just look at the way it's going this month, with Lee's army smashed at Gettysburg, and General Grant and Pemberton and Vicksburg and everything!

Mother, how is old Calixto, and Emilio Bandara, and Peep? Do they take good care of you and of Whistling Cat Rancho? Are the shaddocks and oranges and lemons in good blossom this year? Are they going to do anything about irrigation? I suppose not while the war lasts.

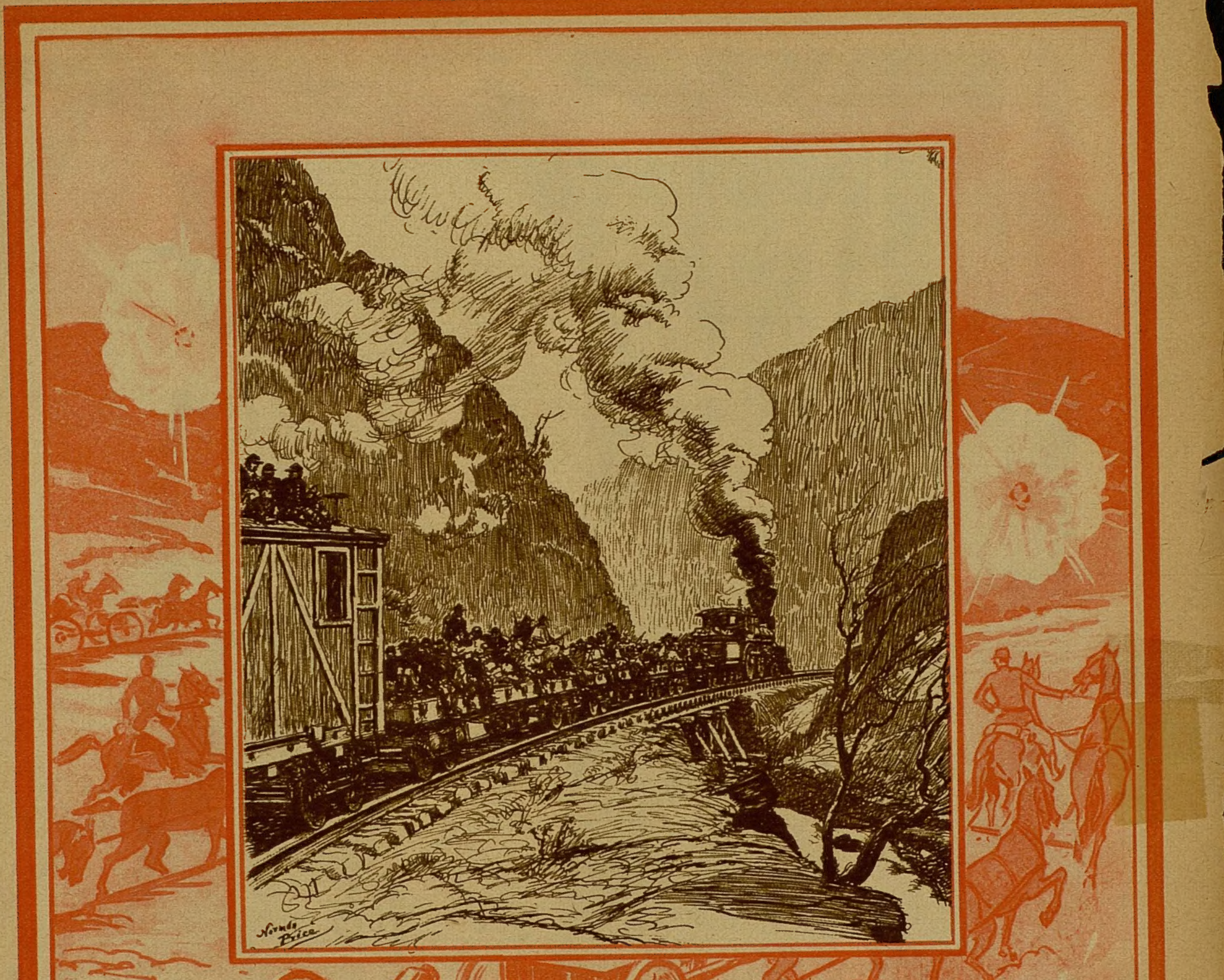
I hope there won't be any more fighting in Texas. I know that Hood's regiments and Ben McCulloch's are near Richmond.

A third-class man said to me one day, "You must have had pluck not to have gone with your state."

But I explained that, though we lived in Texas, Father was a New Yorker and therefore I felt I was, and so I went with my father's state.

I felt that way, though I suppose I ought to have felt I should go with the United States. I do now. But still nobody really doubts the purity of General Lee, so I am not ashamed that I thought first of New York and of you and Father.

Well, Mother, good-by, dear, and write often. You can tell Iris O'Brien she can have the lion-dog pup with the tan points and saddle, if she wants him. Red-Paws



*We were ordered west; and we started in flats and cattle cars, and it seemed as though we were weeks and weeks.*

his name is, and he's the boss of the litter. Tell Iris that he's got a great heart and isn't going to be afraid to face El Tigre—old Red-Paws—himself some day.

I hope the serious responsibility of owning such a dog as Red-Paws will put some sense into that O'Brien girl's head. She can have the dog, but I won't send her a cadet button until I am satisfied she is no longer that giggling, cheeky, impertinent smarty that she always has been. A soldier has no time to notice children. Tell her *that.*

Good-by, dear Mother. I want to help my country and I want to help you. I'll send you all my pay as soon as I can get into the war.

Good-by, darling Mother.

Yours respectfully,
JUAN MADDOX.

*New York,*
*February 6, 1864.*

DEAR MOTHER:

Something terrible has happened to me. I have a hundred demerits and have had to leave the Academy.

Mother, I am not disgraced. I couldn't help what I did and I couldn't explain to the superintendent, so I had to leave. And what is very terrible is that a man who has to leave on account of a hundred demerits cannot be reappointed to the Academy, or appointed to the army, until his class has graduated and have their commissions.

Any cadet, Mother, who receives a hundred demerits in six months is declared deficient in conduct and is discharged. And although my demerits, on December 6,

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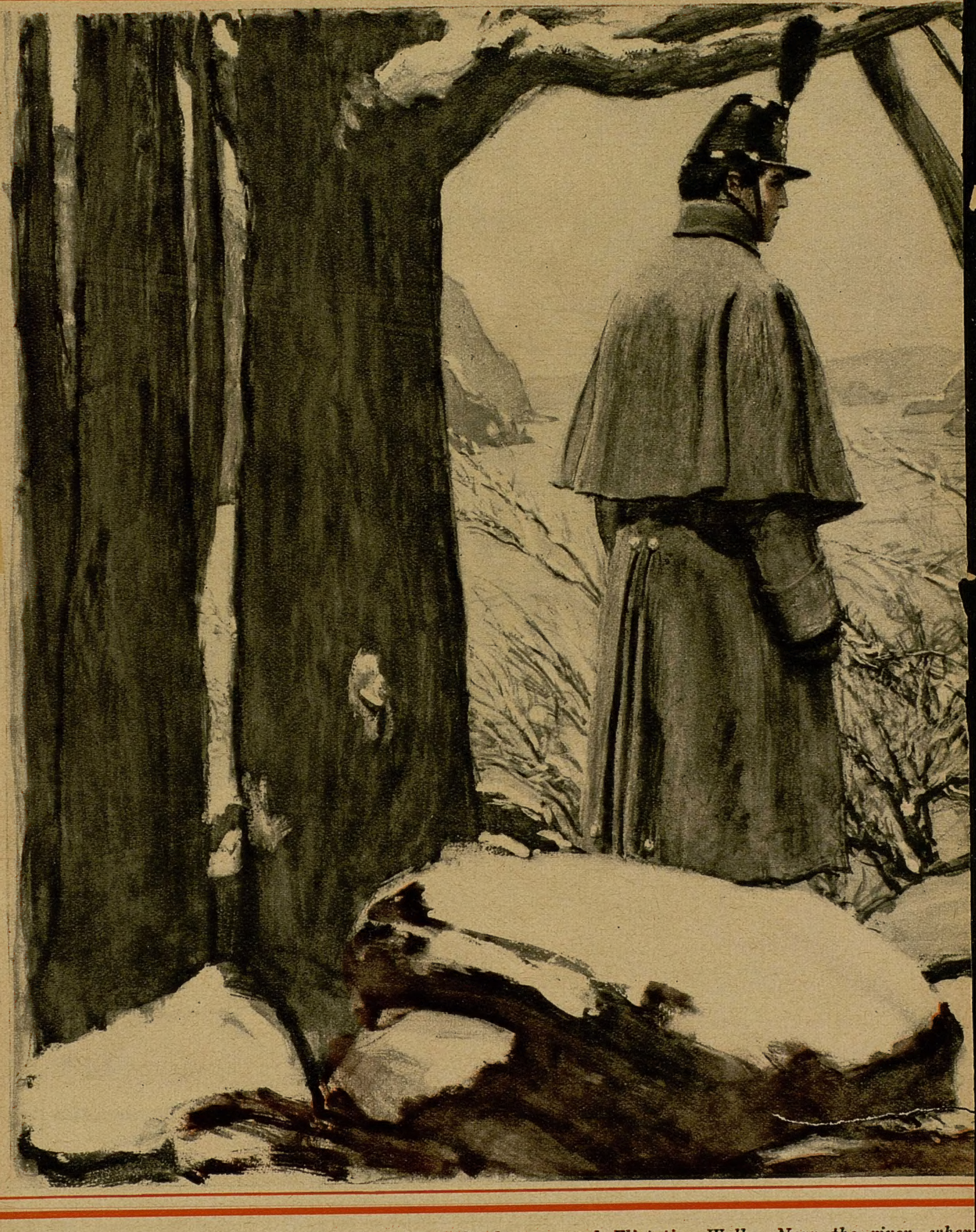


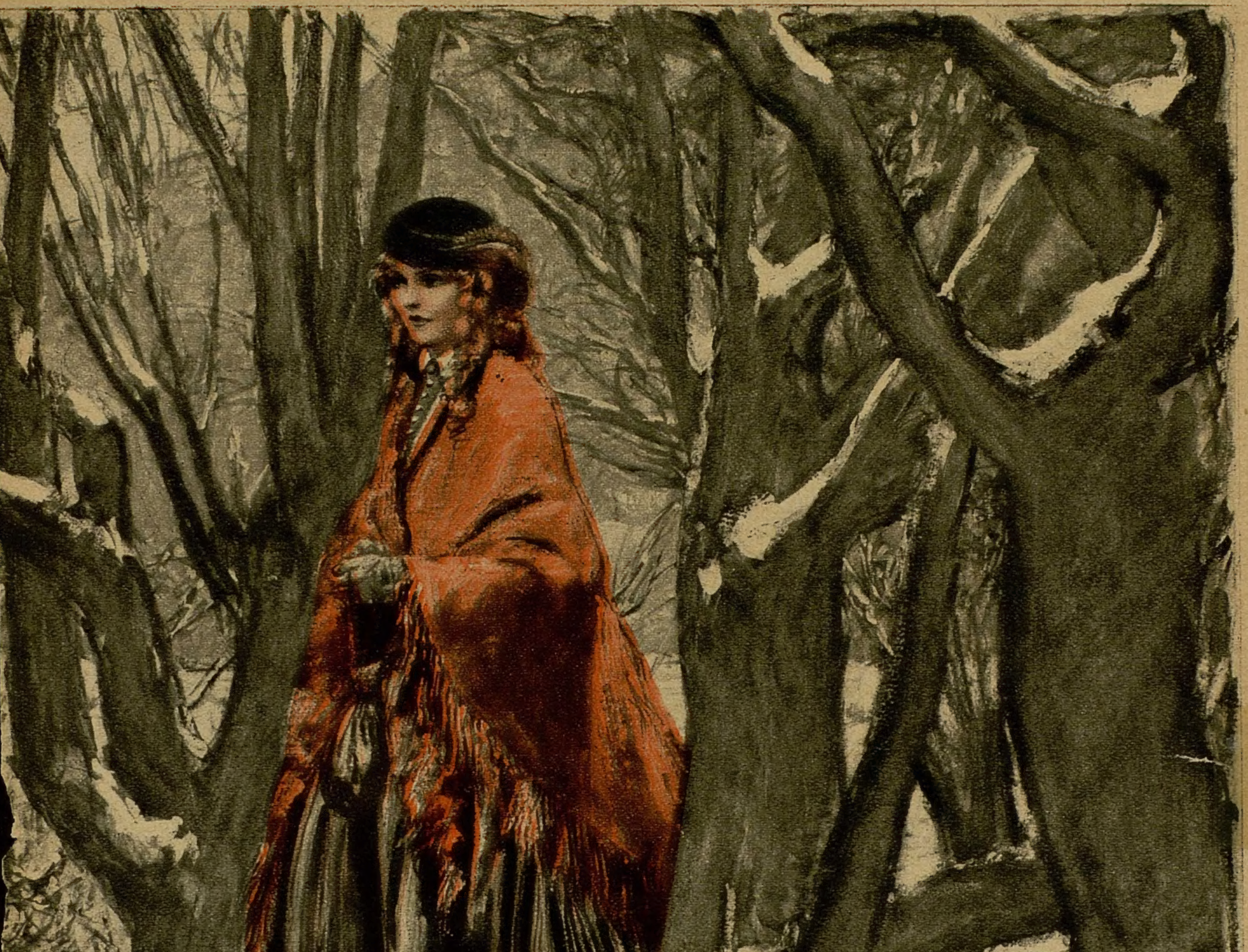
*I was walking all alone around Flirtation Walk. Near the river, wher*

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page seven

had been reduced by one-third because I was in the fourth class, I still had collected the required hundred, and I couldn't defend my conduct at the inquiry. But on Father's account they let me tender my resignation.

So this is how it happened, Mother:

It was on Sunday and the call to quarters had not yet sounded. We had already read in the papers that President Lincoln had issued a call for 500,000 men for three years, which put some heart into the fourth class—and I was walking all alone around Flirtation Walk, thinking about those 500,000 men, and there was nobody else in sight, it being very cold—and near the river, where the path made a turn, I came suddenly upon a girl.



*h made a turn, I came suddenly upon a girl. It was the O'Brien girl!*

Mother! It was the O'Brien girl!

I said, "What are you doing here, Iris O'Brien?"

Well, Mother, I can tell you she was so glad to see me she cried. She had done a crazy thing, as usual. Captain O'Brien had been stationed in New York after the Draft Riots, and she was there at the officers' quarters with him.

Then his regiment had orders to join Kilpatrick, and she made up her mind to run up to West Point and take a look around before she had to go South again.

So she did, Mother—without saying anything to her father. But she got on a train that didn't stop at Garrison Station but went on. And then she had to come back; and being the kind of reckless girl she is, she determined to see West Point all the same and take a peek

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page nine

at me to see what I looked like after all these months.

There were no boats and she walked across the ice. Did you ever hear of such a crazy thing?

All she did was to weep and implore me to take her to Cold Spring, where she could get a train to New York.

I told her it was off the limits of the post and church call was sounding. She vowed she'd lie down under the cedars and die rather than risk drowning out there all alone. What a hussy! She wasn't afraid. She just made up her mind to make me go.

Well, Mother, she took hold of my hand and we started. She began to talk, then. Said she was much obliged for Red-Paws. But I was thinking about being absent without leave and of all my demerits.

When we got over the ice and through the woods where we could see Cold Spring, I said I had to go back. But she cried some more and I had to go on and stay until a train came in bound for New York.

It took forever to come. She tried to make up to me, but I wouldn't. Then she tried to be sensible and told me all about you and Whistling Cat, and Calixto and Emilio and Peep and Red-Paws.

She told me that the South Western Telegraph Company is now part of the United States Military Telegraph system, with civilian and soldier operators; and that the South Western, American, and Western Union now unitedly connect all cities and nearly all towns of the Union—even San Francisco.

If I hadn't been so worried about my demerits I'd have been interested.

She told me that she'd have to do something when her father's regiment joined Kilpatrick's cavalry; that she had now become as expert an operator as I am, and thought perhaps the Military Telegraph might be a good position, as she had made inquiries and learned that there were a few women operators in the corps.

Poor thing! So I wasn't mad at her any longer, but didn't say much, as I was terribly anxious about my demerits and everything.

She sniveled and made me kiss her when the train came in. I don't know what's the matter with that girl.

Well, Mother, it was bad enough for me. I got back across the river somehow.

After dinner I was put under arrest. Some civilian busybody at one of the hotel windows had seen a cadet crossing the river on the ice *with a girl!* And notified somebody at the Academy—the sneak!

I confessed that it was I, but refused to name my companion, or admit she was a hussy, or tell anything about her that might identify either her or Captain O'Brien.

The trouble is that flashy girls do sometimes come across. I never saw any, but Benny Havens told me so.

Well, Mother, that is how it happened. Oh, Mother, I am broken-hearted. And yet, now I am free to enlist and to send you my pay. I prefer the cavalry.

Mother dear, don't grieve and don't worry. I will write to you as soon as I can enlist.

Respectfully your son,
JUAN MADDOX.

---

*Vicksburg,*
*March 8, 1864.*

DEAR MOTHER:

Nothing ever happens the way I plan it.

I first went to cavalry headquarters, outside of New York City, and asked to be enlisted in Hamilton's 2d Texas Cavalry. But was told that that regiment needed no recruits at present.

So then I tried the 3d Black Horse, the 190th New York Cavalry—Captain O'Brien's regiment, you know—and enlisted in the depot troop, which was to be sent after the others who already had joined Kilpatrick's cavalry. So they took me.

So when we were filled up we went aboard a small paddle-wheel transport at the foot of Barclay Street, with several field batteries, but carried neither guns nor horses.

We had an awful time off the Virginia Capes—we all thought we were goners!—but it was all right when we reached the fortress.

There we got our horses, and the gunners got their guns, and we had to go north again, three days' march, and then by rail to try to find Kilpatrick and the regiment.

Before we found Kilpatrick we were ordered west; and we started in flats and cattle cars, and it seemed as though we were weeks and weeks. There was no forage for our horses and almost nothing to eat for us. I gave my horse my hard-tack.

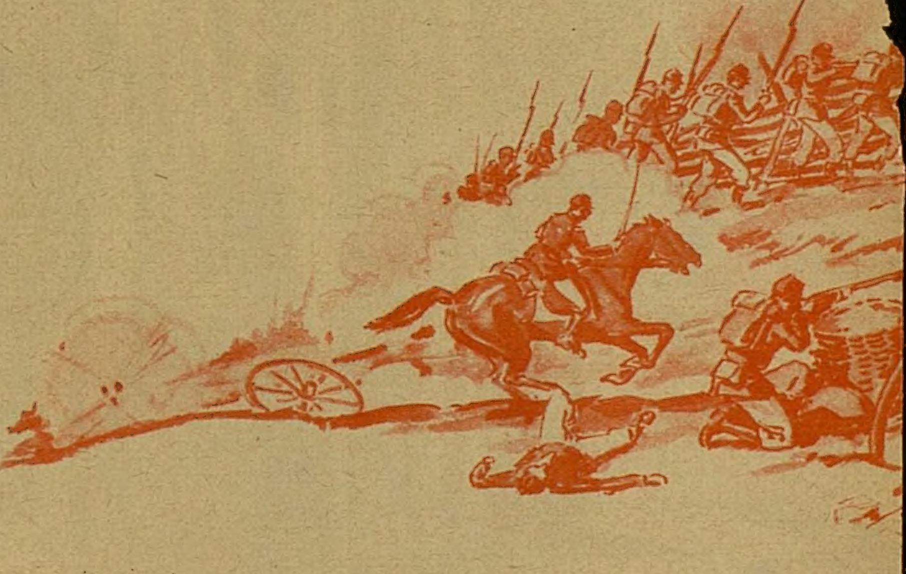
When we started on the transport from New York I thought my comrades—mostly drafted men, country lads from the northern New York counties—were rather sullen, silent, ignorant fellows, and meanly suspicious of strangers.

But they really are kind underneath it all. They've confessed that they were afraid I was gilt-edged and stuck-up and that I aimed to be the officers' pet.

But they changed their minds after the storm at sea.

MOTHER, they said I behaved well. You see, our transport foundered, and the steamer Sea Angel stood by us and got us off finally. Captain Hastings was kind enough to mention me. But I really think that it was what little West Point training I have that has given me a sergeant's chevron—not what I did when we foundered. I know how to drill recruits, you see, and this command is perfectly raw—our top sergeant having been drowned in the storm.

Well, Mother, somehow or other we got to Vicksburg at last, where General Sherman's army was marching in after a very successful raid into Alabama. News had just come that General Grant had been made a lieutenant general, and that he is going to assume command of all the armies of the United States.



And as soon as my regiment arrived things began to happen to me.

This is the way of it, Mother: Champ Ferguson's Guerrillas raided the telegraph office at Gay Point, and they killed both telegraph operators. Telegraph operators—experts, particularly—are extremely scarce. And in my regiment they knew I had been an operator in the South Western Corporation for nearly three years. I suppose Captain O'Brien told Colonel Stanley, and he told a man named Andrew Carnegie, who is a railroad and telegraph officer and was superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania Railroad when the war began.

Anyway, Major Eckert heard of it, and so did Colonel Stager—both on their way here to talk to General Grant—and the next thing I knew I was detailed to General Sherman's headquarters at forty dollars a month as assistant operator.

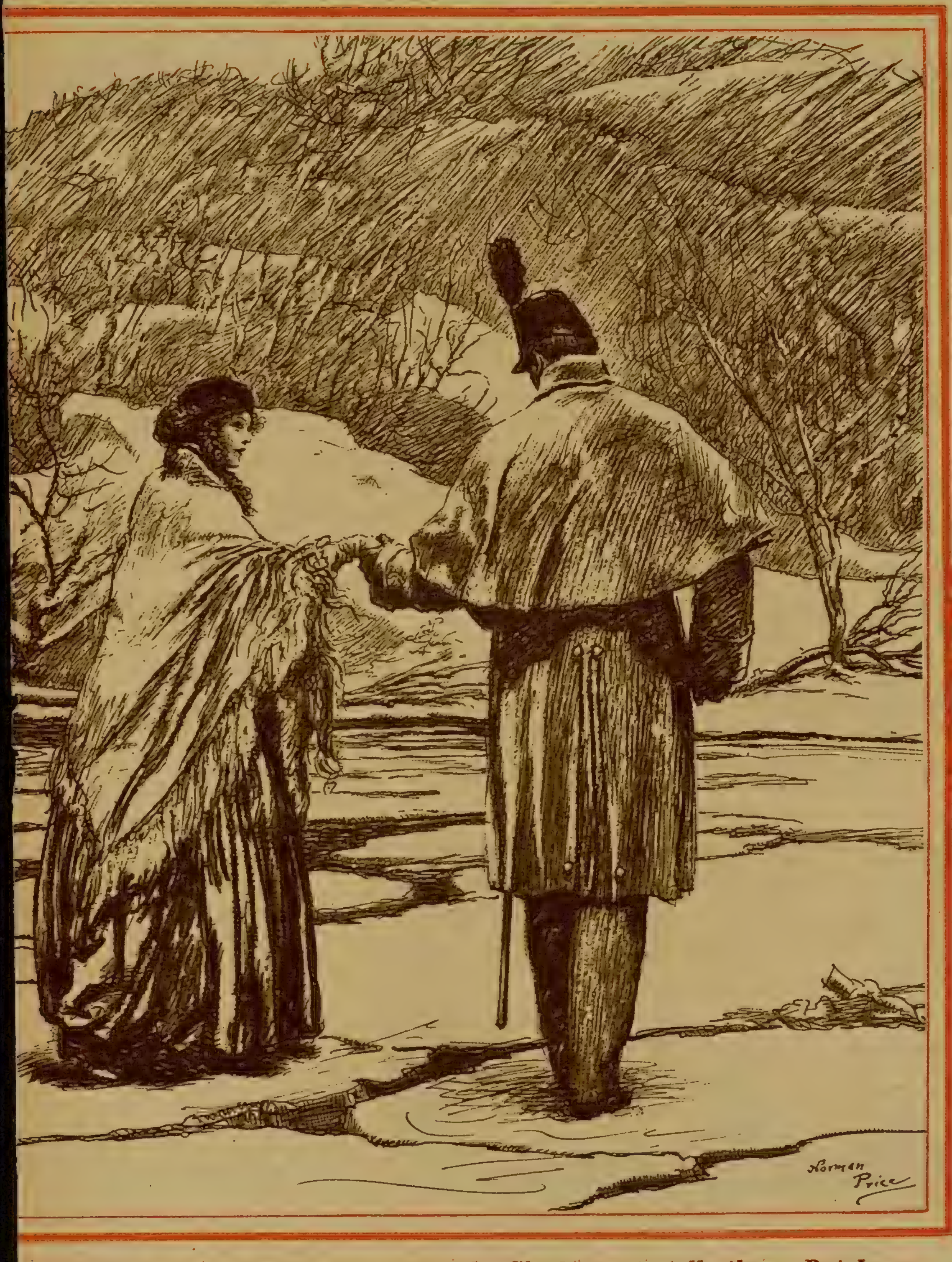
Mother, as soon as I have my pay I will send you all but five dollars.

Colonel Anson Stager, A.B.Q.M.V., is general superintendent of the United States Military Telegraph

Corps. Major T. Eckert, A.Q.M.V., is second in command.

But, excepting those detailed from the army, we operators are merely civilians without rank or position, and our salaries taxed, and the civilians liable to draft! Of course I am not liable, being a sergeant of cavalry on detail duty.

Colonel Stager is a pleasant man and wonderful at the key in precision and rapidity—in fact, he is a super-expert operator. Major Thomas T. Eckert is a handsome, energetic, soldierly-looking officer with a kind manner. Both are here to look around and then join General Grant in Cleveland. Major Eckert was major and aide-de-camp on General McClellan's staff.



e took hold of my hand and we started. She began to talk, then. But I was thinking about being absent without leave.

THEY came into my tent near the headquarters telegraphic station and tried me out. I was not rusty at all. I did my forty and more a minute, took by ear, submitted to an alarming examination about instruments, wires, batteries, and so forth.

They told me that there were younger operators than I in the corps—some only fourteen years old—and several women, one of whom is only sixteen and can do her forty and take by ear. That O'Brien hussy can do that, too.

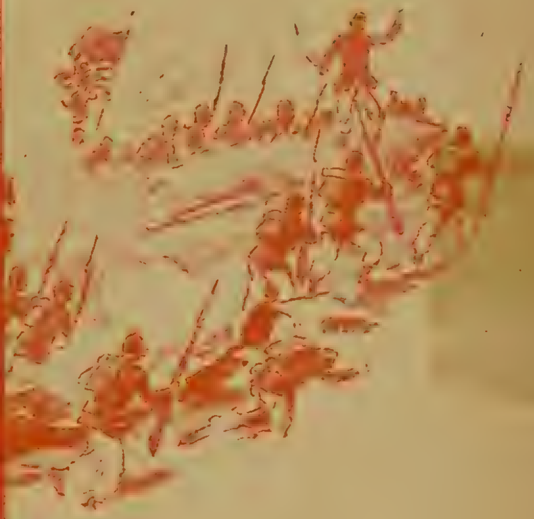
They said that, so far, there never had been any treachery among the operators of the United States Telegraph Corps. All had been faithful to their oaths.

They seemed to know about Father; and also about our shipwreck; and said that the son of such an officer as Father was would doubtless continue to uphold the family traditions of fidelity and courage.

I thought I ought to tell them about being dropped from the Academy. But when I told them that there was nothing disgraceful about it and that it was because I was absent without leave, but could not help it on account of a girl, they laughed and laughed. And then I heard somebody else laughing, and—oh, Mother, it was a tall, bony, scrubby-faced, slouchy general officer, with very red face and hands, who had overheard everything; and he laughed and laughed. But Major Eckert and Colonel Stager got up in a hurry out of military deference; and I got up, too, and stood at attention.

Mother! It was General Sherman!

"You let the girls alone, young man!" said he. "War's hell and girls are war! *Quod erat demonstrandum.* And you've proved it for yourself."



Yes, Mother; let X=Iris, and Y=hell, and it works out.

Well, Mother, I am here in a nice warm tent with a cipher operator named Plum, a pleasant, cultivated young fellow from Ohio—and General Grant's operator, named Beckwith, is with us; and all around us is Sherman's and A. J. Smith's army, just back from Alabama and Mississippi. I am entitled to rations and shelter and forage for my horse, but they stopped my army pay when I was detailed to the Telegraph Corps. However, that's fair.

I haven't heard from that O'Brien girl again. Is she back in Whistling Cat? Who cares for Red-Paws while she's away?

Mother, you may write to me for the present at Vicksburg, General Headquarters. I'll send you messages on the wire whenever possible.

I had hoped to distinguish myself in the cavalry and earn a commission. I don't think there's any advancement in the telegraph for me. But I can't help being here, as I'm detailed.

I'll think it over and find out whether there's any way of getting into a fighting regiment where there's a chance for advancement.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page eleven

Well, good-by, darling Mother, and don't worry.
Respectfully your son,
JUAN MADDOX,
M. T. Asst. Operator and 1st Sergeant
Depot Troop, 3d Black Horse,
190th N. Y. Cavalry.

## II

GENERAL GRANT'S headquarters confidential and cipher operator, Sam Beckwith, had gone to Washington in obedience to a telegram from Lieutenant General Grant himself. William R. Plum also was going.

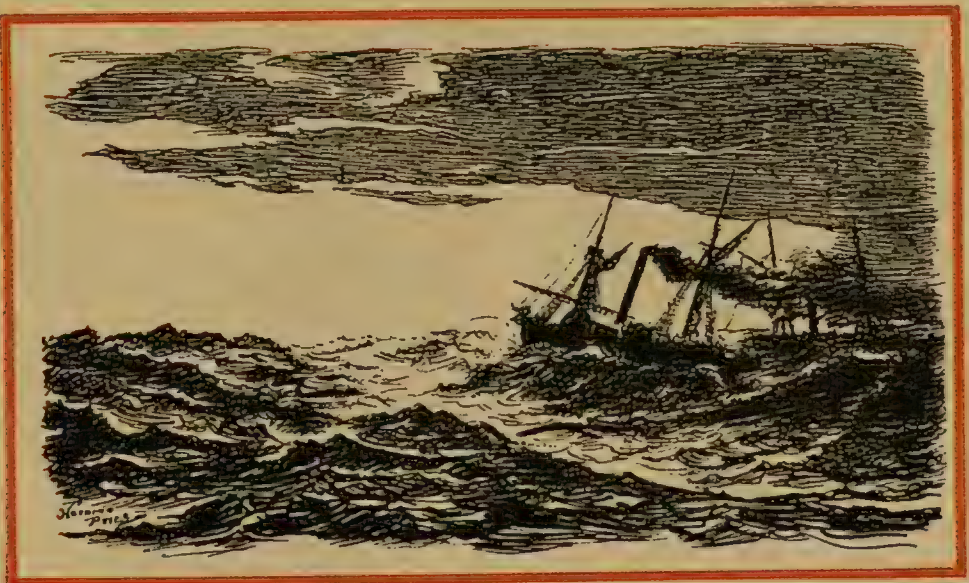
My telegraph office was now temporarily established in a small, chilly frame house near the dirty river, and through the dirty window I could see Grierson's cavalry passing in an almost unbroken column—a dusty but brilliant spectacle of blue and yellow and gold—the troopers mostly smooth-cheeked boys in their battered, jaunty caps, yellow-welted shell jackets, bandoleers, and spurred boots, and all their buttons and buckles polished and glimmering.

Their officers seemed to be older—bearded or mustached—and wore the slouch hat, yellow gauntlets, cords, facings, and housings.

They belonged to General A. J. Smith's command, bound for Red River, I was told, but what regiments they were I couldn't make out. One, a battalion of colored cavalry, had a band mounted on gray horses. It was playing a Negro revival hymn; and the black troops were melodiously shouting out the stirring chorus.

There came then an entire brigade of white cavalry on a trot, with colors uncased and flapping, and swallow-tailed guidons whipping the sunshine.

They were the 4th Missouri and the 7th Indiana, followed by a battalion of the 4th Regulars. It was the gayest body of horsemen I ever saw, and their general by brevet, Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., was one of the handsomest young men I ever have beheld. A superb horseman, scarce more than a boy in age, over six feet tall, straight, ruddy, with dark hair and a little dark mustache.



Beyond them smoke poured up over the foul river bank from twenty transports. The early sun bathed them in glory.

The Great Rebellion, so far, seemed to be becoming a "singing" war. All troops sang—white and black, Johnnies and Yanks alike.

It was a busy day for me. I called the operator at Union City, Tennessee, for information, and received a code message from General Hawkins, which Operator Plum decoded before he left for Red River and took to General Smith's headquarters, saying good-by to me, and warning me, wherever I was sent, to look out for a Confederate operator named Ellsworth, who belonged to the Confederate General Morgan and his irregular cavalry.

Plum shook hands—a nice-looking fellow in the new uniform prescribed recently for the Military Telegraph Corps—dark blue jacket and trousers edged with silver, officer's forage cap with silver cord, and buttons like those of the general staff.

"Good-by, Plum," I called as he mounted and trotted off through the dust toward headquarters with his cipher; then turned again to my instrument to call the operator at Strawberry Plains before that line was abandoned. But an incoming message in military cipher No. 1 demanded attention, and I took it by ear and transcribed it after preliminaries of mutual recognition.

I had had, so far, little experience in putting up ciphers or in decoding, deciphering, or translating them. But I could, of course, take anything. When I had taken and transcribed all the words, I called Jimmy Cross—Robinson's side partner and fellow cipher translator from General Smith's headquarters—with the word "Amusing," meaning there was a cipher to translate.

While waiting for him, and in the lull between messages, I started the translation myself for practice—as my qualifications otherwise had appealed to General Sherman and he told General Grierson that he *hoped* I *might* qualify for cipher operator after sufficient practice, and ordered that I have a copy of No. 1 cipher and take the prescribed oath.

I now drew a sheet of foolscap paper before me, opened my cipher book, ruled out seven columns and ten lines on the foolscap, and began to lay bare the following message:

*Rotherwood, Tennessee,*
*March 10, 1864.*

To General W. T. Sherman,
Vicksburg, Miss.

Advices from Columbus insist that Kentucky and West Tennessee are threatened with invasion by General Forrest in heavy force.

Operators at Kingsport and Solitude Plantation, Tennessee, along the North Fork of the upper Holston River, report bandits, horse thieves, Tories, deserters from both armies, and guerrillas raiding the country on General Forrest's right flank.

Morgan's irregular cavalry are also on the move toward Union City. Seven miles of wire down at Tazewell; line cut from Loudon to Kingston and from Jacksboro to Clinton.

Federal troops have finished dismantling the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Confederate repair gangs are mending it.

The Virginia, East Tennessee, and Georgia Railroad is reported torn up by guerrillas near Abingdon. Line to Fincastle not working. Curtis, operator at Mount Stirling, expects Morgan's raiders and asks for troops. Weatherford's 13th Kentucky Cavalry ordered to Burksville. General Burbridge, commanding District of Kentucky, requests more troops to protect the upper Holston Valley.

(Signed) BURBRIDGE.
S. BRUCH, Captain.

LONG before I had translated it Operator Cross, smoking a large cigar, sauntered in and sat down beside me to help out.

"All right," he said when we finished. "Uncle Billy will get after these fancy Johnnies." He picked up the message and went out, swaggering a little in his brand-new uniform, but not at all impressing any veterans who knew him for what he was, an operator—and not for what he tried to resemble, a rather wealthy staff officer. I had more civility shown me in my uniform of a poor sergeant of cavalry.

A staff officer came from headquarters with a cipher message to General Halleck.

My dinner I ate while I worked—coffee, tack, bacon, and a doughnut.

At last I got the message off. There came a lull in business, so I began to call up other operators I knew—not ever having met any of them personally—always beginning with: "Where were you last evening?" which was the test phrase and the signal for reassurance, indicating that it was a Federal operator at the key and not an enterprising Confederate who had tapped the line somewhere.

First I called Operator George Wallace at Sweet Gum Station, asking for news. He hadn't any. Said that he'd been warned about Morgan, but hadn't seen anything

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN]

# Popular faces are *shaved with*

# BARBASOL

*Here are the names that will live at Notre Dame (left to right)*—LEW AYRES, *famous movie star and favorite of the films,* FRANK CARIDEO, *All-American Quarterback,* JIM CROWLEY *and* DON MILLER *of the deathless Four Horsemen — all appearing in "The Spirit of Notre Dame"*

*"Football a few years ago was harder on the physique," said Crowley.

"Just as old-fashioned shaving is harder on the face," said Don Miller.

"Why should we get in a lather?" groused Lew Ayres.

"Not with the smooth, quick, easy shave that you get with Barbasol," said Frank Carideo, and once more there was perfect Notre Dame unison, as the boys said, "O. K., Frank."

• • •

JUST because your face has whiskers on it, there's no need to use old-fashioned shaving methods—torturing a tender skin by rubbing soap into it.

There's Barbasol. The modern shaving cream. And you can ask your wife if a cream isn't easier on the skin than a soap!

There's no use getting all lathered up just to remove some surplus scenery. Barbasol will take it off without brush, without lather or rub-in. Even if you have the world's toughest beard parked on a skin like a baby's, Barbasol will do the job without a pull or a scrape. Because it softens the roots *while* it holds the hairs straight up to the blade, so the razor can slice 'em off clean and quick and easy.

Try it next time your whiskers need trimming. It's so quick, so smooth, so easy! Leaves your face so smooth and refreshed! It's no wonder Barbasol Believers have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in America!

*A stirring scene from "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal's great new film, showing the unconquerable spirit of Notre Dame in the days of the unforgettable Four Horsemen—those valiant football players who led their team to victory so often*

*Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd*

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . 2. Spread on Barbasol. Rubbing is not necessary . . . 3. Wet a good blade and —SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, also large jar 75¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

---

**FREE** A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 56, Indianapolis, Ind.

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For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
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WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page twelve

alarming so far. Asked me whether I knew a sassy operator—a girl—at Solitude Plantation. Name of O'Brien. "Too darn sassy to suit me," he clicked out. "I told Miss Snip-face I'd come up to Kingsport for a dance the first leave I had, and she told me that her husband would dance me on my ear if I came anywhere near her. And if he didn't *she* would! She's a case, she is! Say, too bad you ain't here. I got a jug of white mule under my bunk."

So then I called Pat McCarty, the operator at Rotherwood. He said there was a lot of talk about Morgan and Forrest, but no other news except that our cavalry was riding into Kingsport and some flying batteries were on their way down from Bristol. Otherwise all remained quiet along the river, and in the mountains the merry moonshiners were making moonshine and the grasshoppers were making grass—

"Oh, shut up," I telegraphed. "Say, do you know the operator at Solitude Plantation, Tennessee?"

HE: That O'Brien girl?

I: *(uneasily)* Is she married?

HE: Naw. She's just a pert young thing.

I: What's she like, Pat?

HE: All flibbety-jibbety flounces. But smart! Oh, my! You can't talk funny to her. She'll make a fool of you.

"Do you know her first name, McCarty?"

"No, I don't. I guess it's Biddy or Maggie. It ought to be. I know. I'm a mick myself."

"Who's the other angel with her, Pat?"

"Some slow old dame at thirty a minute and no slang; some old sodger's widow—Camp's her name. Takes on after 10 P. M. The O'Brien lives with her. It's the overseer's house at Solitude Plantation."

After a few more inquiries I called N. T., which meant the operator at Solitude Plantation, over the new field-telegraph line just built and already connected with Nashville, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg. The test signal came back immediately.

"Where were you last night?" I inquired, as prescribed.

CLICKETY, clickety, click! rattled the response, sixty a minute. "A. Q., Com: O. K. Line WK, Chattanooga, N. R. N. H: E. R: Dir: Btn: Holly Hill and Springdale. Quer?" Which meant in our jargon: "All quiet. Communications all right. Line working to Chattanooga. No reserve needed here. The enemy are retreating in a direction between Holly Hill and Springdale. What news have you?"

"A. J. Smith's division embarking for Red River. A. Q. here. News from upper Holston Valley disquieting. How is Mulberry Gap?"

"N. R. N. H.," repeated that terse and lightning operator. "N. J." (No Confederates in that vicinity.)

I telegraphed "1—3—4," which means, "Who is at your key?"

Back came: "O'Brien, assistant Federal operator."

Slowly, deliberately, I rested my middle and third fingers on the key and asked: "Is that you, Iris?"

"Who the deuce are you?" came back so fast that it startled me.

"Juan Maddox."

"My goodness! I thought you had enlisted in my father's regiment!"

"So you know that I left the Academy?"

"Daddy wrote me when he sent ten dollars. Why did you leave West Point, Juan?"

So apparently she had no suspicion concerning the consequences of her crazy escapade! Or was she deceitful?

I replied: "I was afraid the war would end before I could get into it."

"Well, you're not in it now," she rejoined derisively.

"I can't help that. They heard I was an expert operator and detailed me. What could I do?"

"What are you doing there, anyway?"

"Just assistant operator temporarily at General A. J. Smith's headquarters. How are you, Iris?" I added—a polite inquiry telegraphed in bitterness.

"WELL, I had to do something," she replied. "You know how things are in the family. I couldn't live on what *he* sent me. Usually he sent nothing at all, you know. While he was in New York I could get along with him in the officers' quarters. When his troop left to join Kilpatrick I got a position on Broadway with A. T. Stewart & Co. But all that gold trouble came and they discharged me. So I went to the telegraph office, where they tried me out. I had my transportation that same day; took the oath; and came down here with two hospital nuns—Sisters of the Holy Cross—and at Bristol had a cavalry escort to Solitude, where my office and bed are in Mrs. Camp's house.

"What do you think of all that, Juan?"

"It's like you—the sort of thing you always do. I think you ought to have gone home to Whistling Cat."

"Why?"

"Because, if you have to earn your living, the South Western is now practically nonpartisan and is a kind of family association of well bred people. You *could* have gone to Mobile with Mr. Trabue."

"But I want to see some war!"

"You could be an operator at home, then. There are cockfights there."

"Where? Whistling Cat is full of Johnny Rebs."

"You *were* one, too, weren't you, Iris?"

"That was just child's talk!"

"When I have a chance I'm coming up the river to see you," I said.

"Yes, do. How is your pretty mother, Juan?"

"You know how she is—tranquil, undisturbed, devout—a saint living in a dream. I'm afraid to think what might happen if—if things go wrong with me."

"She'll die," clicked out the instrument. "You'd better go home, Juan."

"I can't keep out of this. You *know* it, Iris—"

"I don't know what I know. Neither do you. What does a boy know at seventeen?"

"What do *you* know at seventeen!" I retorted, annoyed. "Besides, I'll be eighteen in November, and you won't be until the following February!"

"And already I know so much more than you do that it makes me laugh to think of it," she rattled back at me.

"You didn't know enough not to come to West Point and get lost and scared and start sniveling and make me take you back across the ice!" I retorted.

"I wasn't frightened and I wasn't lost! I just wanted to make you cross the river with me—you big booby!"

"It's a wonder to me," I telegraphed, "that they trust you enough to make you an operator in the M. T

She cut me out; left me mad as a hornet. At that

*NEXT WEEK—*

Beginning

## EDUCATION IN EXILE

A New Revelation of the Experiences of Royalty Escaped from the Red Terror

*by*

**MARIE**
***Grand Duchess of Russia***

**first cousin of the last of the Czars**

An intensely human story of the downfall and humiliation of the Romanoffs—proudest and most autocratic royal house in modern Europe—and the consequences ment came a telegram concerning me:

*War Department, Washington, D. C.,*
*March 10, 1864.*

Asst. M. T. Operator Maddox,
enl. A. J. Smith's Headquarters,
Vicksburg, Miss.

You are hereby relieved from duty and ordered to turn over your key to Operator Cross and prepare for field duty. Temporarily you will assist Operator Harrison at Golden Brook Bridge, Tennessee, starting immediately upon receipt of this order; and there you will fulfill all duties of cipher operator at that post until detailed to a cavalry brigade.

By order of Colonel Anson Stager, B. Q. M. M. T. C.

(Signed) Thos. T. Eckert,
Major and A. D. C.
By S. H. Beckwith,
Opr., Gen. Grant's Hd. Qrs.

I was greatly excited. I showed Cross my order and told him to take over the office because I was going to saddle up and report to General Smith.

"He's gone," remarked Cross, "with Stephen Robinson and the staff. Who's to be my assistant here?"

"Guess you'll have to hog the whole thing," said I, laughing.

"You think you're going on a spree," he said; "but let me tell you the upper mountains are lousy with guerrillas who hang operators."

"Do tell!" I mimicked him. "Well, they aren't going to catch this operator, Jimmy."

*If Maddox could have looked into the future, he might not have been so gay. Next week you'll watch him and Iris face the dangers of war.*

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is the capital of Arizona?
2—What contagious disease is sometimes called St. Anthony's fire?
3—Who won the National Amateur Golf Championship this year?
4—Who was called the Quaker Poet?
5—What is an oviparous animal?
6—What is a quatrain?
7—What does vulpine mean?
8—Who wrote Marmion?
9—Which of the Great Lakes are connected by the Strait of Mackinac?
10—On what river was ancient Babylon situated?
11—What novel introduces the character Pecksniff?
12—What is a tort?
13—What is a febrifuge?
14—What is a ladrone?
15—How many inches in a meter?
16—What is the birth stone for November?
17—Where is Tulane University?
18—What is a cassowary?
19—What is the source of "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"
20—What is the capital of Japan?

*Answers will be found on page 21)*

Try feeling fine
*take a Saline Cocktail*

PHYSICIANS recommend the tomato juice cocktail, the sauerkraut juice cocktail, the fruit juice cocktail.

And physicians recommend this bubbling Saline Cocktail that makes you feel fine during the longest, hardest day!

Try it—yourself.

The next time you wake up feeling as if you couldn't make the grade—the next time you wake up feeling dull, depressed and sluggish—pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Then—drink the sparkling mixture down!

Promptly, gently, thoroughly, Sal Hepatica clears the system. In half an hour or less, you are a new man. For not only does Sal Hepatica sweep wastes and toxins from the digestive tract, but it purifies the bloodstream. Constipation, colds, headaches, rheumatism, yield to this saline drink of health.

For generations, both here and abroad, physicians have recognized the splendid results to be had from the saline method. Wealthy people throng the European spas, drinking the saline waters, "taking the cure".

Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these continental health springs.

Ask your doctor about this saline way of keeping fit. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle—today—from your druggist. And any morning you get up feeling "all out of sorts," drink a bubbling glass to your own good health!

Sal Hepatica
*At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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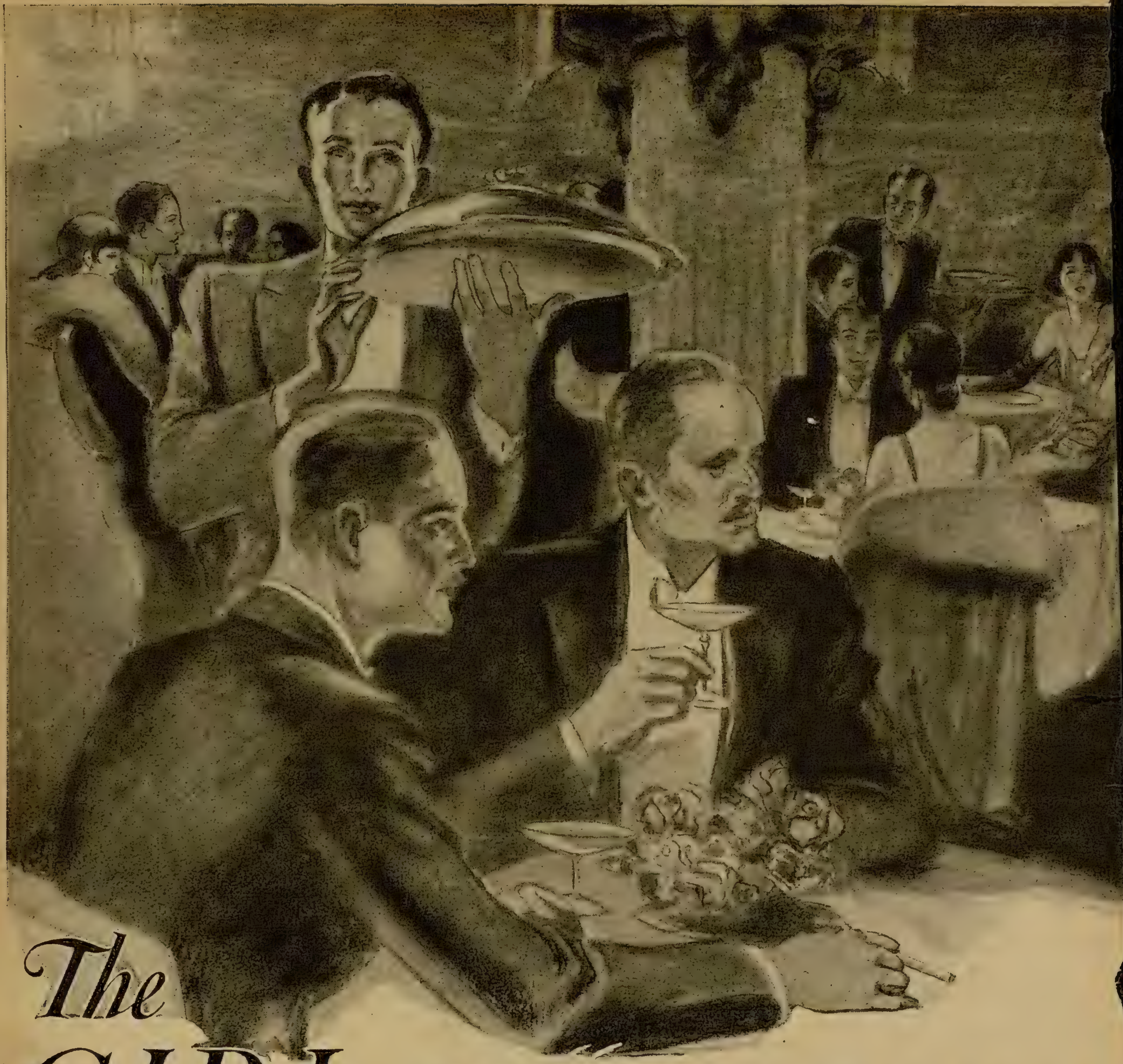


# The GIRL WHO IS ALMOS

## The Amazing Predicament of King Zog of Albania, a Prisoner on His Throne, and the Viennese Dancer Who Is Balking the Plans of Mussolini

### By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

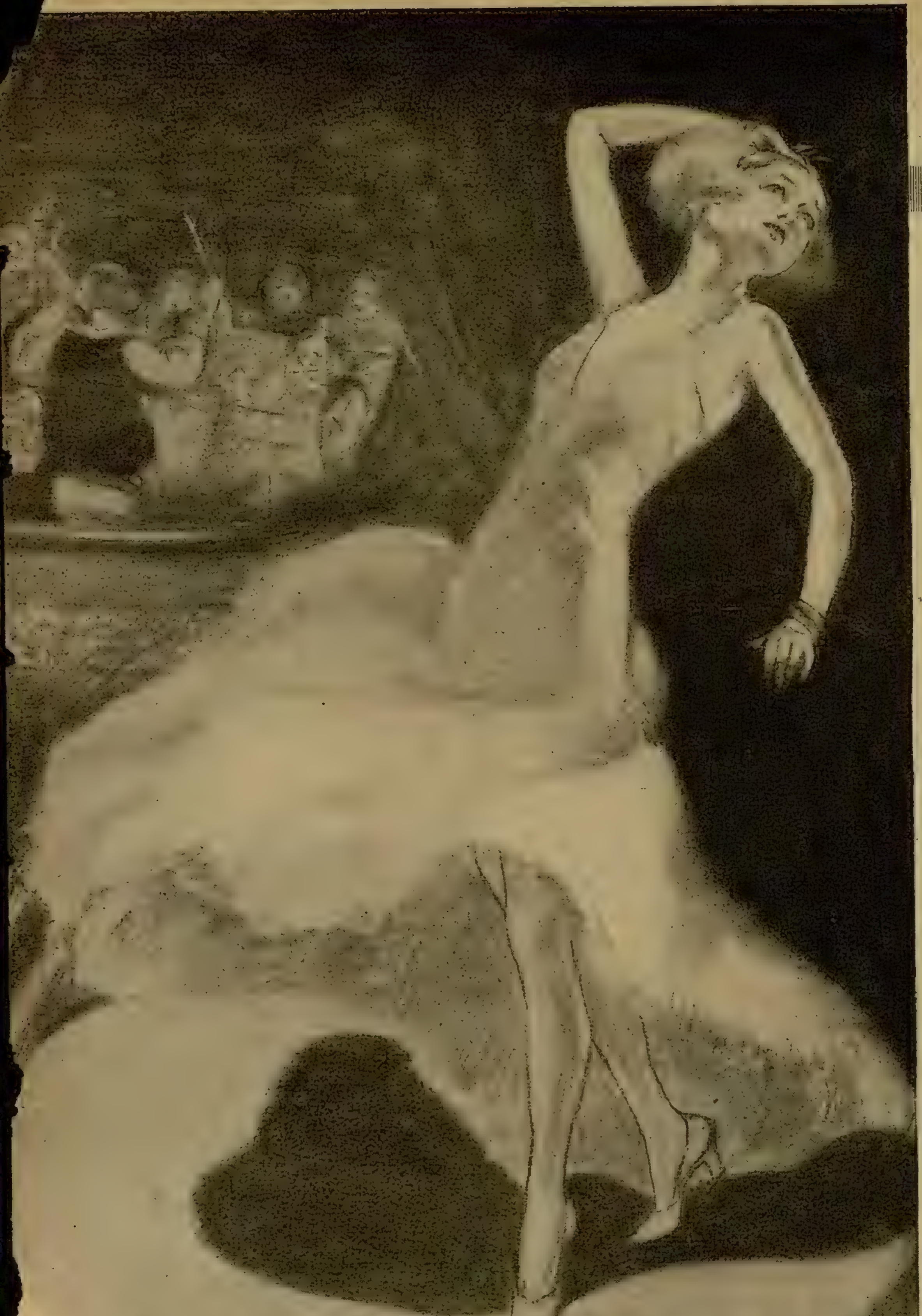
*(Reading time: 17 minutes 30 seconds.)*

THIS is a drama—though it promises to verge on melodrama—of high politics and of illicit love in the shadow of a throne. The principal actors are a king, a dictator, and a very lovely lady. Included in the cast are smug cabinet ministers in morning coats and top hats, sullen blood feudists with yataghans and pistols concealed beneath their braided jackets, and, lurking in the wings, the secret agents of two warlike European nations. The plot reeks with espionage and terrorism. The last act has yet to be written. The peace of Europe depends in no small measure on the final outcome.

The action opens in one of those fashionable cabarets which contribute so materially to the gayety of Vienna's night life. The opera is over and the place is packed with women and men in evening dress. A red-coated Hungarian orchestra is playing. Over everything tobacco smoke hangs in a violet haze.

No one in the gay throng spares more than a casual glance for the two men whom the *maître d'hôtel* guides obsequiously to a table marked "*Reserviert.*" The elder of the two is unmistakably a soldier in mufti. But it is the younger and slighter of the pair to whom the *maître d'hôtel* shows deference. A slender, trimly built young man, apparently in the early thirties, with sleekly brushe fair hair, a light brown mustache, and a pink-and-whit

*Pictures by* W. HARRIS HOWELL



*She is a lovely and alluring creature. Her neck and arms and shoulders are chiseled from snowy alabaster.*

# A QUEEN

complexion. He might be almost anything, from a successful portrait painter to a rising young physician. But there is that in his manner which tells you that he is neither. His high color, the girlish size of his hands and feet, give an impression of effeminacy—until you see his eyes. They are a cold, hard blue—the color of a glacier. Then you note that he is not so frail as he appears.

He takes the chair which the *maître d'hôtel* draws out for him. But the elder man remains standing, rigid, heels glued together, until his companion motions him to be seated. The *maître d'hôtel* reappears with a quart of wine in a silver cooler and serves it himself.

There is an expectant pause. The red-coated orchestra leader raises his baton and brings it down dramatically. Flutes and fiddles crash into the opening bars of a waltz. The star of the evening appears to a thunder of applause.

She is a lovely, an alluring creature, slim, *svelte*, and radiant. Her neck and arms and shoulders are chiseled from snowy alabaster veined with rose. A daringly low *décolletage* half conceals, half reveals her firm, well developed breasts. She has the loveliest legs imaginable. And she dances divinely. Like a white lily swaying in the wind.

Now the younger man has lost all his indifference, his languor. He is leaning forward, eager, intent.

"Find out who she is, Libahova," he orders.

"*Sehr wohl, Majestät*," the other answers.

He returns shortly.

"Her name, sire," he reports, "is Janko—Franziska Janko. She is quite young—only about twenty, I understand. She lives somewhere in the suburbs with her father, who is a gardener, and an elder sister. She has a younger sister who is the wife of an engine driver on the state railways. This girl, Franziska, is said to be the most beautiful woman in Vienna. And so far as I can learn, she has never been concerned in any scandal."

"I should like to meet her," says the other. "Not now—after the performance. You will arrange it, Libahova."

"*Sehr wohl, Majestät*."

AN hour or so later found the younger man pacing restlessly up and down one of those luxuriously furnished, heavily curtained little rooms known as *cabinets particuliers*. A small table was set for two; beside it stood the inevitable silver wine cooler, and in a corner was a heavily upholstered divan. The young man smoked innumerable cigarettes.

A discreet rap at the door.

"*Herein!*" he called.

The brocade-covered door swung back. Framed in the opening stood the dancer, muffled in furs. She appeared even younger than when on the stage. Despite her youth, she betrayed no nervousness.

"*Majestät*," announced Libahova ceremoniously, "I have the honor to present Fräulein Janko."

"*Gnädiges Fräulein*," he said, turning to the dancer, "this is His Majesty King Zog of Albania."

The girl sank to the floor in a sweeping curtsy.

"I am deeply honored, sire."

The king bowed low and offered her his hand.

"It is I who am honored by your visit, *Fräulein*," he said gallantly. "Please be seated. That will be all tonight, Libahova. You may go."

The equerry clicked his heels together and bowed stiffly.

"A pleasant evening, *Majestät*."

He closed the door softly behind him, leaving the king and the dancer alone.

In the corridor lounged two plain-clothes men. "Take no chances," Libahova warned them. "Don't let him out of your sight until he is inside his hotel."

"Never fear, Herr Colonel," answered one of the detectives. "His Majesty is safe in the care of the Viennese police."

When the king returned to his hotel in the early morning hours, Fräulein Franziska Janko accompanied him. It was, from all I can learn, genuine love at first sight.

A few days later, when he left the Austrian capital for his own country, one of the members of his party was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GIRL WHO IS ALMOST A QUEEN
Continued from page seventeen

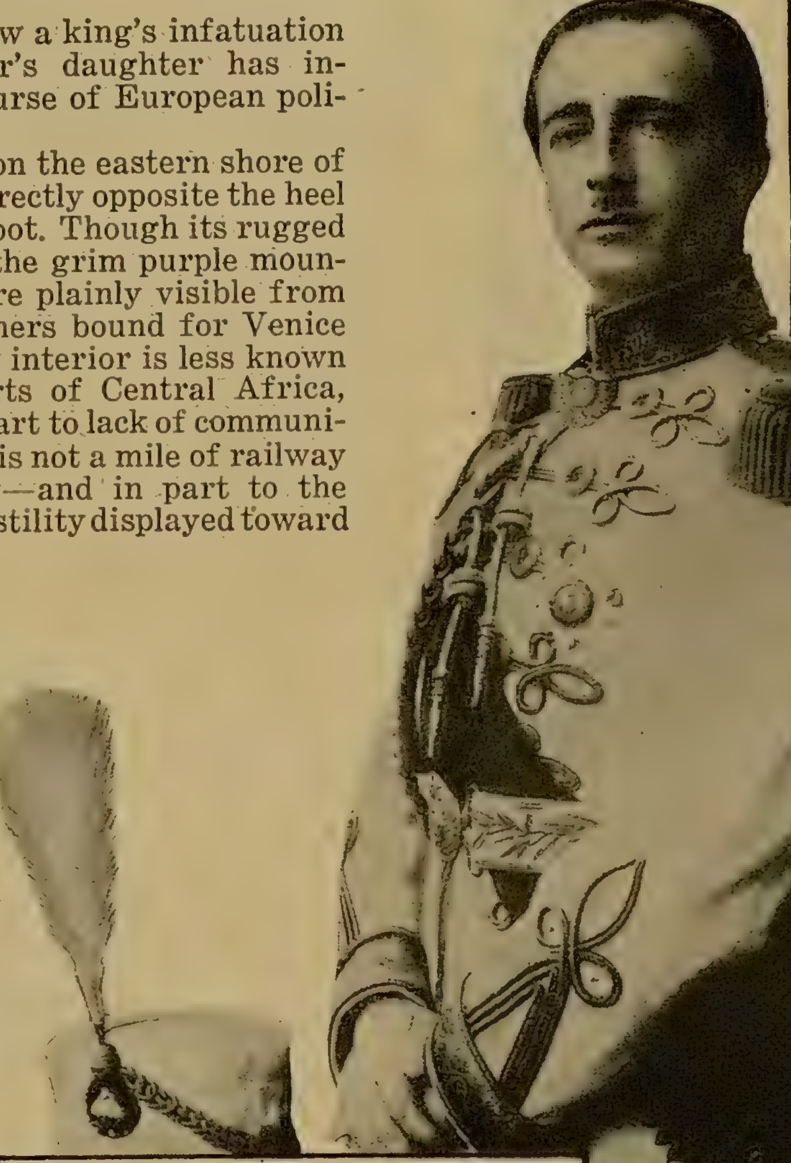
strikingly beautiful young woman. Her passport was made out in the name of the Baroness Franziska de Janko. For it is one of the prerogatives of a king to confer titles of nobility on his friends.

And, notwithstanding the attempts of Europe's most powerful and astute dictator to wreck this royal romance, the handsome young monarch and the beautiful Viennese dancer have remained together—and in love—ever since.

Let us see how a king's infatuation for a gardener's daughter has influenced the course of European politics.

Albania lies on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, directly opposite the heel of the Italian boot. Though its rugged coast line and the grim purple mountains beyond are plainly visible from the decks of liners bound for Venice and Trieste, its interior is less known than many parts of Central Africa, This is due in part to lack of communications—there is not a mile of railway in the country—and in part to the thinly veiled hostility displayed toward foreigners by its half-savage mountaineers.

*Maria, the youthful Italian princess whom Il Duce would have King Zog wed.*



*Zog, ruler of Albania, virtually a prisoner and ever in mortal danger because he has been steadfast as a lover.*

Acme photos

Shkiperia, "the Land of the Eagle," as the Albanians call their country, is appropriately named, for the easiest means of reaching it is by air. You can, it is true, cross from Bari to Durazzo in a small and none too comfortable Italian steamer; but I flew by seaplane from Brindisi to Valona, whence there is a semiweekly air service to Tirana, the capital of Albania.

Though a member in good standing of the League of Nations, Albania is still to a large extent a wild and lawless land where almost anything may happen. Until King Zog came to the throne its mountaineers implicitly obeyed the Scriptural injunction of "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and carried it out by means of the blood feud—a recognized system of avenging murder by murder. If a man is killed in a personal quarrel, it is expected as a matter of course that the nearest male relative of the victim will make it his business to hunt down the murderer and kill him. Then the dead assassin's next of kin murders the murderer's murderer. It is a vicious circle which has cost tens of thousands of human lives. Sometimes, when the original assassination was political, whole tribes became involved; in certain districts forty per cent of the men have died with their boots on.

*Zog's sweetheart, Baroness Franziska de Janko, the girl who is almost a queen.*

BY virtue of its geographical situation, Albania enj political importance wholly disproportionate to its By looking at the map you will see why this is so. Fo you will note, this apparently insignificant mountain dom is the key to the Nearer East. It commands bot entrance to the Adriatic Sea and the eastern gateway t Balkans. Moreover, it lies squarely athwart the cour empire of two warlike and predacious nations.

Both Italy and Yugoslavia have long cast covetous eyes on this narrow strip of mountainous territory. Italy seeks control of it—because it is the doorway to the Balkan Peninsula, which Il Duce dreams of some day bringing under Italian domination.

Yugoslavia is no less eager to gain control of Albania, both because she hates and fears Italy and because she wishes to extend her frontiers southward so as to include the whole eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea.

Let me make it perfectly clear that either of these rivals would seize Albania without the slightest compunction—if they dared. The only reason that the little mountain kingdom maintains its independence is because each of its powerful neighbors knows that such a move would be the signal for the other to declare war.

Now, the stage having been set, let us return to the actors in the drama—a drama which may turn into a tragedy without a moment's warning.

When the first Balkan War broke out in 1911, with Turkey on one side and Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumania on the other, an Albanian youth named Ahmed Zogolli (he dropped the "olli," which signifies "son of," later on) was attending a military school in Constantinople. He was then a lad of sixteen. A rather important youngster in the eyes of the Turkish politicians, for upon the death of his father he had succeeded to the chieftainship of the Mati, a powerful clan of mountain warriors in northern Albania. Confronted by the three Balkan nations, united for the first time, the Sultan appealed to his Albanian subjects for assistance, for Albania was then a Turkish province. But the Mati clansmen refused to take part in the war save under the leadership of their young chieftain. Accordingly, Ahmed Zogolli was taken out of school and hurried secretly across the Balkan Peninsula to his native mountains, where he organized the tribes and personally led them in battle against the Serbs. Though at an age when most American boys are still in high school, he was no figurehead. It is said that in battle he is as cool as a winter's morning.

THE war ended in a victory for the Balkan allies, and Albania became for a time a kingdom, ruled by a weak German princeling, William of Wied. But in 1914 the Great War burst upon the world with the suddenness of a thunderclap. Then young Ahmed Zogolli realized that his country's golden opportunity had come. Unfurling the ancient eagle banner of Scanderbeg and summoning all patriots to follow him, he swept down upon the Albanian plain, driving the Serbs before him and occupying town after town. To insure the permanence of his victories he agreed to coöperate with the Austrians; but they, becoming suspicious of his loyalty to the Central Powers, invited him to Vienna for a council of war and then treacherously interned him.

Upon his release at the close of the war he returned to Albania. The country was in chaos, yet Ahmed Zogolli was instrumental in driving an Italian army of occupation out of Valona, halting another Yugoslav invasion, crushing numerous tribal insurrections, and securing the recognition of Albania's independence by the Great Powers. All this he did without a war chest worthy of the name, with pitifully inadequate supplies of arms and ammunition, in spite of threats of intervention from without and of intrigues and conspiracies within.

He rose to political power like a rocket. In a space of five years he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Johnny grew so fast we couldn't keep him in clothes

**Shooting up fast — but thin as a rail**

***... until we discovered this easy way to make him gain***

"WHEN Johnny was four years old, he began to grow so fast we couldn't keep him in clothes. No sooner did we buy him some new things to wear than he'd shoot up a little more . . . and there would be his arms and legs poking out like little sticks.

"That's what worried us, the child didn't fill out. He couldn't gain an ounce. We asked our doctor about it, and he said Johnny was so lively, he burned up his food in energy before it could do him much good. He suggested Cocomalt, at meals and between meals —for extra body building nourishment.

"We've been giving Cocomalt to Johnny for two months, and you ought to see him now! He has gained seven pounds and that lanky look is gone."

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[THE GIRL WHO IS ALMOST A QUEEN
Continued from page nineteen]

was successively Minister of the Interior, Minister of War, Commander in Chief, Premier, Dictator, and first President of the Albanian Republic. His great moment came in 1928, when, in Tirana, this youthful soldier-statesman was proclaimed His Majesty, Zog I, King of the Albanians.

Upon my arrival at Tirana I learned that the king had left the capital some days before for his summer villa on the beach below Durazzo; that he was expecting me, and that I was to motor down with the American Minister.

The royal villa—if one can thus dignify a three-room wooden shack painted in broad stripes of pink and green—is set on stilts above the sands, so that at high tide the waves from the Adriatic break beneath its floor. Hard by, scattered amid the sand dunes, are other unpretentious bungalows—one for the officers of the military household, one for the king's mother, another for his sisters, and, closest of all to the royal residence, the cottage occupied by the Baroness Franziska de Janko and her sister. Before the striped sentry boxes which flank the entrance to the king's villa life guards stood motionless, and from the dunes came an occasional flash as the sun glinted on the rifle barrels of vigilant sentries.

JUGO-SLAVIA
ADRIATIC SEA
ITALY
TIRANA
ALBANIA
GREECE
IONIAN SEA

*Showing how King Zog's country, Albania, is "the key to the Nearer East."*

The master of ceremonies ushered us into a rather are-looking reception room. Soon the door to an adjoining room swung open and an equerry motioned us to nter.

I had expected to meet a dashing figure in a gold-rogged, medal-smothered uniform. But the slim young man who arose from behind a flat-topped desk and advanced to greet me was the exact opposite. He wore a soft blue shirt, a blue blazer with brass buttons, white flannel trousers, and white buckskin shoes with tan strappings. In manner he was as easy as an old shoe.

Though Zog can talk extremely well when there is anything worth talking about, he is naturally quiet and retiring. There is about him a youthful shyness which s extremely attractive, particularly to women. But, though I suspect that he has all the qualities of a great lover, he is essentially a man's man. Over and over again he has proved himself a stranger to fear. Consider his record in dealing with would-be assassins.

At the opening of Parliament in 1924 a feudist from the mountains fired on him at pointblank range, inflicting serious wounds. Yet, with two bullets in his body, Zog curtly declined medical attention. His uniform sopping with blood, he strode into the assembly and delivered a speech lasting three-quarters of an hour.

Shortly before my visit, in the very room in which we sat, another attempt had been made to assassinate him, when a blood feudist succeeded in evading the guards about the royal villa. But Zog hurled himself bodily across the intervening desk, caught his assailant by the throat, and overpowered him single-handed.

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

*is well known as an adventurous traveler and war correspondent. He was a major in the A. E. F., has many decorations of honor, and has written twenty books.*

The latest attempt on the king's life was made last winter in Vienna. It was reported in the newspapers that after one of his aids-de-camp had been killed and another wounded, Zog had sought refuge in a shop. The fact is that, far from running away, he drew his own utomatic, fought back, giving shot for shot, until the police arrived. No man in the world, not even Al Capone or "Legs" Diamond, is in such constant danger of assassination.

Certain of his subjects hate him because they are honestly, if mistakenly, convinced that he is an Italian tool. Others because they suspect, with even less justification, that he is secretly friendly to Yugoslavia. But there are hundreds who are out gunning for him in a desire for personal revenge. For, in those dark days when he was striving to weld his demoralized people into an independent nation, he did not hesitate to hang those who opposed him. As a consequence, *no less than eight hundred blood feuds have been declared against the king.*

BESIDES all this, through the dark underworld of Albanian politics there slink mysterious, sinister figures, taking their orders from abroad, who are ready to remove the king when the political situation is propitious, with the object of throwing the country into chaos and thereby providing a plausible pretext for foreign intervention.

Is it any wonder, then, that Zog is guarded as no other man in the world is guarded? That he has been compelled to give up all the outdoor recreations—riding, hunting, motoring, mountain climbing—of which he is fond? That he is to all intents and purposes a prisoner, whether in his rambling old palace in Tirana, his frowning castle on the headland above Durazzo, or his modest bungalow beside the Adriatic shore?

Like most Moslems, Zog is, I imagine, a fatalist; yet it would be astonishing if he felt no nervousness. The only symptom of it I could detect, however, was his excessive use of cigarettes. I ventured to remark that he was a human chimney.

"But this is nothing!" he exclaimed lightly. "Until quite recently I smoked two hundred and fifty cigarettes a day. But my doctors have cut me down to a mere fifty."

The Albanian royal family consists of Zog's mother, his five comely sisters, and his nephew.

The four younger princesses are simple, charming girls. Brought up in the mountains of the Mati country, they have had a rather sketchy education. They dance, swim, play tennis, and are all superb horsewomen. At official functions they usually wear the picturesque national costume. At the occasional dances given at the Tirana Club, however, they appear in frocks of the latest Paris fashion. Slim, shapely, vivacious girls, with the fires of passion smoldering in their dark eyes.

King Zog is the youngest ruler in Europe and the only unmarried one. The hand of Europe's most eligible princess is his for the asking. More, it has been pressed upon him. The princess is the King of Italy's youngest daughter, Maria, a girl still in her teens.

Now, the marriage of Princess Maria to the Albanian monarch would be considered a triumph of diplomacy by Italian statesmen. For it would in effect bring Albania under Italian domination without affording Yugoslavia a pretext for opposition or intervention. That is why, for some years past, Mussolini has been urging the match upon King Zog. Love does not enter into the matter at all, you understand. It is a question of high politics.

The opinion has been expressed that Pope Pius would oppose such a match on the ground that King Zog is a

Moslem. But those who are familiar with European diplomacy believe that papal opposition could be overcome. Though Zog is officially a Moslem, he is not a professing one—he never attends mosque; moreover, almost half of his subjects are Christians.

But it is not the opposition of the Vatican which has thus far brought to naught the dictator's plans. Rather it is the opposition of the prospective bridegroom. For Zog is head over heels in love with the beautiful Franziska de Janko. A fantastic situation—the master of Italy checkmated by a dancer!

And here we enter into the realm of secret politics. All I can do is to repeat, without vouching for it, the story which is whispered in certain well informed circles in Tirana and Rome, in Vienna and Belgrade.

It is common knowledge that the Yugoslav government became seriously alarmed when it learned through confidential channels that Mussolini was urging King Zog to marry the Princess Maria. They could make no protest. The king had a perfect right to marry whom he chose. Nevertheless, something must be done to defeat Italy's machinations. Accordingly, so the story goes, Zog was induced to visit Vienna—and the beautiful Franziska was deliberately thrown in his way.

If so, the scheme met with instant and overwhelming success.

UPON her arrival in Albania the former dancing girl was accepted by the family of the king. A curious situation, no doubt, judged from the American viewpoint. But consider the facts. Zog is virtually a prisoner. All avenues of legitimate recreation and pleasure are closed to him. He is a desperately lonely man. Moreover, the idea of his marrying an Italian princess is repugnant to a large number of patriotic Albanians. But now he had found a girl, discreet and dignified, with whom he was perfectly happy. Is it so surprising, then, that the king's mother and sisters accept the situation—perhaps with a sigh of relief?

So there the matter stands. The king spends all his leisure moments—and they are not many, for he works from dawn to dark—in Franziska's company.

It has been whispered that the former dancer is in the pay of the Belgrade government, but this I doubt. There is no possible doubt that she is genuinely in love with the king.

How will it all end? Who can say? Mussolini has not played his last trump by any means. He may succeed in effecting a match between Zog and Maria in the end. Or Zog may solve the whole perplexing problem, whether for good or evil, by marrying his inamorata.

If you ask me, I think that this young ruler of a small and impoverished country has shown both courage and constancy in defying the Italian dictator because of his love for a gardener's daughter.

THE END

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## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—Phoenix.
2—Erysipelas.
3—Francis Ouimet.
4—John Greenleaf Whittier.
5—One that produces eggs.
6—A verse of four lines.
7—Resembling, or characteristic of, a fox.
8—Sir Walter Scott.
9—Michigan and Huron.
10—Euphrates.
11—Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens.
12—A civil wrong independent of a contract.
13—A remedy serving to mitigate or remove fever.
14—A brigand; a highwayman.
15—39.37.
16—Topaz.
17—In New Orleans, Louisiana.
18—An ostrichlike bird of Australia and New Guinea.
xiii. 23.

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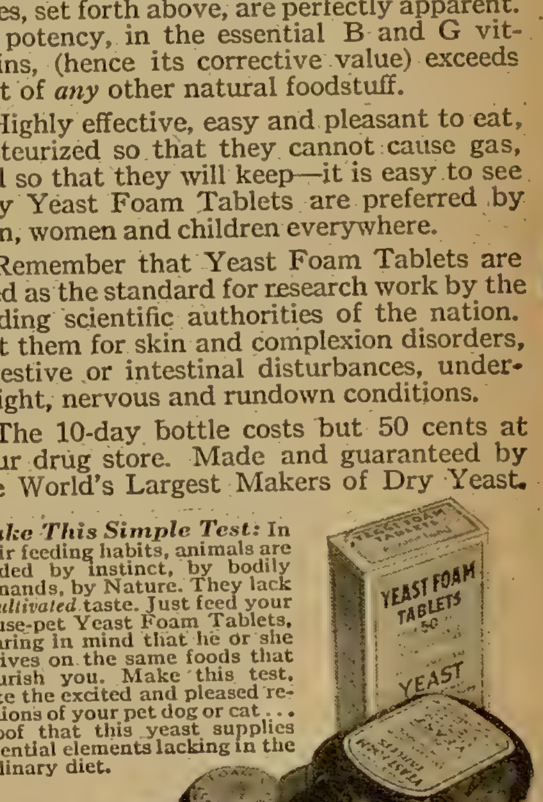

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# ANNIVERSARY

By

## RITA WEIMAN

*Pictures by* EDGAR MCGRAW

*(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)*

ECHOING against the Ramapo Hills came the note of a bugle sounding taps. In the clear, frosty November morning its call rose from the country churchyard, reverberating gently from the granite-blue hillside like the tap of faint fingers on a distant keyboard.

At least, so it seemed to the man standing bareheaded in the middle of a flagged walk that led from his green-shuttered house to a neat white picket fence. In the doorway behind him a woman paused and smiled. It was a smile that reflected in some inexplicable way the bugle note, wistful, lingering, charged with tears unshed. She had no consciousness of it. Nor had he. The call to memory had carried him back thirteen years to another November day. A day wild, terrific, when taps was drowned in the blast of Victory.

He saw Fifth Avenue a maze of color. He saw a boy in khaki reeling in the midst of it. And as he stood, head bowed, he was that boy again.

. . . . .

"I want the wildest woman in New York or I don't want nobody. I—wanta—wildest woman in New York—"

He singsonged the words, keeping time with one hand, pausing with a provocative bow whenever a pretty girl passed. The girls tickled his nose with feather dusters, or banged tin pans against his ears, and went merrily on their way. They were nice girls, too. Yet not one resented his bibulous invitation. Neither did the stern guardians of the law who helped the tall shaky doughboy over street crossings.

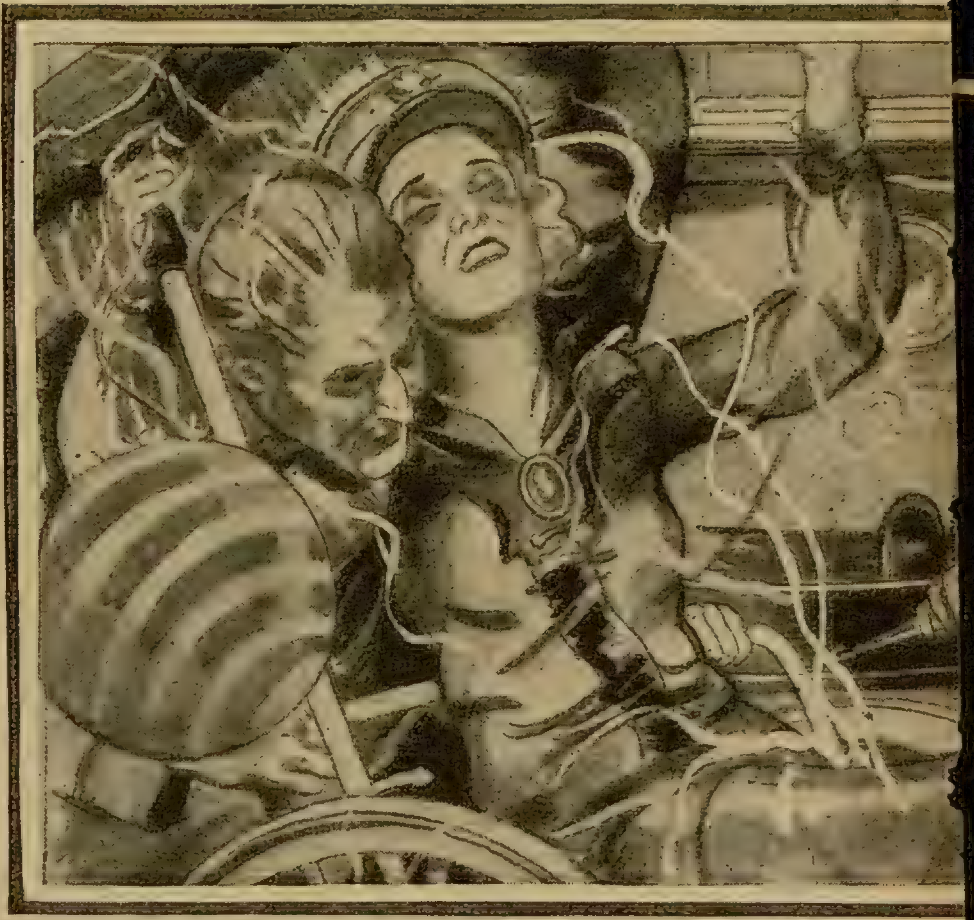
Had you happened to be passing you would have noticed—or probably not—a tanned, round-faced boy of some twenty-two years, big of frame, with crisp yellow hair, gray eyes squarely set and far apart, and a chin that might grow stronger with time. A pleasant face, absurdly simple to read. He was like whole regiments of boys spilled from neighboring camps into New York on Saturdays, Sundays, holidays, and any other days they could beg or borrow leave.

At one minute past 5 A. M. he had begun celebrating. When the first faint wail of newborn peace had shrilled into the silent morning hours, growing, swelling with each moment of life until it rolled out over the city in terrific, overwhelming roar—the clarion voice of Victory. At 4 P. M. he had not finished—not by any means. This day he meant to make the most of. Never in the history of the world would there be another like it. Monday, November 11, 1918. *Armistice Day.*

But a fellow couldn't celebrate alone. Hence his inquiry concerning the savage tendencies of perfectly nice ladies.

Because everybody was doing it, he turned into Fifth Avenue. The most luxurious street in the world, habitually well groomed, brilliant, as sure of itself as a velvet-swathed darling of society, was behaving like a trollop. No motors flashed by; no prancing thoroughbreds; no tired-eyed women sunk into the depths of sable rugs; no blasé men gazing with glazed eyes from club windows; no traffic regulations. No regulations of any kind.

Crowding until they came against solid wall, surged a mass of grown-up children gone mad with joy. Faces were dirty; clothes caked with dust. They pushed and shoved and danced over the carpet of confetti that swirled round and round like a bewildering snowfall in the sun. The air was filled with it, with the flame of waving flags with the shrill shriek of whistles, shouts and cries and laughter, with a medley of songs gone wrong.



*He looked down. A tiny, wrenlike woman clutched him, the queerest person he had ever seen.*

A movie star came jogging up the center of the avenue, arms linked in those of two officers, all three keeping step with a hop, skip, and jump. Another officer linked arms with the man at her left. The line of khaki spread until it spanned the avenue, never missing step.

Shouting for his wild woman, the boy zigzagged up to the screen queen and her little regiment. But they danced away from his blundering steps. He stood, jostled to one side, looking wistfully after them.

Pagans for an hour—small wonder they took no notice of him. Today the whole world was swaying—the whole civilized world, that is. The whole world was drunk—drunk with a joy that choked—whirled to the zenith of emotion—with tears that were laughter and laughter that was tears.

The boy turned into Forty-third Street. He felt sunk, blue, lonely in this great metropolitan crowd that didn't even know he was alive. Then suddenly he brightened. Coming toward him was a girl who looked as if she might be friendly.

"I want the wildest woman in New York or I don't want nobody," he droned mechanically.

She paused.

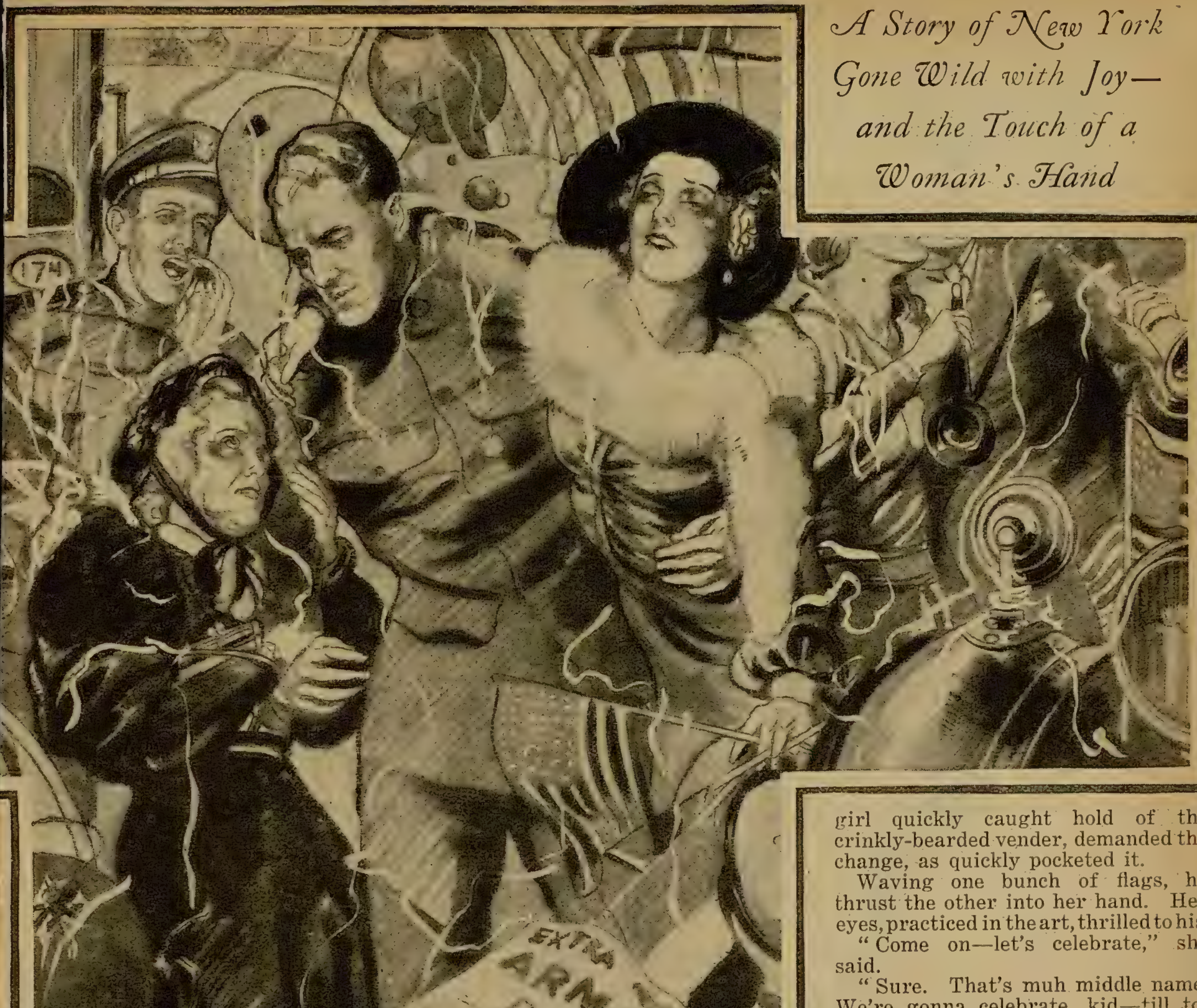
"You the wildest woman?" he asked.

"Mebbe." She flashed white teeth and a queer look of fire came into her eyes.

She was a flaring poster, an animated cartoon of the prevailing fashions. Lips too red, cheeks too pink, hair too satin-black, eyebrows too long and threadlike. Heels too high, skirt too narrow, waist too thin, the white fox scarf across her shoulders too bulky. And the brim of her black hat drooped too far over eyes too dark and thick as to lashes. In fact, a very usual type, the patter of whose little heels makes no impression at all on the accustomed heart of the Great White Way. But to the boy from the Middle West she was New York.

He grinned, caught her arm. True, a blonde would have suited as well, or even a freckle-f

*A Story of New York Gone Wild with Joy—and the Touch of a Woman's Hand*



What he wanted was a companion. Someone to whoop it up, to help add flame to the fire of excitement that had made him bound out of barracks and yell like a madman into the spooky dawn.

He bought two braces of Allied flags, pulled a thick roll of bills from his trousers pocket, peeled off one. The girl quickly caught hold of the crinkly-bearded vender, demanded the change, as quickly pocketed it.

Waving one bunch of flags, he thrust the other into her hand. Her eyes, practiced in the art, thrilled to his.

"Come on—let's celebrate," she said.

"Sure. That's muh middle name. We're gonna celebrate, kid—till tomorrow mornin'."

HE squeezed the hand by this time resting in his, bent his big shoulders, and butted through the throng. But when they reached Broadway, it was she who led as they made the rounds of cafés.

Snuggled against him on a leather settee, the girl let her head droop against his shoulder. Under the table, her pointed patent-leather slipper rested on his heavy army boot with a little intimate pressure that electrified him.

At another time he would have felt embarrassed, even ashamed, under the frank stare of those at neighboring tables. But tonight he was proud of it. Tonight any man without his woman, without a bunch of fluff and feathers and perfume to make the night unforgettable, was a lost soul.

She ordered cocktails. The names dizzied him. They seemed an endless chain of men, flowers, cities. He chuckled as he twirled one of chalky pink topped by foam and a sprig of green leaves.

"Lordy—I used to weed these things outa the garden back home when I was a kid. And now I'm drinkin' 'em."

He kept on twirling his glass, gazing at the stuff with a look half question, half amusement.

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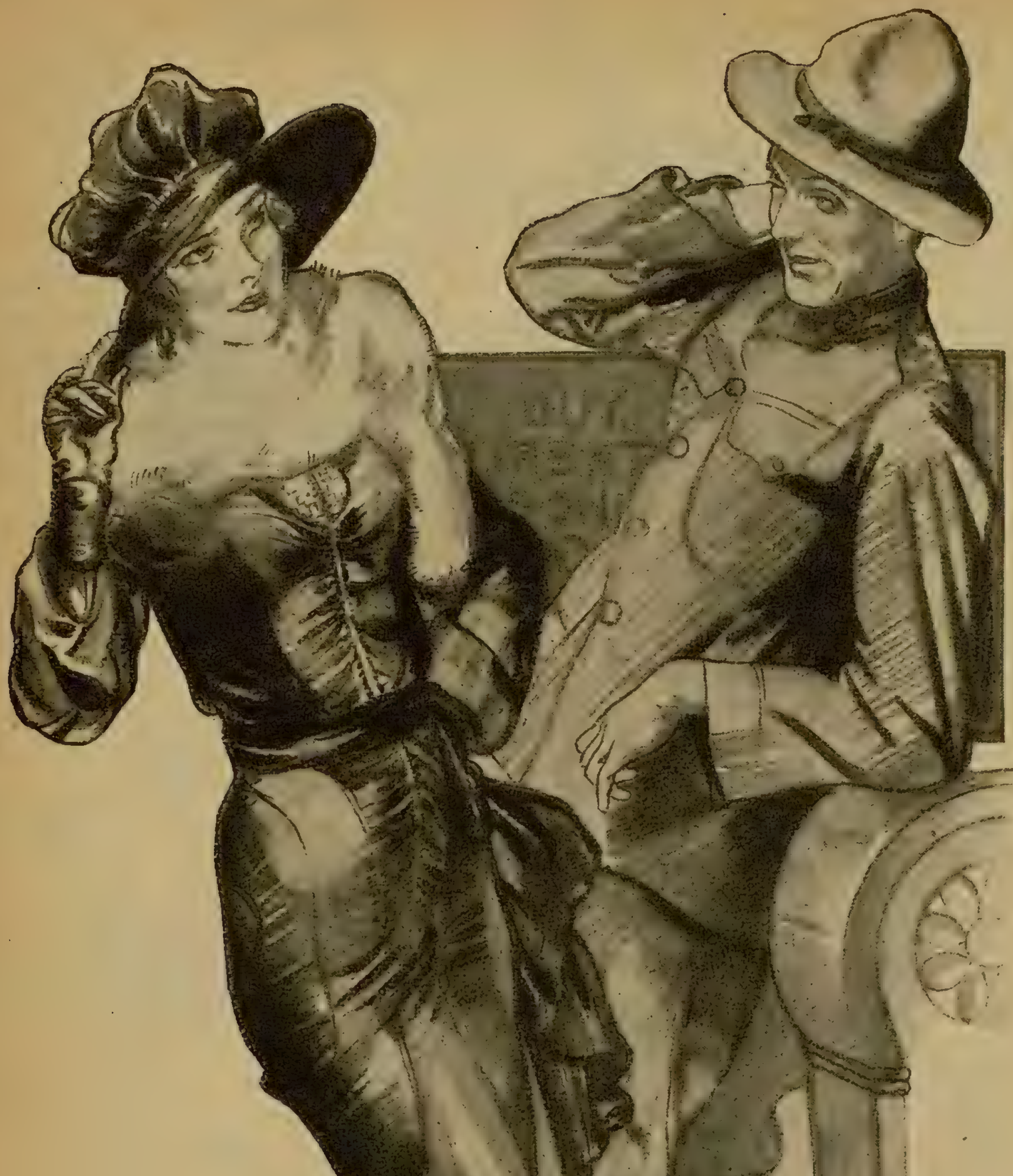

*SHE was a flaring poster, an animated cartoon of the prevailing fashions. But to the boy from the Middle West she was New York.*

ANNIVERSARY
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"You sound like you're green in this town," she said casually, studying him over the rim of her glass.

"Born two weeks ago—that's me," he grinned.

"But it don't take long to get on speakin' terms with the little old burg, eh, boy?" Her sharp little teeth clicked against the glass. "Here's to us!"

"Feller can be pretty lonely in these parts, though."

"Not with a wad like that—you needn't be."

He slid an arm round her. Curling within it, she raised limpid eyes.

"Tell me all about yourself, dearie."

He needed only an invitation. During the two weeks preparatory to sailing, he had drifted into the city from day to day, afraid to attempt friendship in a place where people had so little time for it or for one another.

Tonight the ice was broken. And more to himself than to her, more to answer the call of home, to hear his own voice tell of things dear to him, as one speaks of a lost love merely for the joy of dwelling upon memories, he painted, with rough unsteady brush, pictures of his countryside.

He rambled on, often incoherent, not particularly concerned whether or not she listened. As a matter of fact, she was dozing. Oh, only slightly! Carefully timed dozes that gave opportunity to raise her head and brush hot lips sympathetically across his cheek, then bend the brim of her hat and apply lipstick.

He hadn't any folks, but out there everybody knew everybody else. His dad had left him a hardware store. He'd sold out the place when his call to service came.

"Didn't know if I was comin' back. Thought I'd better see it got in good hands. Feller feels close to the business his dad's had—like it was a friend. That's how I came to have my wad, an' I been savin' it for *this*. Ever since the Huns got on the job with their U-boats, I been jest waitin' an' hangin' on to every copper for the day Sammy'd have 'em licked to a finish. I swore—if I come through O. K.—I was gonna celebrate, an' do it proper. Didn't matter where I'd be—in France or in Jerusalem. Course, the place I wanted to be was Berlin. My hard luck to get cheated out of a whack at them! But a feller can't have everything."

She roused herself.

"An' you have got me, ain't you?"

HE hesitated—bent down. Under her hat brim their lips met.

"Anything you want! Don't care if there ain't a copper left when we get through."

Something told her there wouldn't be—not in his pocket, anyway. She watched him peel some yellowbacks from his fat roll. Her glittering eyes were so narrow they could hardly be seen.

"Buy yourself somethin' nice," he whispered.

Her hand closed over the bills.

From a table a few yards away a French girl playfully flung a red carnation. It hit him squarely on the mouth. He gave a start, looked across, grinned. She was blonde, with dimples and a full, smooth throat. His companion quickly straightened her hat—or rather tilted its slant to a more dashing angle—drew her white fox round narrow shoulders.

"Let's go to the Cave, dearie. It's the slickest joint on Broadway."

The din had grown to thunder as they reached the street. Close at hand came the chime of church bells, clear-throated as the song of a thrush. But it sounded far off. In the blue velvet sky a mass of stars formed a faint, luminous cross. But no one looked up.

"There's our joint," she said; "across the street."

He made a barricade of his broad shoulders, stuck out his elbows, lifted her off the ground, and plunged into the mob. Like being sucked into a living stream of lava, they were carried directly in front of a trolley car.

As he dodged, pausing for breath, a hand grasped his sleeve, like the tightening talons of a bird.

"Please, sir—would you mind takin' me with you?"

He looked down. A tiny, wrenlike woman clutched him, the queerest, most terrified little person he had ever seen.

WISPS of gray hair straggled across her face. A bonnet tied with narrow ribbons under her chin had been tossed askew. Her tight-fitting coat with incongruously big puffed sleeves was ripped and torn. She hugged a rusty hand bag, and her breath came through lips that twitched. Apparently she had been almost trampled under foot.

"Please, mister—please don't leggo of me."

"Where do you wanta go?"

"To Broadway an' Forty-second Street. I—I didn't know it was so far away from the Pennsylvania Depot."

"You're further up than Forty-second Street now."

"Oh, am I? I—I must of lost my way. There was so many people. I never seen so many people. Oh, dear, please don't leggo of me."

The girl gave his coat a pull.

"Hand her over to a cop and come on."

He made a movement to hail the blue-coated figure standing like a sentinel at the crossroads.

"I asked a policeman," the wavering voice answered his gesture, "an' he told me where to go—but I couldn't get there. I jest seem to go round and round. There's so many people—I never did see so many people. I didn't think it'd be like this—I never did think it could be like this. Y'won't leave me—please don't!"

"Aw—can the dame!" came from his other side.

He hesitated. "Wait a minute!"

"And get squashed to a jelly! Not much!"

She hooked on to him and, flanked by the two women, he propelled his way toward the opposite curb.

"Oh, thank you, mister. Is it far now?"

"Only four streets down."

"You ain't gonna take the dame back to Forty-second Street?" The girl planted herself in front of him, chin thrust out, eyes aglitter.

"Sure I am."

"Not if I know it, you ain't."

"Sure I am. Won't take long, kid."

"Won't take long! Won't take long—in this push? My Gawd—y'think you're the President! Y'think we can walk into the Cave jest like that any time"—she snapped her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For White Teeth and Healthy Gums

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

IF you are open-minded on the subject of which tooth brush is best for you, these may be the most important 257 words you have ever read. So vital is a healthy mouth in preventing disease.

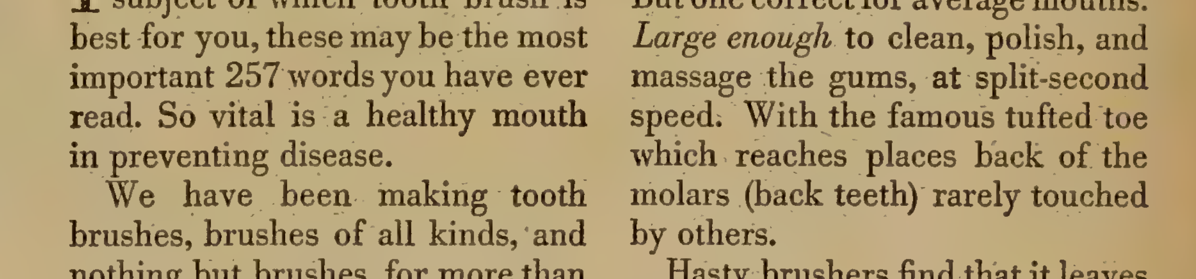
We have been making tooth brushes, brushes of all kinds, and nothing but brushes, for more than forty years. Our experience and the quality of our products have earned us an international reputation as bristle authorities.

To all who want whiter teeth and healthier gums, we suggest a switch from their present tooth brush to the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. It was designed by leading authorities to do a better job of preserving mouth health, and its design has kept pace with increasing dental knowledge.

This extraordinary tooth brush is the new, scientific, medium size. Not a midget that skimps on bristle. Not an old-fashioned big brush. But one correct for average mouths. *Large enough* to clean, polish, and massage the gums, at split-second speed. With the famous tufted toe which reaches places back of the molars (back teeth) rarely touched by others.

Hasty brushers find that it leaves the teeth and mouth feeling cleaner in less time than any other.

It is a precision dental instrument made in accordance with professional specifications. The only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush produced in its own plant. This explains why it gives greater value. The smaller Youth's size is 35¢. Child's size, 25¢. All guaranteed without reservation. No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . You will thank us for the suggestion. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*



"Chic" Sale—The Specialist tells about the RIDGEWAY TWINS

TAKE the Ridgeway twins, Ches and Wal. Looked alike as two peas in a pod. Couldn't tell themselves apart except at dinner, and the only way they knew which was which then was because Ches liked navy beans and Wal didn't.

Well sir, you might go so far as to say they had equal chances in life if any two young fellers ever did. It was this way at the age of twenty when they went to work in the bank. Now Ches is president of the bank and Wal has seven more years to serve at the penitentiary.

It jest shows home conditions and trainin' ain't everything. Jest like Ches would eat navy beans and Wal wouldn't, Ches would eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box, and Wal wouldn't. Ches felt good and thought the world was with him while Wal felt bad and thought the world was agin him. So they traveled different roads.

Of course I ain't sayin' these little tablets will keep you out of the penitentiary. I'm jest tellin' about Ches and Wal, twins.

"Chic" Sale

It takes over 30 million boxes of Ex-Lax—those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box—to supply the demand each year.

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Ex-Lax is safe—gentle—effective for young and old. At your druggist's—10¢, 25¢ and 50¢.

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ANNIVERSARY
Continued from page twenty-five

fingers—"an' getta table? I ain't gonna have my night spoiled by any old party from Squeedunk."

"I guess I better be goin'," said the old party.

He looked down. Tears stood in her faded eyes. Her mouth had begun twitching again.

"I'm takin' you," he said.

"But I don't want to make no trouble atween you an' your wife, mister."

The girl gave a sharp, high-pitched laugh. "Ain't she the cutey, though!"

The boy in khaki turned on her. "Comin'?" he asked curtly.

He raised the little figure from its feet—it weighed next to nothing—bore down on the throng, cut through it. The girl started sullenly to follow.

He had decided to make for Eighth Avenue and cross back to Times Square through Forty-second Street. That way, less time would be lost. He put down his light burden and turned.

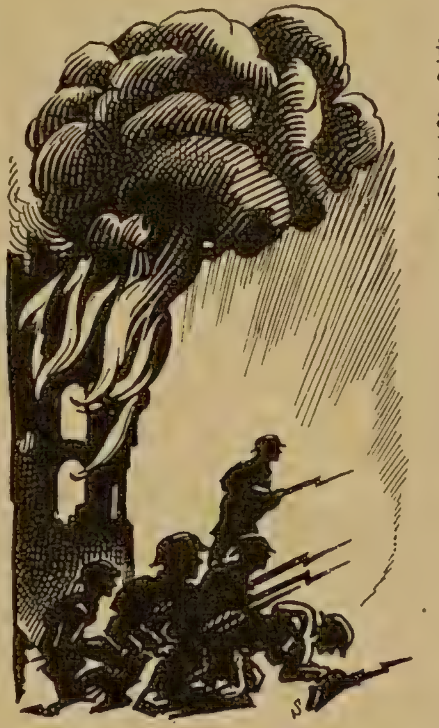
The girl was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly through the racket came her high-pitched laugh, echoed by a deeper one. Already out of reach, she was making for a restaurant with a red, white, and blue flag rippling electric-light patriotic welcome above the entrance. At her elbow, with the air of a proprietor, was a slim young man in snug-fitted tan overcoat and squat derby hat.

"Run along, Fido!" she shouted.

An instant the boy saw red. With one long stride he started after them. Make a fool of him, would she? He'd show them!

The girl flashed teeth triumphantly. In the look she sent him was pride that battle portended for her possession.



THEN he remembered the old woman, cause of the trouble, bone of contention. He turned back doggedly. Unconscious of his loss, she was standing in the doorway where he had placed her, hands anxiously straying over her shoulders.

"I must of lost me tippet," she told him. "I had it on when I come. Ain't that a shame, now?" She raised her eyes. "Jim give it to me last Christmas."

"That is a shame," he answered absently.

She noticed then that he was alone.

"Oh—where's the lady?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yep. Y'made a mistake. She ain't m' wife."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—but she's gone! I shouldn't 'a' done it. Go after her, mister. I can get along now." Her hands, one bare, the other in a tight cotton glove, were clasped pleadingly. "Oh, what shall I do? Please excuse me."

"Let her go!" It came like the crack of a gun. He took the little form within his arm. "Plenty more where she come from."

"I shouldn't 'a' done it. Only, I didn't know where I was. An' when I seen you comin', you was so big and strong, I says to myself, 'Here's a soldier like my Jim.' And when you stopped an' sorter looked around, I says, 'I reckon if I ask him, he'll take care o' me.'"

"Betcher life!"

"I didn't think the lady'd object."

"Plenty more like her," he repeated, more to reassure himself.

BUT he was right. There were plenty—the street was alive with them. Once the little party had been landed at her destination, he wouldn't have to be long alone. The night was just beginning. He'd get a blonde this time, one with dimples like the girl who threw the red flower at him in the restaurant.

The little woman stopped for a second to retie her bonnet strings. "My goodness—they do make mincemeat of you, don't they? I never did see so many people. Is they always so many in the streets in Noo York?"

"Well—it ain't never exactly empty. But tonight's sumthin' special. Peace Night don't come every night."

"No. Ain't it sumthin' wonderful—us winnin' so quick?"

"Sure is!"

"I jest can't get over it. Jim says to me: 'Ma, we'll do it inside a year.' I didn't believe him, but it is inside a year, ain't it? Countin' the time it took for the boys to start goin' over."

"Jest about."

She trotted along, trying to keep step to his stride, shrinking a shade closer as they turned the corner at Eighth Avenue. More than ever she seemed a tiny bird fluttering breathlessly at his side, puffed sleeves spread like wings.

"It ain't so bad here," she brought out with a relieved sigh. "But I ain't afraid no more. My goodness—but it's lucky I met you! Ain't it a shame the lady didn't like me?"

"Don't you worry about that."

"My, but I was scared when I come out of the depot! The streets seemed to be goin' every which way, without no beginnin' nor no end. I jest couldn't make out which way I was goin', an' every time a policeman told me, I got more mixed up than before."

"Well, I'm gonna see you straight

to Times Square. That's where you wanta go, ain't it?"

"Forty-second Street an' Broadway."

"Well, that's it. Hold on tight, now, or that automobile'll run into you."

"Ain't it funny the way they don't never let you know they're comin'? My goodness—between them an' the tramcars, it's a wonder anybody goes on livin'."

"Oh, people in this town jest sorter close their eyes an' take what's comin'."

"I ain't been here in so many years—everything's awful changed. Last time was when me and pa had our weddin' anniversary, an' we come to the city to go to Tony Pastor's. Pa'd been there—an' he wanted me to see it. You ain't never been to Tony Pastor's?"

"No."

"I guess not. Jim was jest a baby then. It ain't very nice—the ladies don't wear much."

The boy in khaki chuckled. "That ain't the only place they don't."

"Pa died soon after." The little hand grasped his sleeve tighter. "An' I ain't never come in since. Guess you think it's queer—me livin' an hour and a half from the city an' never wantin' to come in."

HE smiled. What a queer little dame she was! Hadn't even told him where she lived.

"Jim often wanted me to," she chirped on, "when he started to grow up. But I like quiet, I do. We jest got a little farm, but I always liked to potter round. This is the first time I let Jim make me do it. 'Ma,' he says to me, 'the day we make sausage meat of the dachshund, you're goin' to meet me at Broadway an' Forty-second Street, an' you an' me is goin' to do the town—up and down as far as they'll let us.' I says, 'Jim, you go an' do the town with the boys. Your mother'll stay home like she's doin' now an' pray for you.' But he wouldn't have it that way. 'Ma,' he says, 'it's the mothers we're fighting for. An' when we win it'll be the mothers that'll have to have the big time with us.'"

At Forty-second Street he wheeled around, turning east. The chirp stopped. She gave a gasp of wonder, blinking desperately as floods of light from the theaters stretched out, engulfing them.

"My goodness—my goodness gracious! Ain't that wonderful, though! I never seen nuthin' like it. Is all them lights burnin' like that jest for tonight?"

"Nope. About like that every night." He felt suddenly a seasoned New Yorker showing the sights to someone woefully green.

"Every night? My goodness—who pays the bills?"

"Oh—everybody," he answered vaguely.

"No wonder Jim wanted me to see it. 'You can't imagine, ma,' he says,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE SWORE OFF

*in no* GENTLE WORDS

. . . *but* EDGEWORTH *won him back*

WHEN a real pipe smoker's pipe goes back on him, it's pretty serious. After all, there's nothing that can take the place of a pipe and good tobacco.

Mr. Clarence C. Strohm knows that to be true; and his letter, printed below, will tell you why:

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"I thought you might like to know how I became converted to Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. I have been a pipe smoker for fifteen years.

"One day I had an attack of heartburn and my pipe tasted terrible. I threw it on the office floor and swore off smoking in no gentle words. Then up spoke one of my co-workers and said, 'Why don't you try a pipeful of my Edgeworth, and I'll lay you a bet of ten to one that you like it.'

"Well, for the sake of an argument I tried a pipeful and doggone, that Edgeworth tasted like honey!

"Needless to say, I lost the bet, but believe me it was worth it, for I discovered the greatest pipe tobacco in the world—and I am an Edgeworth rooter from now on."

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In those few simple words you get the complete history of happy smoking.

If you are a pipe smoker, won't you too fill your pipe with Edgeworth and see for yourself that Edgeworth, as Mr. Strohm says, "tastes like honey"?

If you are not a pipe smoker, you must be wondering whether a pipe wouldn't be the smoke for you. Obey that impulse! Get a pipe—and Edgeworth. Begin today, to smoke for pleasure!

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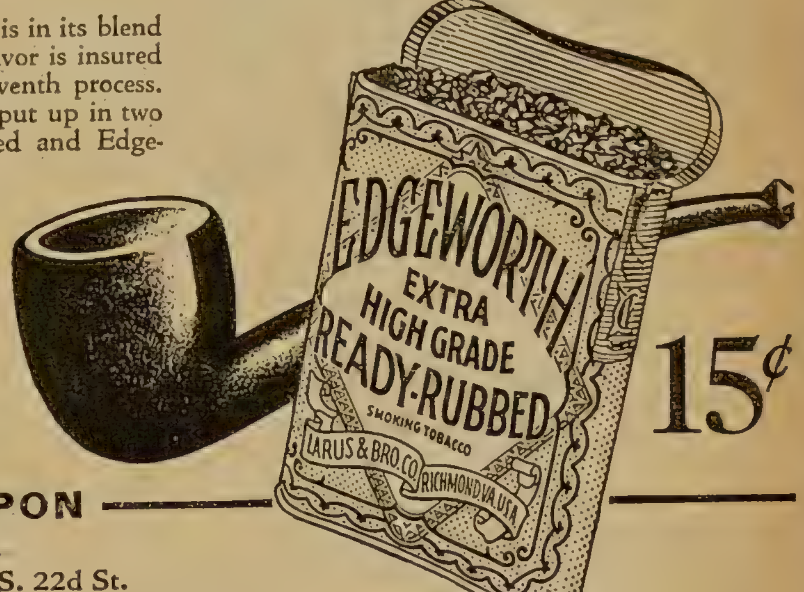

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LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

[ANNIVERSARY
Continued from page twenty-seven]

'what it's like. But I'm goin' to show it to you the night we swat the Kaiser.' Well—well, he didn't 'xaggerate—that's one thing."

Her eyes darted first to one side of the street, then the other, trying to register it all at once.

He laughed with a thrill of excitement as hers mounted.

"My—ain't all them different-colored lights pretty? I never did see so many colors. They sorter make the sky so bright you can't see the stars, can you? Don't folks in Noo York never get no chance to see the stars?"

"Sure. Uptown—the family part of town. Some swell houses uptown."

"They ain't no families livin' around here, is they? All this noise'd keep them awake nights, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, there's some gets used to it. Some even get to like it."

"My—my! They ain't no tellin' about folks."

Wise in the ways of the town, he grinned down at her amazement.

"My goodness—I never did think it'd be like this. They's an awful lot to see for one night, ain't they?"

"You goin' back tonight?"

"Oh, my—yes. I'm goin' back on the train that leaves four minutes after twelve. The man at the depot says that's the last one. It's awful late to be stayin', ain't it? But I'm doin' it for Jim."

He chuckled again. He was feeling more sophisticated every minute. She was such a funny little party, with her chirpy way of talking to a fellow, of asking him questions as if he knew everything. The wide skirt flapped against his legs as she took three hurried steps to his one. Her big sleeve crushed against his arm as she pressed close. He wondered why he liked to feel her clinging to him that way. The mites of feathers on her bonnet bobbed.

SHE sure was a funny little party. Two pink spots had appeared in her cheeks. Her breath came short and jerky. He realized suddenly how he had been hurrying her. It was his eagerness to get back to the place where things happen. He stopped abruptly.

"Gee, I'm sorry. I been rushin' too much, ain't I?"

She beamed up at him. "No, it's all right. I'm used to walkin' like that with Jim. Kinder makes me feel at home with you—like I been knowin' you a long time."

He slowed down.

"Now don't you put yourself out none," she chided. "You jest go along like you want to. I ain't tired a bit. My goodness—what's that?"

The searchlight from the Times Building played on them an instant. She stood blinking dazedly, an odd silhouette in its silver radiance.

"That comes from up there." He pointed to the top of the tall building.

She stretched her little neck. "Goodness—I thought it come from heaven. You never do know what's goin' to happen in Noo York, do you?"

"That's the fun of it."

They reached the place where things happen. Under the searchlight's giant eye, it stretched in twisted grooves. In these grooves, with the suction of hot brutal eagerness, flowed the human lava.

RITA WEIMAN

*who is the author of this story, has been a writer since her school days in Philadelphia, where she was born. Her first book was published in 1917. She is married and makes her home in New York.*

HE stopped, wondering vaguely how he was going to cut through or over. A rain of confetti drenched them. Rattles cracked. Horns and whistles shrieked. No cannonading could have been worse. The little body pressed close to him began to tremble. He bent down, patted her hand.

"Don't you be frightened, now. We'll get through. If you tell me jest where Jim's gonna meet you, I can make it easier."

"Oh—but Jim ain't goin' to meet me."

"Jim ain't gonna—?"

"No, sir."

"You mean Jim ain't waitin' for you at Forty-second Street an' Broadway?"

"No, sir. Jim's in France."

"Well, I'll be—!" His jaw dropped. "Then why in hell did you let me make a fool of myself to bring you here?"

"Please don't get mad—please don't! I'm doin' it for Jim—honest I am. It's what he wanted me to do. I come all the way in on the train to do it, so's he'd know. An' now I won't bother you no more—honest."

A wave of fury drowned his voice. His hands clenched to keep from shaking her. Was he to be laughed at all along the line?

"You ain't mad with me, are you? You been so kind—I'm ever so thankful. An' if I thought you was mad it'd jest spoil everything."

"Oh, no—I ain't mad!" came the choked answer.

"You showed me everything so grand. An' now I seen Forty-second Street an' Broadway, like Jim says, I'll jest go back to the depot an' sit an' wait for the train."

"You mean—you jest wanted to see Times Square—jest once, like this—an' then beat it back to the Pennsylvania Station?"

"That's all. But I seen a lot more—I'm ever so thankful. Y'ain't mad with me, are you?"

His voice softened.

"I get you," he said. "You wanted

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to see it all, even though he ain't here, so's when he comes back you can tell him jest what it was like."

"No, sir. Jim ain't comin' back. He was killed at Chato Tirry."

For a long space he stood silent. The thunder about them fogged to silence. The crowd faded. Lights blundered into mist. Broadway was gone. In its place stretched a battlefield once green. Men massed and surging forward. Uniforms bloodstained and slashed. Mouths set grim. Faces haggard. Eyes glazed. Men dying that mankind might know peace.

And then close to him a boy fell—a boy whose mother waited.

"Y'see—they was jest Jim an' me," her voice came to him at last, "an' I thought he'd like me to be doin' what he wanted to be doin' with me."

The battlefield vanished in a blur. Broadway reappeared. His gaze rested once more on the stream of lava flowing helplessly nowhere.

The boy whom peace had robbed of the chance to fight looked down at the mother of the boy who had gone across.

"Ma," he said huskily, "come on. We're gonna do the town tonight—you an' me—an' Jim."

. . . . .

The bugle notes were still. The 1931 anniversary of Armistice had passed in one brief moment.

The man turned. He saw the woman framed like some fragile old etching in the dark doorway. Her lips were parted in the faint, wistful smile that reflected the bugle note.

He went quickly up the steps, and his arm swept round her in a grateful gesture of protection.

"Funny, ma," he said, "how we come together."

"I dunno, son," she answered. "You'll say I'm kinda silly, but sometimes I wonder if Jim didn't have sumthin' to do with it."

THE END

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

**Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

### *Not Properly Dressed*

Shirley was playing in the yard with her little dog, all the while holding him in her arms. Her mother, watching her, finally asked why she didn't let the puppy run around. Whereupon Shirley replied:

"He'll hurt his feet on these rocks, mother. Don't you see he's barefoot?"—Iris Sheppers, 1813 Rousselin Drive, New Orleans, La.

* * *

### *Or Carry It?*

While I was visiting a neighbor the other day, her son, four, returned from the grocery carrying one loaf of bread.

"Why, Donnie!" said his mother. "I told you to get three loaves."

Little Donnie looked solemn for a moment and then replied: "I know, mother, but I couldn't remember that much."—Mrs. R. C. Mann, Ballston, Va.

* * *

### *Must Have Been a Wishbone*

One day one of my pupils brought a large peach to school. Looking at the child some time later, I noticed that she held only the peach pit in her hand. Sharply I asked, "Mary, did you eat that peach while we were singing?"

She looked up quickly and replied, "Oh, no, teacher. I just took the peach's bone out!"—Dorothy S. Vance, 57 Randolph Ave., Dumont, N. J.

**Why suffer with aching muscles?**

ABSORBINE JR.
rub out pain
rub in Relief

**. . . . here's *double-acting* relief**

WHEN arm, leg, neck or back muscles are painfully stiff and sore those aching muscles need a fresh supply of blood to flush out congested impurities and take the soreness away.

In Absorbine Jr., you will find wonderful comforting ease. The moment you start rubbing it on the ailing parts, you can tell by that glowing warmth in the muscles that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains, against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

Absorbine Jr

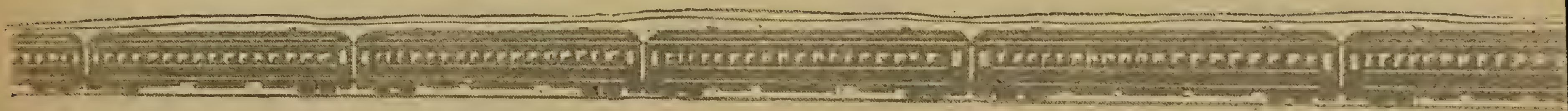
**ABSORBINE JR.**

**for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions**

**Used by Thousands fo "ATHLETE' FOO**

# I AM ONLY A

## *An Answer to Theodore Dreiser*



### *By* DANIEL WILLARD

*President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad*

As told to GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

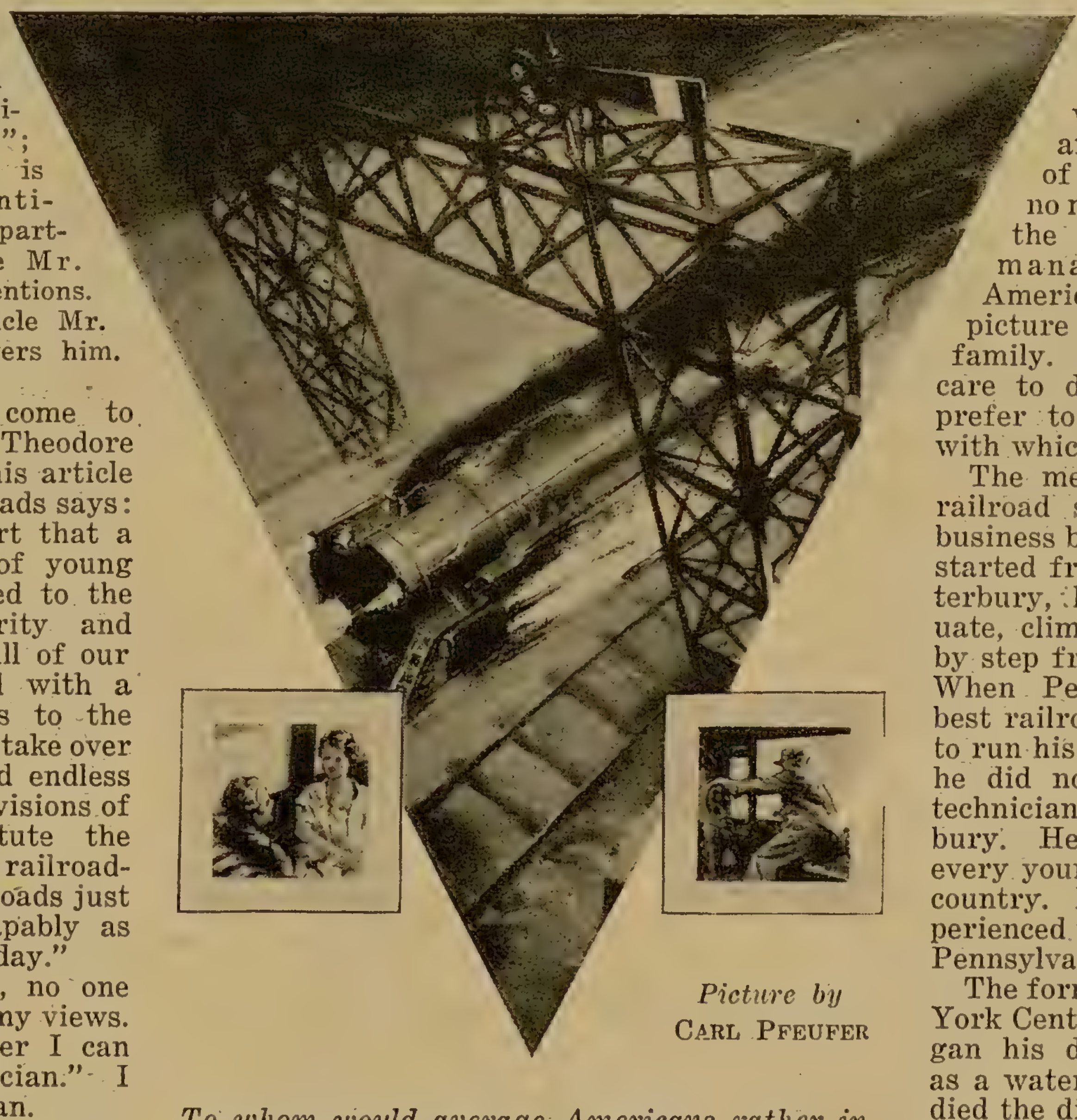
*(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)*

A CRITICISM of America's railroads and their executives was contributed to last week's Liberty by Theodore Dreiser, novelist, who mentioned that he himself had worked on railroads. That "young technicians" could take over the railroads and run them; that present-day railroad management, of the difficulties of which we hear so much, is in fact largely high finance; that our separate railroad systems pay tribute, not to the people or the government, but to "a few corporations and banks and the few families that control them"; that railroad service is "backward and antiquated" in all departments—these were Mr. Dreiser's chief contentions. In the following article Mr. Daniel Willard answers him.

WHY do you come to me? Mr. Theodore Dreiser in his article on running the railroads says: "I am here to assert that a reasonable number of young technicians, appointed to the positions of authority and direction in any or all of our great railroads, and with a brief explanation as to the duties involved, could take over any of the actual and endless departments or subdivisions of labor which constitute the actual business of railroading, and run the railroads just as efficiently and capably as they are managed today."

If that were true, no one would want to know my views. I don't know whether I can qualify as a "technician." I am only a railroad man.

When I was eighteen years old, more than half a century ago, I worked as a laborer on the tracks of the Vermont Central Railroad. After three or four months I got a better job. In time I became an engineer. Slowly ascending, I was in turn train master, superintendent, assistant to the president, until eventually I became the head of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad system. Such advancement is possible under our form of government—of hich, perhaps, Mr. Dreiser does not approve.



Picture by
CARL PFEUFER

*To whom would average Americans rather intrust their safety than to the men who run our railroads?*

Three years I was vice president of the Erie. Then for six years I was in charge of operation on eleven thousand miles of line on the Burlington. And then, twenty years ago, I returned to my first love, the Baltimore & Ohio, to become president. I have spent fifty years of my life in the railroad business. Mr. Dreiser seems to think that his young technicians could manage a railroad better than I. Evidently, from his point of view, experience means little or nothing.

Mr. Dreiser is a writer of fiction. His article, as a colleague of mine pointed out, is no more a true picture of the railroads and their management than his American Tragedy is a true picture of the American family. However, I do not care to discuss literature; I prefer to stick to a subject with which I am familiar.

The men in charge of our railroad systems know their business because most of them started from the bottom. Atterbury, though a college graduate, climbed the ladder step by step from the lowest rung. When Pershing wanted the best railroad man in America to run his railroads in France, he did not ask for a young technician. He sent for Atterbury. He could have drafted every young technician in the country. He preferred the experienced vice president of the Pennsylvania.

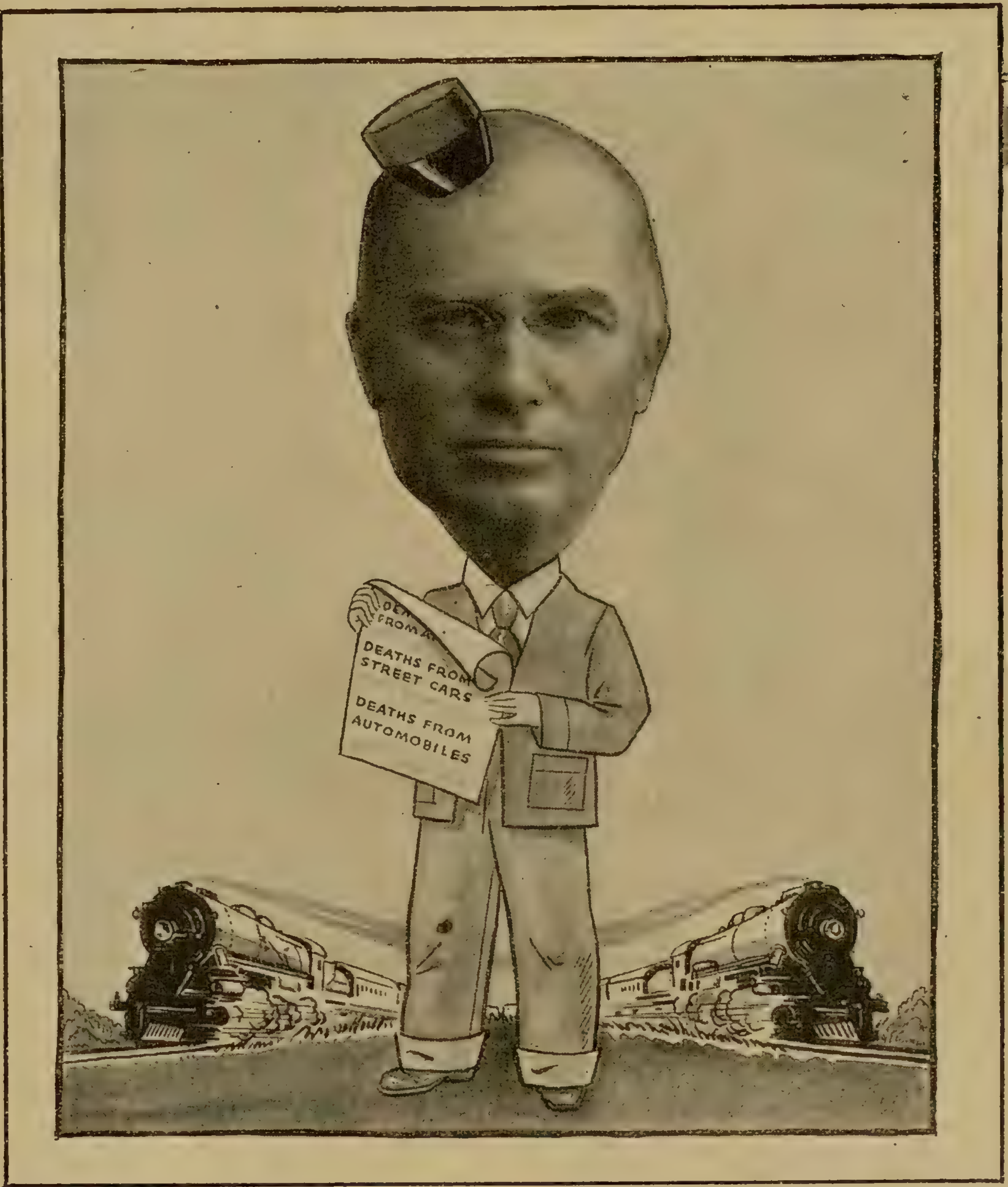
The former head of the New York Central, A. H. Smith, began his distinguished career as a water carrier. When he died the directors did not pick a young technician for his successor. They picked Patrick Crowley, who had started as a messenger boy.

Storey of the Santa Fe drew his first pay as a rodman. He was, if you wish, a technician. But he worked his way through the various grades all along the line.

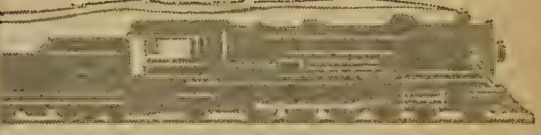
I don't know one case of a railroad officered by men who have reached their positions by influence or by hobnobbing with financiers.

Bernet, chief of the van Sweringen combination, had

# Railroad Man



*" I don't know whether I can qualify as a ' technician,' " says Mr. Willard. " I am only a railroad man."*



his first innings as a telegraph operator. Denney of the Erie rose from circumstances equally humble. His predecessor, Underwood, for twenty-six years president of the Erie Railroad, embarked upon life as a laborer in a grain elevator.

Sir William van Horne, who built the Canadian Pacific, began as office boy. Then he became a telegrapher. Today his name is immortally linked with one of the greatest railroad systems on the face of the globe.

AISHTON, formerly president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, and now president of the American Railway Association, worked as a carpenter before he rose to his present eminence. He, too, is not a technician. But he knows what he is talking about. The executive of a railroad is like an officer in command of an army corps. The running of trains, Aishton insists, is a phase of military tactics in which system, devolution of functions, inspection and control are pitted against human fallibility, mechanical inertia, time, distance, and weather.

The railway army (I am still quoting Aishton) numbers approximately 1,800,000 men. Like our national army, he says, each system must have its headquarters staff. " The railways, like the army, have what is known as the combatant staff. These are the men in the transportation, the mechanical, the maintenance, and the engineering divisions; the fellows who do the fighting. But outside of these forces and paid directly by the railroads is a vast army of approximately 2,000,000 men in the service of supply. . . . They are the men mining coal, producing lumber, manufacturing steel, building equipment, and in all the other various manufacturing interests supplying material to keep these railroads running."

The coördination of this vast transportation machine and the keeping of its various parts in step with one another are no tasks for desk-chair technicians.

The apparent ease with which matters are consummated in the sphere of transportation is deceiving. Mr. Dreiser says: " The fact that a selected group of young technicians, trained in this field, could take over the railroads and run them efficiently has been proved in Russia. It has been done."

I don't know if Mr. Dreiser refers to the old or to the new Russia. There is a man on our board of directors now, a distinguished technician, who began his career as a laborer and an axman. This man laid the plans for the Panama Canal. He also helped to straighten out the Russian railroad system before the war. It needed American enterprise and ingenuity to save the railroads of the old Russia from chaos.

What of the new Russia?

When Soviet Russia wanted to find out about railroads, they did not go to the young technicians but to an experienced foreman in our shop. I refer to C. A. Gill. Before Mr. Gill became chief consulting engineer to the Russian railroads he was, at various stages, apprentice, mechanic, general foreman, master mechanic, and superintendent of motive power on the Baltimore & Ohio.

Our railroad system may seem " antiquated " to Mr. Dreiser; but representatives of all nations, including a dozen commissions from Russia, have been over to study it. I. E. Rudsutak, when Chief Commissar of Transportation, told in the New York Times that in reorganizing her railways, Soviet Russia looks " to the United States for guidance."

In 1930 thirty-four engineers, representing the Commissariat for Transportation of Soviet Russia, made a three months' study of the rolling stock and operating methods of American railroads. D. E. Sulimov, Vice Commissar, and head of the Russian delegation, says in the Railway Age of May 10, 1930: " We have come to the conclusion that the achievements of the United States

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

### I AM ONLY A RAILROAD MAN

Continued from page thirty-one

in railway transportation and in the field of industries serving transportation, especially locomotive and car building, are far above those we have seen elsewhere."

"Russia's railroads," adds Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway, the chief American adviser of the Soviets on railroad problems, "will adopt North American practice." Russia thus evinces her faith in the American railroads. To whom would average Americans rather intrust their safety—to the men who run our railroads, or to Mr. Dreiser's technicians?

Congress, always critical of them, admitted when it passed the new Transportation Act that our railroad system is the best in existence. It is not a perfect system—but is there anything perfect in this world? Yet Mr. Dreiser says that our railroad service is "backward." The automobile, he tells us, improved while the railroad stood still. The present speed of automobiles became possible only when we learned from the ancients the secret of making good roads and when modern science mastered the mystery of internal combustion! But who tells Mr. Dreiser that the railroads stand still? We have plenty of locomotives that can make ninety to one hundred miles an hour—*if they will stay on the tracks.* We prefer safety to speed.

Mr. Dreiser forgets that it is easier to speed up an automobile than a train, because the automobile operates as an individual unit, whereas the train operates as a collective unit. He also forgets the toll wrung from us for the swiftness of the automobile. Automobiles kill one person every twenty-one minutes in the United States. In 1930, 30,500 people were slain by automobiles, (not including 1,695 automobilists killed at grade crossings). The casualties due to railroad accidents in 1930 (including 1,695 automobilists who were mostly the victims of their own carelessness) total 5,481—passengers, 50; employees, 935; trespassers, 2,304; nontrespassers, 2,192. In other words, the automobiles killed five or six times as many people as the railroads. Are the American people willing to pay in human lives for an increase in speed?

THE only perfectly safe train is the train that stands still. If it runs fast enough, it will go off the track sooner or later. Somewhere between those extremes there is a reasonable speed. I think that we have reached this speed. We may accelerate it here and there, but we cannot safely increase it considerably without enormous financial outlays. Some railroads in Europe run faster than ours. But to run faster they must have straight lines. Europe's railroads were built after the country had reached a definite stage of development. Our railroads were built in anticipation of future development. Sometimes we guessed right, sometimes we guessed wrong. We did not build straight strategic lines like the Europeans. We cannot increase the speed of the American railroads materially until we straighten our lines and until we separate all grade crossings.

Do you know what that means?

The separation of grade crossings alone would cost more money than all the railroads of the United States. Are the American people willing to foot the bill? Will they pay twice as much as they are paying now for transportation? Moreover, Europeans are disciplined. In Germany a man walking on a railroad track is subject to a fine. In this country everybody walks on the tracks. It will be necessary to wean our people of this habit before we can safely speed up our railroads.

Mr. Dreiser says that American trains are "uncomfortable." Has he never heard of air-cooled trains, rubberized trucks, and other inventions? The railroads constantly strive to make travel more pleasant. The & O. has two trains running between New York and Washington in which all the windows are tightly closed so as to shut out noises, dust, and cinders. We supply artificial fresh air. We warm it in winter, we cool it in summer. If the atmosphere outside is one hundred degrees, it is seventy-five or eighty within the train. We can maintain any temperature we like, but experience has shown that a difference of more than fifteen degrees between the artificial and the natural temperature is not conducive to comfort. As far as I know, these two are the only trains of their kind in the world. There is no extra charge for taking them.

SEATS in railroad trains were often uncomfortable because they had to be made in such a way as to face in either direction. However, a few years ago we invented a double seat that is as comfortable as a Morris chair, and we are introducing it as fast as conditions permit. Some people thought that busses had an advantage over the railroad cars because they ran on rubber. We rubberized several cars completely to eliminate the metallic vibration. This device was perfected by some of our men. We also experimented with roller bearings, to which Mr. Dreiser refers so feelingly, in 1899, but found them at that time unreliable for our purpose. A train must run on schedule. It cannot stop every now and then, like a motor car, for new tires or new roller bearings. We are now trying several different devices. When we at last determine the most suitable one, we shall probably make greater use of it. Other roads have other improvements. All are seeking new ways to improve their service. It is true that our railroads, like our cities, have not succeeded completely in the warfare against needless noise. But we are paying a great deal of attention to all these problems.

Mr. Dreiser complains that he cannot stick his head or his hands out of the window, and he blames the railroads because "they have placed other structures too close to allow for safety." If Mr. Dreiser cannot stick out his arm or his head, it is not due to anything that is part of the railroad plant. But some obstacle that has no business to be there might hit Mr. Dreiser. That would be unfortunate. It is for that reason that we keep the windows closed and don't encourage passengers to put their arms and heads out of them.

Mr. Dreiser does not like our sleepers. He prefers the European system. And he does not like our upper berths. The Pullman car, I admit, has its limitations. Nevertheless, I have slept very comfortably in an upper berth. If Mr. Dreiser wants to have a room all by himself with a real bed, he can have it—if he is willing to pay the price. Every Pullman car carries such rooms.

Mr. Dreiser complains because he cannot see the landscape from his upper berth. He would like to have a window. We could not put in another window without weakening the structure of the car. We are handicapped by the laws of matter and by an agreement among the railroads establishing specific standards and clearances. Every car must be so constructed that it can be transferred from one system to another.

Mr. Dreiser complains that he must change in Chicago every time he travels across the continent. Some people like this change. They prefer to get into fresh, clean cars, properly ventilated and disinfected!

Mr. Dreiser complains because we are "slow" in introducing electrification. Why must electrification be universally accepted? Electricity was used first some forty years ago by the B. & O. in a long tunnel running through the residential section of Baltimore, to avoid smoke and cinders. Electrification is desirable in such instances. It is both desirable and economical in some densely populated territory. It is not economical everywhere. If it can be shown that electrification will make railroading more efficient and more economical, I should be willing to recommend its application. But until then

I do not want to impose upon the public the burden of increased fares!

Mr. Dreiser points to the superior advantage of the motor truck for certain purposes. I don't deny that in many instances motor trucks are superior to railroads. But there are certain functions in which railroads cannot be surpassed. One of our big engines pulls 5,000 tons of coal in one train. It would take 1,000 men and 1,000 trucks to pull that same load. Every branch of transportation has its own function. In time the motor truck, the airplane, and the railroad will each find its own niche in a perfect system of coöperation. Until that time there will undoubtedly be struggling for mastery, confusion, and competition.

It is not true that it takes eight days for a parcel to go from New York to Oregon. Four or five days are sufficient unless some accident intervenes. The railroads are not responsible for the monopoly of the express service. Mr. McAdoo consolidated all express companies during the war. After that the railroads created an express company owned jointly by all of them.

Mr. Dreiser says that the railroads "four or five years ago" received $98,000,000 in mail pay by the government, and that the figure was increased to $150,000,000 in 1929. From this he infers that the railroads are greedy. Mr. Dreiser asks us to "dig deep" for the facts. But he himself does not dig very deeply! His statement is reasonably correct so far as the figures go. But he fails to note the essential fact that the $150,000,000 paid in 1929 included approximately $37,585,000 earned in former years for carrying the mails. For ten or fifteen years the railroads were underpaid! Finally the Interstate Commerce Commission, after full hearing, increased their compensation; it decided that we had carried the mail at *less than a fair rate.* The amount actually received in 1930 was $111,889,000.

MR. DREISER speaks in an offhand way of the "billion-dollar surplus" which we have every year. I do not know where this surplus is. Congress decided that the railroads are entitled to earn 5¾ per cent on the value of their property devoted to transportation purposes. At present the return is not 5¾ per cent but only 3 per cent. Capital, too, must have its wages. It receives in many instances, especially at present, little enough. Would Mr. Dreiser deprive you or himself of a return on the investment which had been made in good faith? Would he jeopardize the insurance companies and the savings banks which have invested our savings, yours and mine, in railroad securities?

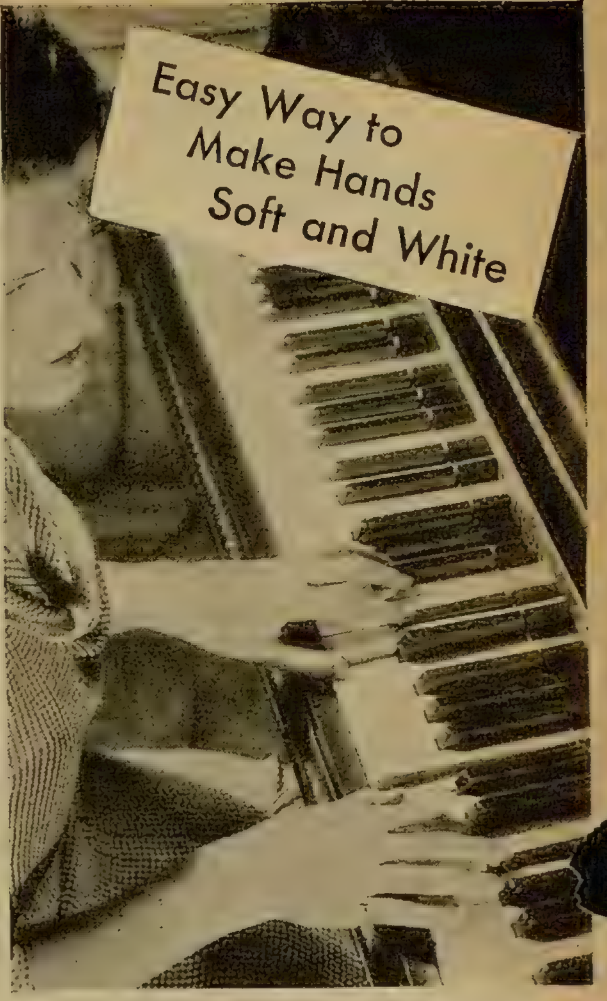
Mr. Dreiser is strong on impeachments, but he is not strong on facts. With what delight he points to the profit of the Inland Waterways! He tells us that the company, charging less than the railroads, made so much money in five years that their book value has risen to $19,700,000 from an initial capitalization of $5,000,000 in 1924. All this work, he tells us, was done by men who are "not railroad or shipping men in the technical sense at all." The facts read otherwise. A statement of the consolidated balance sheet of the corporation of December 31, 1930, shows a net worth of $23,957,901.49. It started with total assets of nearly $12,000,000, which it received from the War Department. Twelve millions more represents money paid for stock bought by the Treasury Department. The corporation also received various donations, including the salary of its president, from other government departments. But its net worth today is actually less than the amount it received in 1924 plus the proceeds from the sale of its capital stock. The company, instead of making a profit of $19,000,000, lost $400,000 between 1924 and December 31, 1930.

IF I tried to correct all the misstatements in Mr. Dreiser's article I would have to write a book. It is true that many of us are directors not only in our own companies but in others. There is nothing sinister in this. I am not only president of the B. & O., but I am a director in a hundred diverse companies that make up our system. Some of these are paper companies. Some represent lines merged with ours. Mr. Dreiser affirms that the railroads are run for the benefit of a few individuals, a few estates, and a few banks. He offers no proof to make good his charge.

The B. & O. has 3,500,000 shares of stock and 46,000 shareholders with an average of eighty shares per holder. No individual holder owns more than 10,000 shares. This railroad is not run for the benefit of any one stockholder or any group of stockholders. I have been president of the road for twenty years. In all that time no large holder of stocks and no banker has ever tried to dictate or improperly to influence our policy. The policy of this railroad is determined by its board of directors. In former years some bankers sat on the board. Since the Clayton Act was passed this practice has been discontinued. No one can be made a railroad director without the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no such thing as family control of the roads.

He speaks of "graft," "greed," and "fat profits" for a few. I presume, as this statement is general, that Mr. Dreiser includes me. Again he does not offer one iota of proof for his accusation. Let me say this to you: If anyone can adduce conclusive evidence of graft or dishonesty on the part of any officer or employee of the B. & O., this employee will be dismissed, even if it be the president, myself. I can speak only for the B. & O., but I believe that, barring isolated exceptions, what I say holds true of all roads.

THE END



Rub into your face and hands after each washing a few drops of lotion containing Sea Moss. Sea Moss is a noted skin whitener and balm. Nepto Lotion combines sea moss with other soothing ingredients and makes red, dry, rough or work-stained hands soft, smooth and white.

Nepto Lotion may be used on the face or any part of the body with as great benefit as on the hands. Wherever it is used it whitens, smoothes and refreshes. It also relieves chapping, chafing and windburn. Contains no grease to clog the pores—is not sticky—rubs in quickly and smoothly, so you can powder right over it. At all drug and department stores 50c, or send coupon for free trial size.

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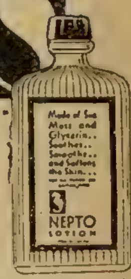

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TRY IT TODAY!

*The glamorous Greta Garbo with Clark Gable in Susan Lenox.*

*Linda Watkins, a newcomer from the stage, and Ja Dunn in Sob Sister.*

# GRET BRIN SUSAN

### *Phillips' Old Novel a Sob-Sister, th Moder*

### *By* FREDERIC

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)*

IS Greta Garbo going home? She concludes her present contract with Metro-Goldwyn in the spring. So far her bosses have been unable to get her signature to a new one.

It is not a question of money. The lamorous Swede can name her own erms.

No, it isn't that. Miss Garbo just says she is going home. She is tired of work, of the glare of publicity, of semitropical Hollywood. She wants the calm, the cold of Sweden.

Miss Garbo may mean it, too. She hates publicity, has no love of screen glory, and has enough money to live comfortably, having saved every cent she has earned in Hollywood.

Need I remark that Hollywood is worrying? But here is my tip:

Miss Garbo will re-sign. They always do. And at a figure calculated to keep Old Man Depression away from Miss Garbo's hidden Santa Monica domicile for years to come.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ ★ SUSAN LENOX: HER FALL AND RISE

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Susan Lenox | Greta Garbo |
| Rodney | Clark Gable |
| Ohlin | Jean Hersholt |
| Mondstrum | Alan Hale |
| Burlingham | John Miljan |
| Mike Kelly | Hale Hamilton |
| Madame Panoramia | Cecil Cunningham |
| Robert Lane | Ian Keith |

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

More than fifteen years ago this novel by the highly promising David Graham Phillips, was the sensation of the hour. It portrayed—with a realism unusual to that mauve decade of Graustarks and To Have and to Holds—the ultimate redemption through love of a girl who had broken all the commandments.

The film presents this pulchritudinous Pilgrim's Progress with a fine sense of the box office. Susan runs away from a home dominated by brutality. She meets—and loses—the one love of her life. So she goes from man to man. Then she throws all luxury aside to follow that derelict first love to the ends of the earth.

When you know that the first love is played by Clark Gable, you can better understand why Susan couldn't forget.

Need I say that Miss Garbo is superb as Susan? There are moments in the early part of the film when she suggests unfathomed possibilities in comedy. For the rest of the film she loves and suffers glamorously and movingly.

### ★ ★ SOB SISTER

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Gary Webster | James Dun |
| Jane Ray | Linda Watki |
| Daisy | Molly O'D |
| Vonnie | Minna Gombe |
| Ned | Howard Philli |

Directed by Alfred Santell.
Produced by Fox Films.

Another drama of the irrespon boys and girls who gather the ex ment for your favorite newspaper. Ray and Gary Webster are bitter r during business hours. Outside are in love. Gary grows bitter Jane's continual scoops, but when s kidnaped by bold, bad racketeers, leads his fellow reporters and the p riot squad to the rescue.

All of which may sound like Gra movie melodrama. But there is a fr ness to the dialogue and an authenti to the city-room background that li out of the rut. The rest is due to excellent performances: one by Li Watkins, a pretty newcomer from stage, as the sob sister; and the o by James Dunn as the reporter.

arpo, Zeppo, Groucho, and Chico, the Marx brothers, in Monkey Business.

Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe, and Conchita Montenegro in The Cisco Kid.

The original Keystone Kops are back again in Stout Hearts and Willing Hands.

# GARBO
# BACK
# LENOX

## n Excellent Picture;
## Brothers, and a
## Hood

### MES SMITH

**MONKEY BUSINESS**

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| ucho | Groucho Marx |
| po | Harpo Marx |
| o | Chico Marx |
| po | Zeppo Marx |
| lle | Thelma Todd |
| Helton | Rockliffe Fellows |
| y Helton | Ruth Hall |
| ain | Ben Taggart |
| Mate | Tom Kennedy |
| gs | Harry Woods |

Directed by Norman McLeod.
Produced by Paramount.

re is no more rhyme and certainly
ason about this mad comedy than
tached to the Marx brothers' The
uts or Animal Crackers. No
you are familiar with the punning
no, of the painted mustache and sly
racks; with Chico, to whom he tries
to explain matters of history and
phy; with Harpo, who plays a
vhen he isn't pursuing blondes;
th Zeppo, the straight man of the
t.

sonally, I could stand more of
ho and much less of Harpo.
ey Business, aside from being over-
is only moderately funny.

★ **THE CISCO KID**

CAST

The Cisco Kid..Warner Baxter
Mickey Dunn....Edmund Lowe
Carmencita, Conchita Montenegro
Sally Benton........Nora Lane
Hankins..... Willard Robertson
Dixon.....James Bradbury, Jr.
Directed by Irving Cummings.
Produced by Fox.

Before the motion picture discovered that it was an art, cavalrymen pursued bandits across one- and two-reelers. Sometimes—to the annoyance of reformers—the bad man was presented as having a heart of gold. Sometimes he did a good deed and the pursuer let the modern Robin Hood slip across the border to Mexico.

This plot—with 1931 sound trappings and a 1931 veneer—is back as The Cisco Kid, in which Warner Baxter plays the gay caballero he created in In Old Arizona. Cocky Sergeant Mickey Dunn (otherwise Edmund Lowe) is again hot upon his heels. But the Kid robs a bank in order that a widow may pay off her mortgage. So Sergeant Dunn lets him slip through his fingers.

### *Short Subjects—*

Watch for RKO-Pathé's Stout Hearts and Willing Hands, for it presents a reunion of the original Keystone Kops. This is a satire on old-fashioned melodrama, but the principals are too conscious of being funny. But the kops—bless 'em!—are there.

### *Do you know that—*

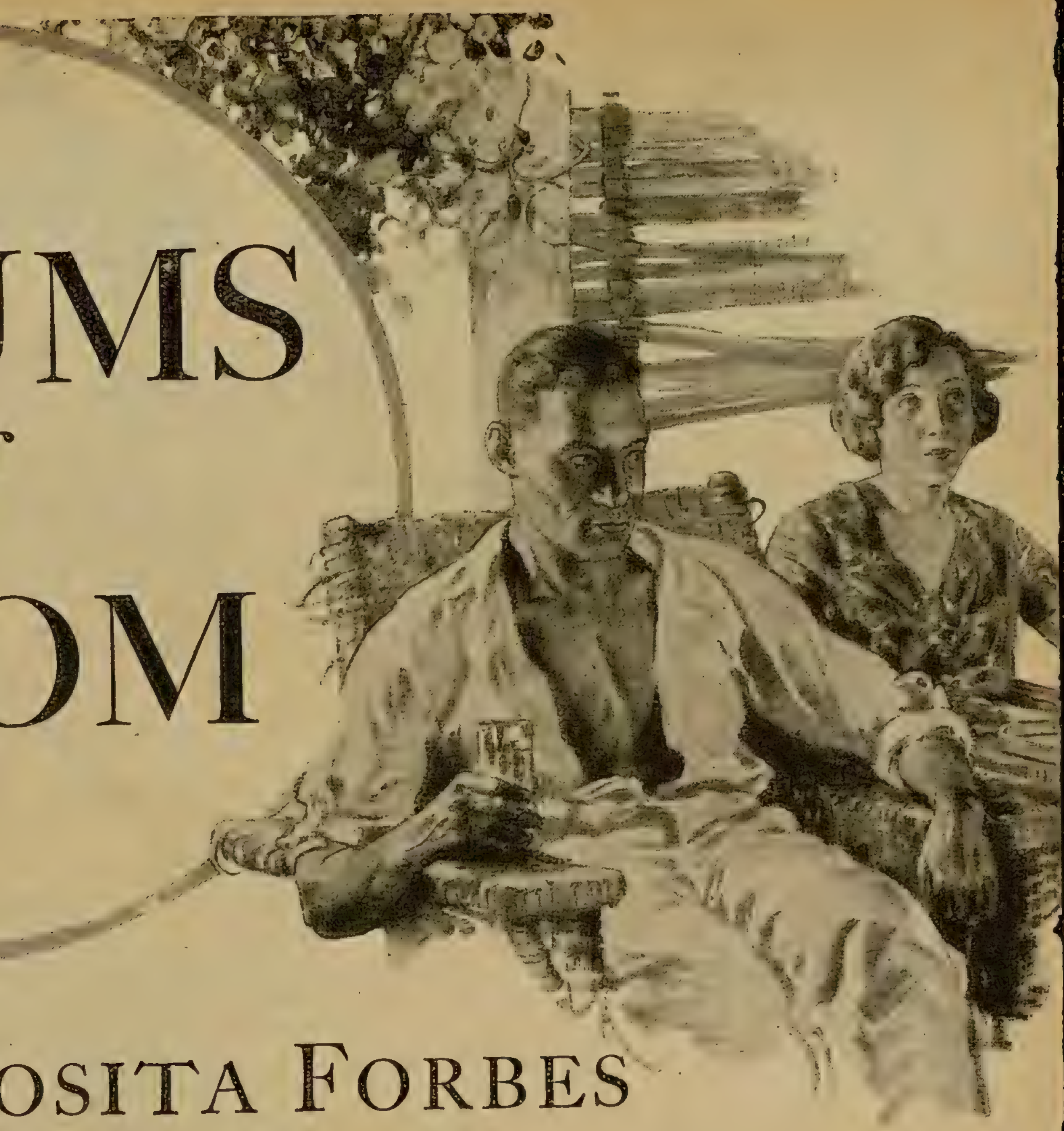
Clark Gable, William Haines, and Jimmy Durante are to appear in a new version of Turn to the Right?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months*

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible.

# DRUMS of DOOM



## By ROSITA FORBES

*who has gained the title of the world's most daring woman explorer. Among her exploits have been expeditions into Libya, parts of Asia, and Abyssinia. During the World War she drove an ambulance for the French Red Cross.*

*(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)*

A SUPERCILIOUS liner landed me one vividly hot day on an island trimmed with palms. I spent the first night in a room balanced above the local store where you could buy tinned foods of uncertain origin—and very certain age.

The following morning I was rescued by a planter who said his wife would be glad of my company. She was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen in my life.

Ordinary adjectives are no use for describing that woman. Generally, of course, people are not like flowers or jewels or panthers, or anything else to which harassed or impassioned authors compare them; but any mere orchid would have shriveled when this incredible woman, who was called Liane, stood beside it.

I don't believe I ate any lunch. I just spilled things over the tablecloth while I looked at my hostess.

My host and I took a chukker round the place. On the way back we talked of voodoo. This is the witchcraft of the blacks, which simmers most of the year as a kind of freemasonry, but breaks into occasional orgies when the season is propitious or the overseers have been particularly exigent.

When we got back to the house, Liane was like a cat licking its lips after a saucer of cream. Leaning against a pillar positively wadded with blossom was a man as spectacular as herself, but he looked to me three parts native. He was a lithe, dark young creature, and his attitude suggested indolence and brutality.

"This is Mr. Nelson, my best overseer," explained my host—and, in an undertone: "A sulky cub, but the blacks eat out of his hand. He can do what he likes with them."

"He's one of them himself," I suggested.

"Don't tell him so," retorted my host, whom everybody called Dingo because his skin was powdered with yellow down like pollen and his great stride loped over the ground.

Sundowners were brought by a boy whose teeth made a gash in his ebony face.

"Mr. Nelson," whose English name never ceased to be a surprise to me, crumpled into a chair, and Liane's eyes followed him. It was indecent. The woman seemed to be offering herself with every movement she made. I looked covertly at my host, but he was apparently more interested in his pineapple cocktail than in the looks which passed between his wife and the overseer.

During the following fortnight I had ample opportunity to study the three of them. It was obvious that Liane was obsessed by the youth who lorded it over the laborers to such an extent that it seemed he must have a greater authority than was provided by his position. But she was also afraid of him, and there were moments when she seemed to cling to her husband as if he were her only chance of safety.

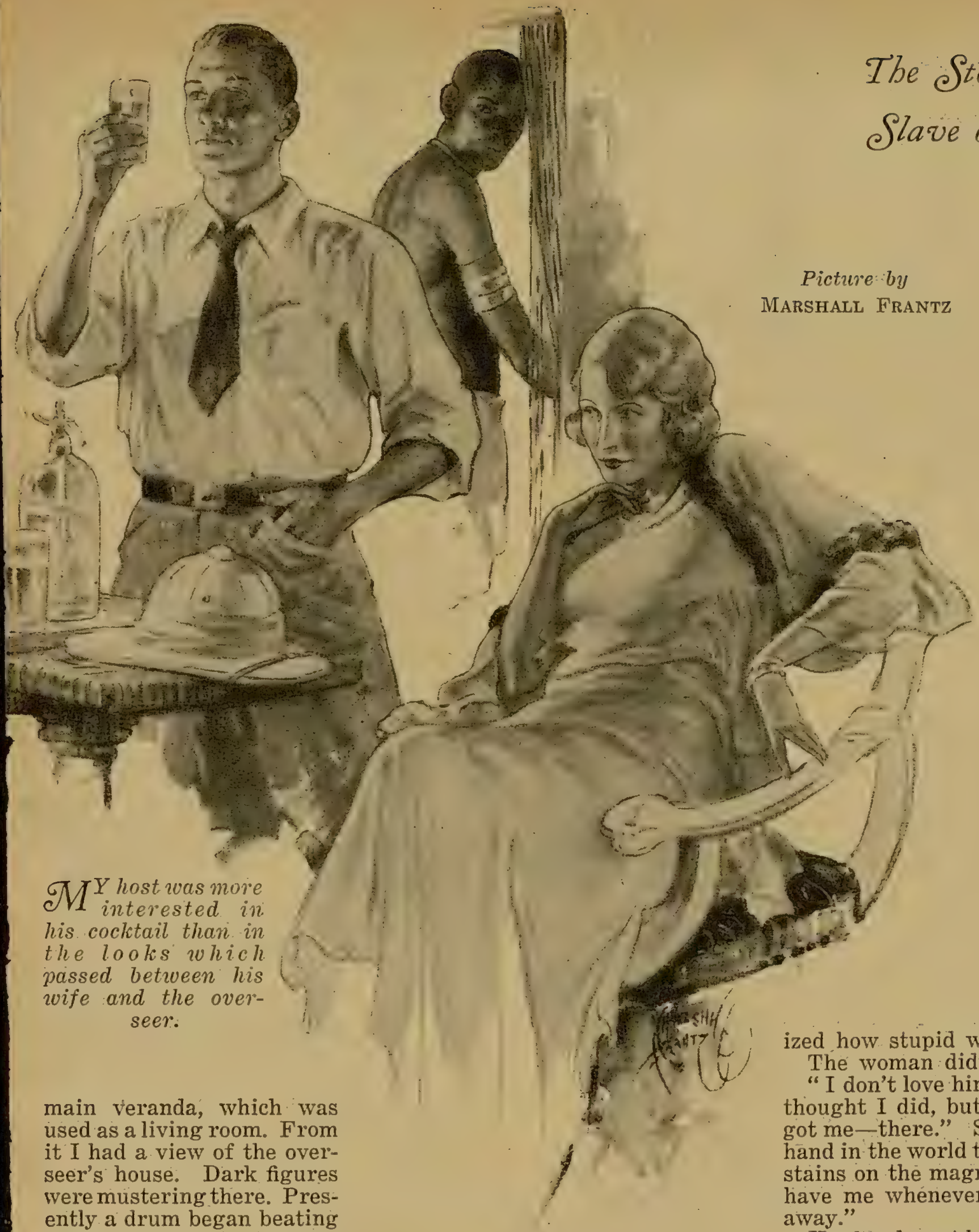
I never saw her in the arms of the overseer, but he had a house on the edge of the group of buildings which I had imagined a village. It was screened with the usual brilliant creepers, and beyond it was a thicket of palm scrub. Often in the evenings, when Dingo was riding round one of the outlying plantations, Liane would go down to the overseer's house, and when she came back her eyes were blazing and she moved like someone under the influence of drugs.

Her whole appearance was so strange that I began to wonder if there was more in it than the passion of one gorgeous half-savage creature for another. That Liane as well as her lover was tainted with dark blood I was by this time pretty certain; but in her case the strain must have come from several generations back, and it only added to her exotic beauty.

One night, when I couldn't sleep, I went out on to the

## *The Story of a Slave of Evil*

Picture by
MARSHALL FRANTZ



*MY host was more interested in his cocktail than in the looks which passed between his wife and the overseer.*

main veranda, which was used as a living room. From it I had a view of the overseer's house. Dark figures were mustering there. Presently a drum began beating among the palms. The moon was so brilliant one could have read the smallest print, and by its searchlight I watched a crowd of natives apparently dissolve among the palms.

"What on earth were they doing?" I asked my host next day.

"Full moon," he said curtly. "They're up to some sort of tommyrot, and Nelson doesn't seem able to stop it."

"It isn't rot," ejaculated Liane, and her voice was so high-pitched it sounded like a scream. "It's frightful, it's hellish, but it gets you! Oh—" The last word shuddered out of her and she put her head down on her hands and bit them.

SIMULTANEOUSLY Dingo was beside her and he gathered her up as if she were a child. "It's all right, old girl. Don't you worry."

I left them clinging together, and over his wife's head Dingo was staring into the crude blaze of sunlight. His mouth was grim. He knows all about it, I thought.

Next day Mr. Nelson was not visible. The plantation was astir with the news. Even the sugar cane whispered it. But the blacks were sullen. They drew away when any of us passed and stared at us over their shoulders.

The house boys were always muttering. Their eyeballs seemed to have increased in size. It occurred to me suddenly that everyone except my host was very much afraid.

Liane went about with a handkerchief rolled into a ball, and sometimes she pressed it against her lips as if she would stifle something that might force its way out.

"WHAT'S happened to Mr. Nelson?" I asked Dingo at sunset.

He had drunk sufficient to break his usual reserve. "I've thrashed him to a frazzle. It'll take him a month to get about again and a year or two to forget it."

He'll never forget it, I thought.

I was due to leave next day for a trip round some of the other islands. But most unexpectedly Liane came into my room. "Don't go," she said imperatively.

"Why not? What can I do?" I asked, and realized how stupid were the questions.

The woman didn't trouble to answer them.

"I don't love him," she said—"not really. I thought I did, but I'm terrified of him. He's got me—there." She closed the most beautiful hand in the world till the nails looked like bloodstains on the magnolia-colored flesh. "He can have me whenever he wants, and I can't get away."

Her head went back, and I had a horrible idea that the long, supple throat was prepared for a knife.

"Don't do that!" I exclaimed without volition, and Liane looked surprised.

"Do what?" she asked, and the next moment her hands were on my shoulders.

"You've got to stay," she repeated, and shook me with more strength than I imagined she possessed.

So for a whole month I lingered on the plantation, where every single soul, black or white, seemed to be waiting for something to happen. A couple of assistants came down from one of the other estates. They were cheerful college boys and they both immediately fell in love with Liane, which amused us all and eased the situation a little.

But my hostess looked as if she'd been drugged. She disappeared for hours at a time, and rumor had it that she spent them in the native huts.

Dingo's attitude was not the least surprising thing in those weeks of nightmare. "I believe in letting matters come to a head," he said to me once when we were riding among the cane.

He no longer looked like a teddy bear. There were bitter lines in his face and his eyelids twitched as if he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

hadn't slept for nights. The assistants came in with tales of voodoo brewing. "I can tell you, there's going to be a show-down at the next full moon. What'll you do about it, sir?"

"If there's serious trouble I'll smash the leaders," replied Dingo in a matter-of-fact voice; but his mouth shut like a trap.

After that I took one of the college boys out for a walk and told him what I knew. At first he was stiff and chivalrous and wholly unbelieving. But I went on repeating, "Nelson's got some devilish sort of hold on her. It's got to be broken."

The boy went rather white in spite of the sun and the pace which I had set. "The laborers say he is the devil, or the high priest, or whatever they call it, of all this voodoo business. That's why they're so terrified of him.

"It's a hereditary office, so it's come down in Nelson's family since the days when they were as black as the rest. It's a life job.

"Once a black is initiated he is in the power of the priest so long as they both do live. The credulous say initiation is some sort of spell imparted with the blood of a living goat, which I believe they drink at their horrible festivals; and the skeptical say it's an inoculation with some sort of drug. You can take your choice."

"And Liane?" I asked.

"If she's been mad enough to go through the whole business, nothing on this earth will save her except Nelson's death."

A few days later it was full moon, and things happened so quickly it is difficult to record their sequence. There was little pretense of working on the plantations, but it was rumored that Nelson had been seen in several places.

Liane, who seemed to be on the verge of a mental breakdown, complained of a headache and shut herself up in her room.

FROM this she disappeared during the heat of the afternoon when everyone was trying to rest. By sunset the house boys had followed her example.

That evening nobody made a pretense of eating. The three men stood about on the veranda, smoking and watching the sky. It was pretty late when Dingo, whose lips were no more than a crease in a bloodless face, gave the signal for departure. I went with him to the line on which a hand trolley ran to the edge of the plantations. In silence the men took their places, and at the last minute I insisted on going with them. I was horribly afraid of what I was going to see, but I couldn't stand the empty house.

There was a certain amount of argument; but Dingo's impatience ended it, and in a minute or two we were jolting down the line at a pace which made it necessary to cling to the edge of the seats.

We left the trolley some distance from the village and approached with caution through the cane. The drums were already insistent. They had the oddest effect on one. It seemed as if the music were in some way mixed up with one's own internal functions, so that one not only felt it in every pulse but helped to make it! Of course it sounds idiotic, written here in England, but hidden among the cane, on the edge of a clearing where a crowd of loose-lipped blacks were dancing themselves into a frenzy, we found it sufficiently horrible.

In the center of the dancers was a figure naked except for the hide of a goat. In its hands it held a black cock whose throat had been cut and the blood ran down the arms of the celebrant. It was easy to recognize Nelson. Only one man on the island had a figure of a god cast in bronze.

I found myself clutching the arm of the younger assistant, and I noticed that he was panting as if he'd been running hard.

The music was quickening, and with it our hearts, until the strain became almost intolerable. From one of the huts came three women. They were almost naked and they swayed to the rhythm of the dance.

THE figure in the goatskin came forward. Now he held a bowl and a knife. A screech burst out of me, for I realized that the woman whose feet seemed to be moving without volition, and who hung back between her stalwart supporters, was Liane.

Simultaneously there was a shot. Dingo, a revolver in his hand, broke into the swaying circle.

"Now we're in for it," muttered the boy at my elbow.

But the ebony ranks were dissolving. The figure in the goatskin was twisted on the ground. Dingo had got hold of his wife. In another instant we were racing for the trolley. The drums were still beating irregularly, but their spell was broken.

One of the assistants drove the trolley, and I didn't care how fast we went.

Liane, wrapped in her husband's coat, shuddered as if she were in the throes of dissolution. But next morning she remembered nothing about it!

"Hypnotism," suggested the college boy, still rather white. "That devil had got hold of her, all right. Had she been initiated she'd have been his for life."

We avoided each other's eyes. "Is he dead?" I asked.

"Yes. The shot got 'im through the heart. It's finished."

"And the blacks?"

"Pretty well ashamed of themselves and frightened of the law. There'll be an inquiry, but the boss'll be exonerated, all right. He did the only possible thing."

Thereafter we avoided the subject, but the only completely unembarrassed person was Liane.

Her beauty was staggering; but it seemed to have lost its effect on Dingo, who had aged ten years in a month.

"Give them time," said both the assistants, and they were right.

A year or two ago I met the couple in Paris, where, according to Dingo, once more reminiscent of a teddy bear, they were having "a high old bust."

Liane was a revelation. Nobody could take their eyes off her, least of all her husband; but she had eyes only for him.

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*This is the first of a series of articles by Rosita Forbes. The second will appear in an early issue.*

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# Evidence

## A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.*)

By

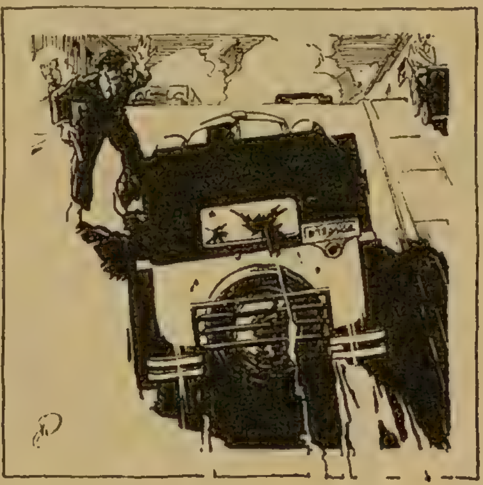
### JAMES L. HOLTON

*who is thirty-two, a New York newspaper man, and a World War veteran, wounded near Belleau Wood. He is married and lives in Brooklyn.*

NEW YORK, N. Y., Aug. 21 (By Amalgamated News).—Two youthful, straight-shooting bandits scooped up a $5,100 pay roll, shot down its police guard in cold blood, and then whirled through ten miles of streets and avenues here late this afternoon, their flaming guns leaving a trail of death as they sped. Finally cornered, the bandits and their taxi-driver accomplice died in their tracks under a withering cross fire of police guns.

A hasty check of casualties counts seven dead and more than a dozen wounded. Two of the dead were small children who stepped into the line of fire. A second police officer also met a hero's death. The stolen pay roll was recovered clutched in the hands of one of the riddled gunmen.

. . . . .



Widowed Mary Hallahan bowed her tired, embittered face on to the hard, clean boards of her kitchen table and gave way to her grief.

Weren't the cops and the lawyers and the paper saying that her Tom was a gangster and a bandit, too? They and their black mouths! Cornered her and baby Mary Elizabeth and Catherine Irene, going on three, right here in this kitchen as she waited her Tom's supper last night, and tried to muddle her with questions:

Who were Tom's gunmen pals? Where were his other guns?—as they spilled out bureau drawers and turned the flat upside down. Then: Had she even been married to him in the church?

. . . . .

But, worst blow of all, Father Cassel of St. Anthony's had said:

"No, Mrs. Hallahan. I'm sorry. The police say Tom had a gun in his pocket. He was with those two bandits. He can't be buried from the church. No, not even in blessed ground. Yes, I know he went to communion. No—I'm sorry. Yes, yes, I know it's hard, but Tom sinned against his God. Try and be strong. No, I can't do it. No. Please, girl, don't take it so hard. Yes, I'll say a prayer for you and the children. Good-by."

. . . . .

But her Tom had never done it! Didn't she know? No man that had come home to his girl and their kids night after night, after being with those tough taxi mugs all day long, with never a smell on his breath, could be that way. He wasn't that dumb. And didn't she know?

. . . . .

Yeah, Mrs. Spinelli, they say a poor man who worked for his woman and his kids fourteen hours a day driving a measly taxi for their dirty three or four dollars—and lived in a dump like this—was robbing stores, running with rodmen, and always flashin' dough.

And my man on a slab at the morgue, the church refusin' to have any part of 'im!

Yes'm, will you please take them for me and mind them for a while? No, I can go all right. Please, God, help me!

. . . . .

No, mister, I'm all right. I'll see him. He's my man . . . and he's no bandit. . . . *I tell you.* . . . I ought to know. I've lived with him four years and borne his children. . . . Holy Mother . . . my Tom . . . oh, Tom! . . .

. . . . .

From the New York Press, August 24:

PRIEST RELENTS; BURIES SLAIN
TAXI DRIVER FROM CHURCH

Funeral services for Thomas Patrick Hallahan, twenty-seven-year-old taxi man shot dead Friday by police in their gun battle with pay-roll bandits in upper Broadway, were held in St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church in East 107th Street this morning. The Rev. Father David Cassel, pastor, said the mass. Burial followed at Calvary Cemetery in consecrated ground.

FATHER CASSEL, following the service, explained to reporters that the widow, Mrs. Mary Hallahan, had brought to his parish house late Saturday evening three witnesses, who assured him that the late taxi man had been forced to operate his cab at the point of a pistol, and that in the final gun battle he was shot down as he jumped from his seat holding his hands in the air. Father Cassel said the widow had gone over the route of the bandit chase, walking miles and asking scores of persons of their knowledge of the gun battle.

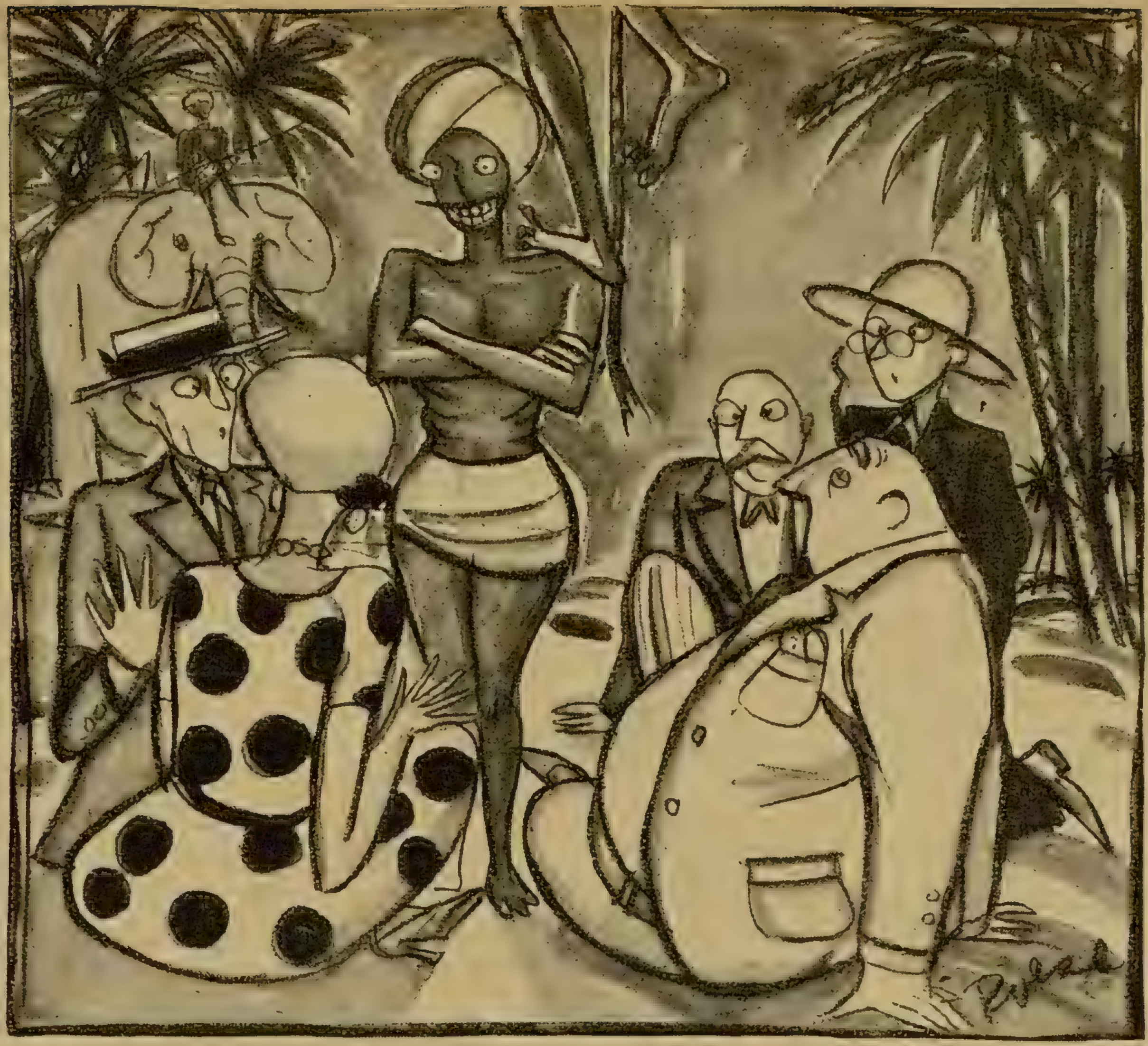
Generosity of kind-hearted neighbors, who went from door to door in the drab tenement district about the East 105th Street block where the Hallahans occupied a neat three-room flat, made possible a purse of several hundred dollars to aid the burial and permit the widow to buy food for her two small children. Friday night, when the police notified Mrs. Hallahan of her husband's death, she had less than two dollars in her pocketbook.

. . . . .

"But, Father Cassel, how could you be sure he wasn't one of them?" asked Captain of Police John Mahoney of the East 102d Street Station, paying a friendly call on his spiritual adviser of St. Anthony's.

"John, there are some things you fellows fall down on," the priest answered. "But that girl had spunk. She went out and got those witnesses. But that wasn't all. . . . She showed me that he couldn't have been with them. . . . Took me up to the Ninetieth Precinct in 198th Street and showed me Hallahan's cab. It stands in the station-house yard, half wrecked. But when those bandits jumped in, Hallahan, though he certainly sensed danger, did just what he would do with any other fare. Force of habit was strong and his hand went back automatically to start the meter. John, the yellow meter flag was down and a fare charge of $2.35 is on that meter now. You're a fine bunch of cops!"

THE END



*Pictures by*
HERBERT F. ROESE

*HIS assistant then climbs upon his shoulders, seizes the rope, and proceeds to climb up it.*

# Indian Fakirs *EXPOSED*

*By*

## ROBERT BENCHLEY

*(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)*

INDIA! What mysteries does the very mention of its name not bring to mind? (Answer: Mysteries of the Deep, Mysteries of the Arctic Wastes, the Lizzie Borden Mystery, and Sweet Mystery of Life.)

Chief among the mysteries of India reported by returning travelers, aside from that of how the natives keep those little loin cloths up, is the so-called "rope trick," so called because it is a trick done with a rope. The rope trick is so famous the world over that it would just be a waste of time to report its details here. Follows a complete report of its details:

The fakir takes a coil of rope from the ground, swings it above his head, and throws one end of it into the air. His assistant then climbs upon his shoulders, seizes the rope, and proceeds to climb up it until he disappears into the sky. On a clear day the trick cannot be done; neither is it very successful if the assistant gets sick at great heights. In the meantime, the audience has been sitting around in a circle about the fakir, murmuring, "Oh!" and "Ah!" with several wise ones muttering, "Mirrors."

On the face of it, this is a pretty good trick; at least, it sounds better than the one that I do by pulling a card off the bottom of the pack when someone says, "Stop!" But, in reality, the rope trick is nothing but a hoax. Let me explain how it is done.

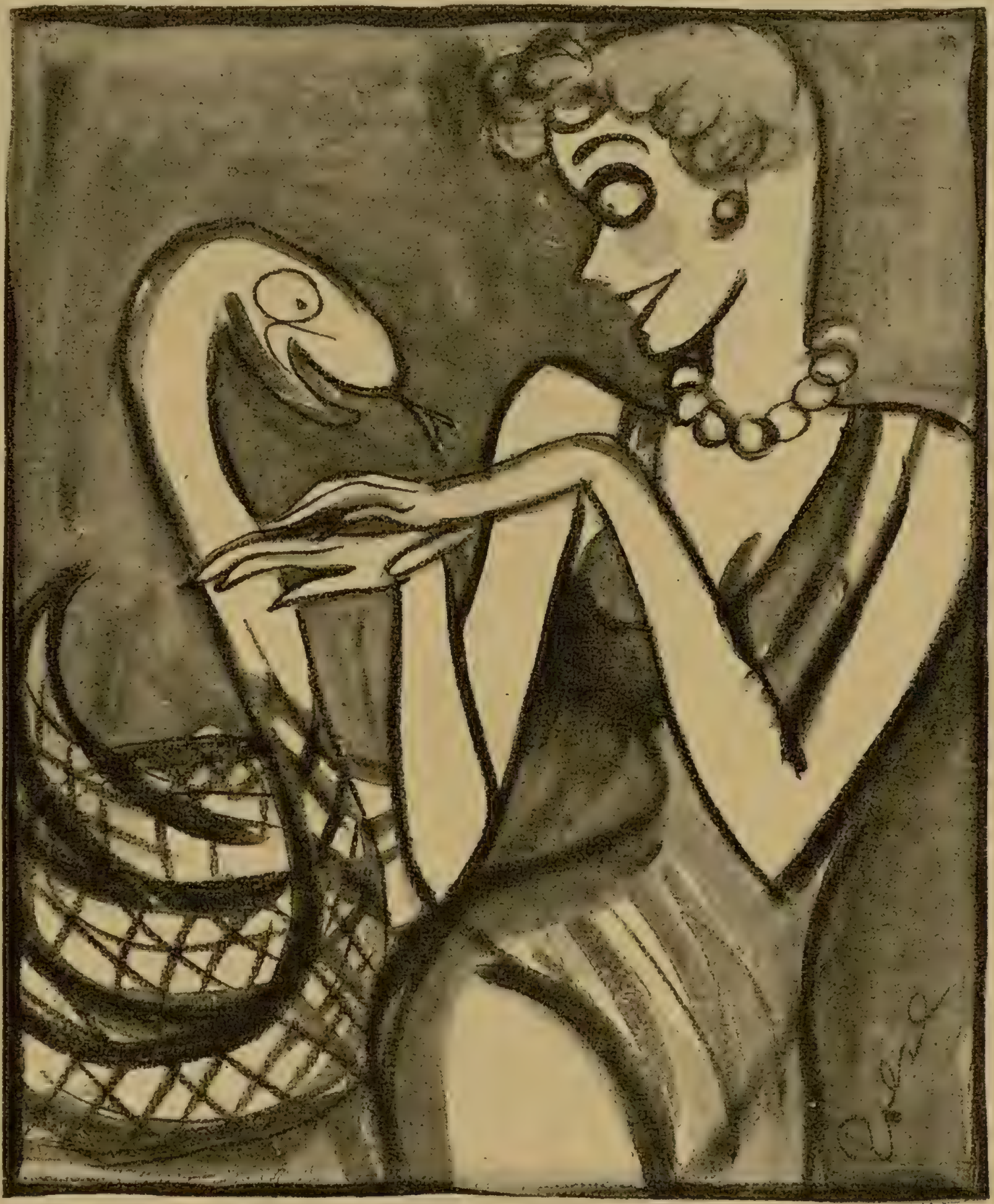
Previous to beginning the trick, the fakir has asked his audience to inhale and exhale deeply, occasionally stopping breathing entirely for a space of perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. Now, it is a well known physiological fact that an excess of oxygen in the blood removes the carbon dioxide and makes possible temporary hallucinations. It is in such chemical states that a man gives a head waiter five dollars or asks a woman to marry him.

If he can be made to do these things, it ought to be a cinch to make him think he sees a rope go up in the air. The effect is something the same as that of eight old-fashioned rye cocktails, and is about six dollars less expensive. As with the cocktails, there is always the chance that you will topple over behind the bookcase and be a subject for the emergency wrecking crew. But you are still six dollars to the good and haven't had to bother with all those pieces of orange and sugar.

When his audience is in the proper state of oxygen poisoning, so that their eyes are nicely crossed and they are starting to hum "I'se Been Working on the Railroad" in harmony, the fakir throws his rope up. In the meantime, a large cloud of smoke has been sent up fro a near-by bonfire which the patients have not noticed (the World's Fair could be on fire and they wouldn't notice it) and from the roof of a house in the background, also unnoticed, an accomplice has thrown a lasso to catch the top of the fakir's rope. It thus is easy for the assistant to climb up from the fakir's shoulders and disappear into the cloud of smoke on to the roof, where he receives his fifty cents.

(I say that it is easy. I really don't see how it is done, even now that I have explained it to you. Furthermore, I don't see why, if the fakir has got his audience into this state of autointoxication, it is necessary to use a rope at all. Why doesn't he just say, "O-o-o-o, see the big rope!" and then go home, leaving his spectators to fight it out among themselves as they sober up? Oh, well, it's none of my business. All I am supposed to do is to explain how it is done.)

Another favorite trick of the Indian fakirs is to charm snakes by playing on some reed instrument until the snake sways in time to the music. In order to do this trick it is first necessary to overcome any aversion you may have to snakes.



*She went up on the platform and proceeded to win the money by making the huge reptile look silly.*

IT would never do for a snake charmer to run screaming whenever a snake was brought anywhere near him. This qualification lets out quite a number of people from the profession. However, like the lady in the story (The story: A lady and her husband, married some twenty-five years, were attending a snake-charming performance in a side show. The snake charmer on the platform offered fifty dollars to anyone in the audience who would come up and perform tricks with the prize cobra of the collection. Much to the husband's terror, his wife volunteered, went up on the platform, and proceeded to win the money by making the huge reptile look silly. When she came back to her seat, he asked her, with some asperity, why, in the twenty-five years of their married life, she had never told him that she was a snake charmer. To which quite natural question the wife replied, equally naturally, "You never asked me.") —like the lady in the story, there may be some among us who have the gift and have not been using it, chiefly because we have not known any good tricks. Here is one:

The cobra is placed in front of the charmer in a sitting position and is confronted with a reed which makes a rather dismal sort of music. The chances are very good that the snake will become so depressed by the wailing sound that it will refuse to go on with the trick unless the music stops. In this case, you will have got credit for taking the heart out of the reptile, at any rate. In the event that it stays put and shows any interest at all, you must keep swaying back and forth in time to the music as you play. The snake, who has it in mind to strike out at you eventually, will sway back and forth with you, in order to keep in good striking range. This will look as if the snake were keeping time to the music, when all the while it will be *you* who are keeping time and the snake who is following you.

Just how the trick ends, I have never found out. I guess you just keep on playing and swaying.

The "mango-tree miracle" is another which has mystified travelers for many years. This consists of planting a mango seed in full view of the audience and in a few minutes growing a full-sized mango tree.

THERE is a cloth placed over the spot on the ground from which the mango tree is supposed to grow, and the magician keeps patting the ground around the cloth, with some idea of helping nature along with massage.

If the magician reaches in under the cloth with every pat, carrying some large object concealed in a paper bag, you may suspect that he is putting in a mango plant under your very eyes and that it is really not growing out of the ground at all. If he doesn't touch the cloth at all, but just stands back and lets you watch the tree grow, inch by inch, under the covering, then I don't know *what* you are going to think.

I am sure that I can't help you.

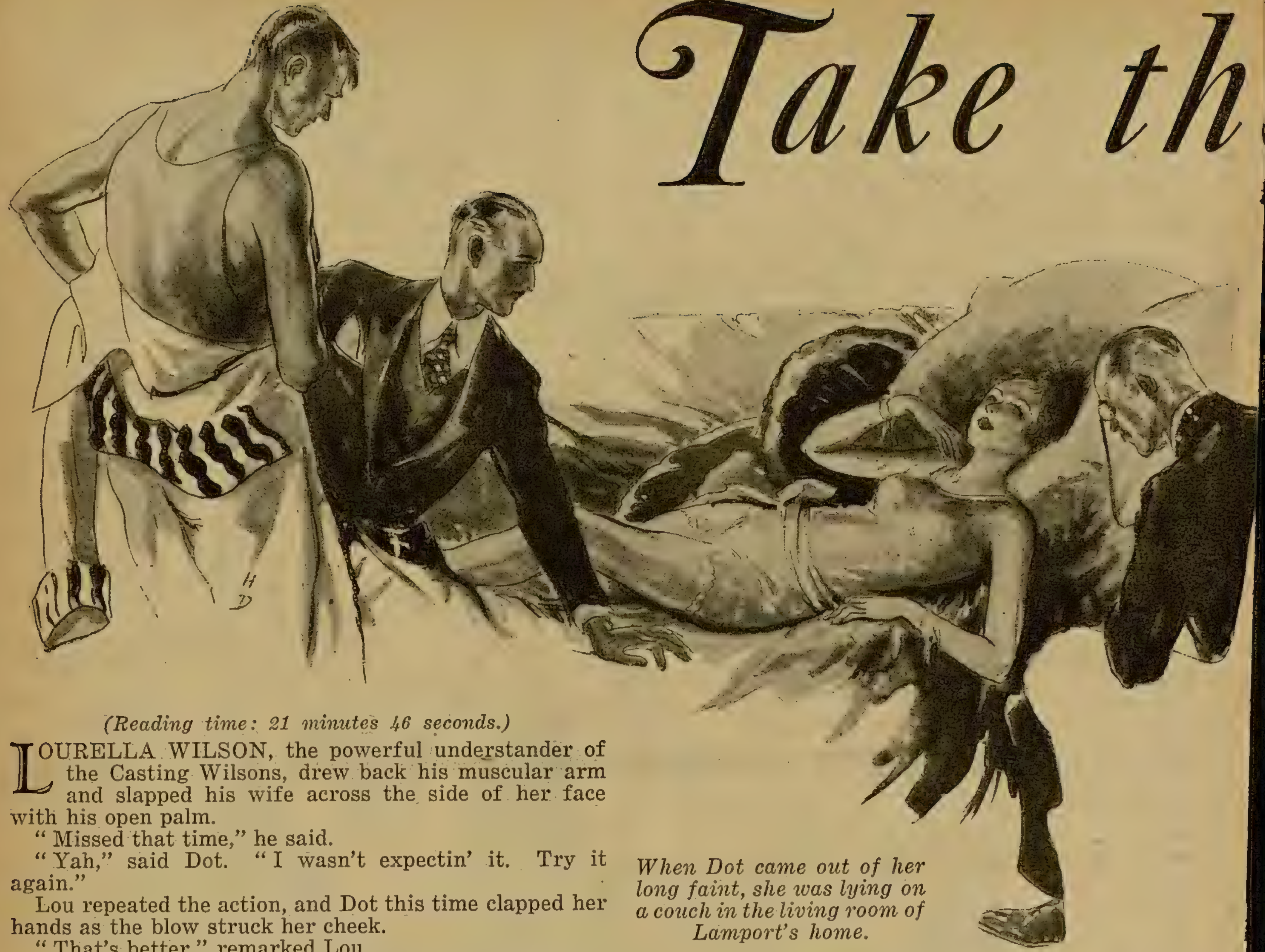
There are other stunts performed by Indian fakirs which are not exactly tricks, because they are right there before your eyes when you meet the fakir. For example, there is one man who has had his arm tied up straight in the air for so many years that it is all shrunken and rigid and practically of no use as an arm. The nails are very long and he doesn't seem to care.

This is apparently on the level, because no one is going to do a trick which takes five or ten years each time to finish.

In concluding this little summary of Indian mysteries, let me say that *I* have never been to India, or talked with anyone who has ever seen the tricks done, and that I don't believe that any of them ever *are* done.

*Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.*

# Take th



When Dot came out of her long faint, she was lying on a couch in the living room of Lamport's home.

*(Reading time: 21 minutes 46 seconds.)*

LOURELLA WILSON, the powerful understander of the Casting Wilsons, drew back his muscular arm and slapped his wife across the side of her face with his open palm.

"Missed that time," he said.

"Yah," said Dot. "I wasn't expectin' it. Try it again."

Lou repeated the action, and Dot this time clapped her hands as the blow struck her cheek.

"That's better," remarked Lou.

"I gotta know when you're goin' to do it, don't I?" she asked.

"Know nuthin'," said Lou. "On the circus when a clown takes the slap he don't always know when it's comin'. You're wise to that. Clap your hands no matter when it comes." He made a sudden pass at her little snub nose, and Dot this time quickly brought her hands together.

"How's that?" she asked with a proud smile.

"Oke," said her mate, "but your hands is so small you don't make no sound. There wouldn't be no laugh on that. Try it with me."

Dot suddenly raised her hand and smacked her doting partner across the cheek with the backs of her fingers, and Lourella brought his hands together, making a report that sounded like the bursting of a paper bag.

"That'd be some wow," he remarked with a grin.

"No wonder, with them mitts," smiled Dot.

"You could do it if you cupped your hands." He showed her what he meant.

Dot did as he told her and the sound satisfied them both.

"Le's eat," said Lou.

They sat down to the breakfast she had prepared and spread on the top of their trunk, with a hotel towel doing service as a tablecloth.

"Jeez!" he remarked. "We been livin' on the fat o' the land since we struck this here town."

"You said somepin," remarked Dot as she reached back of her for the coffeepot. "But how long is it goin' to go on? The advertisin' stunts might not keep up for always. How much you got in the old grouch-bag?"

Lourella involuntarily put his hand inside his partly open shirt and felt the chamois bag hanging next to his hairy chest.

"Forty bucks," he remarked placidly.

"Forty bucks ain't goin' to last forever," said Dot, pouring a cup of the steaming coffee for him. "We gotta get a job."

"Where's Lawson?" Lou spoke through a doughnut he was cramming into his mouth.

"Out hustlin'," said Dot, setting the coffeepot on the floor. As she straightened up she suddenly brought her open palm against his ear; but Lou was too quick for her and clapped his hands together with a louder report than ever.

They both burst into uproarious laughter, Lou expelling a shower of crumbs from his distended mouth.

"Too quick for you," said he. "You can't fool an old-timer. I'd take the slap if I wuz blindfolded."

"Don't worry," remarked Dot; "I'll get it."

As she spoke the door flew open, and both she and Lourella brought their hands together.

Bud Lawson, their manager, stood in the doorway.

"I THANK you, ladies and gents," he remarked, elaborately removing his hat and making a profound bow.

"That ain't your reception," growled Lou. "We wuz both takin' the slap. You don't get no hand like that when you make the grand entry."

"I don't?" said the smiling Bud, tossing his hat on the bed.

"Naw, you don't," said Lou. "When you make an entrance they give you the razzberry."

"Not today they don't, kid." Bud pulled a suitcase over, upended it, and crowded in between the husband and wife. "Am I invited for breakfast?"

"You sure are," smiled Dot, "but you gotta drink your'n out of a glass." She got up and walked over t the washstand. "We only got two cups."

"Don't make no difference to me," said Bud, " drink it out of a sponge, as long as it's hot Java." reached over and took a doughnut.

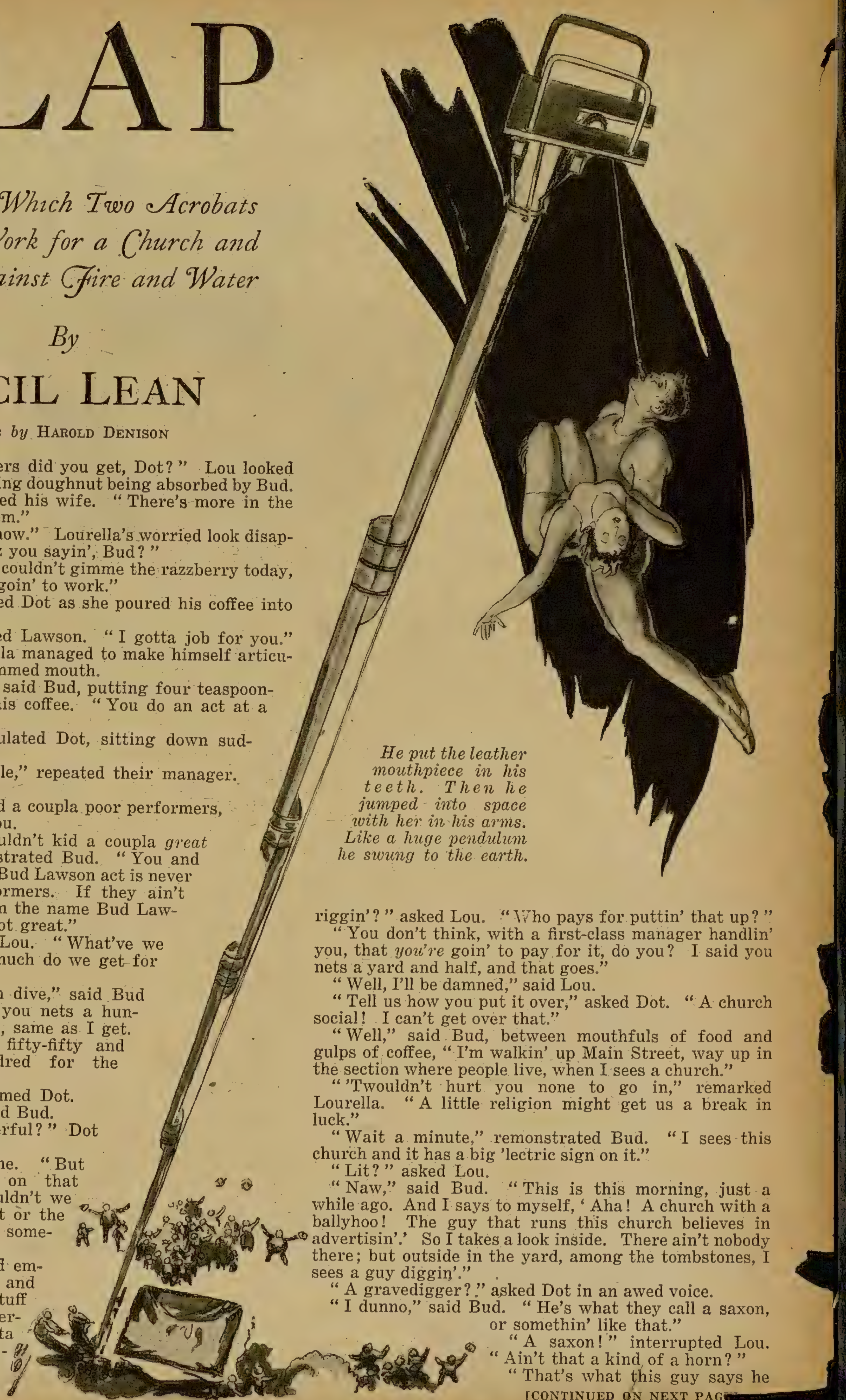
# SLAP

## *In Which Two Acrobats Go to Work for a Church and Run Up Against Fire and Water*

*By*

## CECIL LEAN

*Pictures by* Harold Denison



*He put the leather mouthpiece in his teeth. Then he jumped into space with her in his arms. Like a huge pendulum he swung to the earth.*

"How many sinkers did you get, Dot?" Lou looked at the fast disappearing doughnut being absorbed by Bud.

"Plenty," remarked his wife. "There's more in the bag when we need 'em."

"'Twon't be long now." Lourella's worried look disappeared. "What wuz you sayin', Bud?"

"I was sayin' you couldn't gimme the razzberry today, 'cause you fellers is goin' to work."

"Honest?" chirped Dot as she poured his coffee into a glass.

"Honest," repeated Lawson. "I gotta job for you."

"Where?" Lourella managed to make himself articulate through his crammed mouth.

"Laugh this off," said Bud, putting four teaspoonfuls of sugar into his coffee. "You do an act at a church sociable."

"A what?" ejaculated Dot, sitting down suddenly.

"A church sociable," repeated their manager. "A lawn feet."

"You wouldn't kid a coupla poor performers, would you?" said Lou.

"You mean I wouldn't kid a coupla *great* performers," remonstrated Bud. "You and Dot is my act, and a Bud Lawson act is never made of poor performers. If they ain't great when I get 'em the name Bud Lawson means they've got great."

"I gotcha," said Lou. "What've we got to do and how much do we get for doin' it?"

"You do the high dive," said Bud complacently, "and you nets a hundred and fifty bucks, same as I get. We split the take fifty-fifty and there's three hundred for the act."

"Honest?" exclaimed Dot.

"Honest," repeated Bud.

"Ain't that wonderful?" Dot looked at Lourella.

"I'll say," said he. "But I'm outa practice on that divin' act. Why couldn't we 'a' done the wire act or the human-fly stuff or somepin?"

"Ixnay," said Bud emphatically. "You and Dot's done all that stuff for them other advertisers—now you gotta do somethin' different."

"How about my riggin'?" asked Lou. "Who pays for puttin' that up?"

"You don't think, with a first-class manager handlin' you, that *you're* goin' to pay for it, do you? I said you nets a yard and half, and that goes."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Lou.

"Tell us how you put it over," asked Dot. "A church social! I can't get over that."

"Well," said Bud, between mouthfuls of food and gulps of coffee, "I'm walkin' up Main Street, way up in the section where people live, when I sees a church."

"'Twouldn't hurt you none to go in," remarked Lourella. "A little religion might get us a break in luck."

"Wait a minute," remonstrated Bud. "I sees this church and it has a big 'lectric sign on it."

"Lit?" asked Lou.

"Naw," said Bud. "This is this morning, just a while ago. And I says to myself, 'Aha! A church with a ballyhoo! The guy that runs this church believes in advertisin'.' So I takes a look inside. There ain't nobody there; but outside in the yard, among the tombstones, I sees a guy diggin'."

"A gravedigger?" asked Dot in an awed voice.

"I dunno," said Bud. "He's what they call a saxon, or somethin' like that."

"A saxon!" interrupted Lou. "Ain't that a kind of a horn?"

"That's what this guy says he

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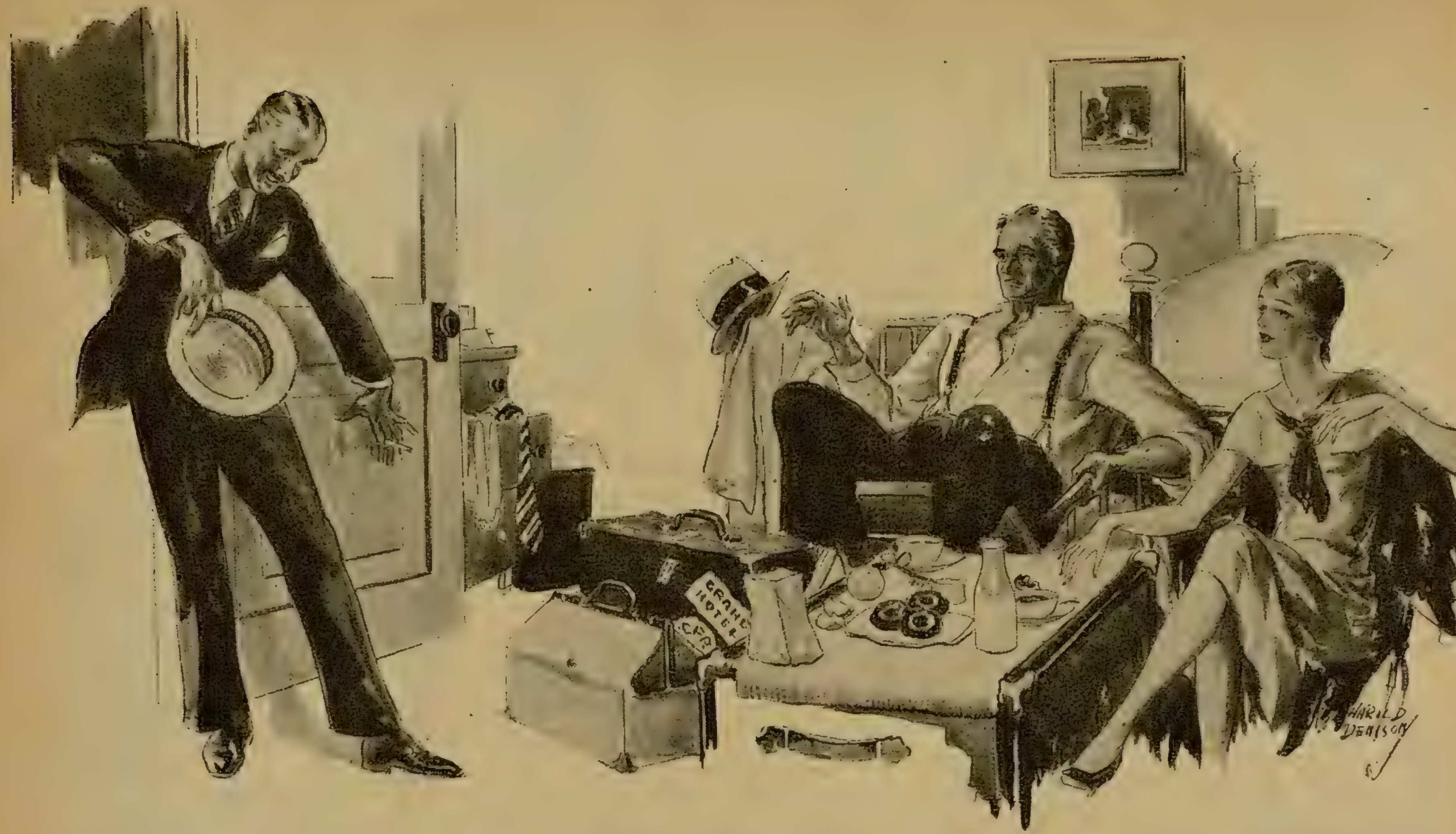


*Bud Lawson stood in the doorway. "I thank you, ladies and gents," he remarked, making a profound bow.*

TAKE THE SLAP
Continued from page forty-three

is," went on Lawson. "A saxon. He's like a janitor in a theater. He explains it all to me. I sits down on the pile of dirt beside the hole while he's down in it, talkin'. He's a nice old geek and he's been the saxon at that there church for forty years."

"Longer than dad and mom was on the big show," nodded Lou to his wife.

"It seems like when they want anything done around the church," Lawson went on, "like havin' somebody stand up with a poor nut that's gettin' married sudden-like, and there's nobody else to see the guy get tied to the ball and chain, outside of the minister—"

"And the bride's father with a shotgun, maybe," laughed Lourella.

"—it's the saxon they call for," said Bud, ignoring the antiquated *bon mot* of the strong man. "Same as when they want a church swep' out or a grave dug—"

"Uh!" shuddered Dot. "Maybe that's what he wuz doin' while you wuz talkin!"

"Maybe he was—I wuz too busy askin' questions to find out," answered Bud. "Anyways, he tells me that the minister that runs the church is a wide-awake guy and is lookin' for business. The saxon tells me that the old members is dyin' off fast, and this here minister is right on the job and he's goin' in for all the modern stuff like movin' pitchers and lights on the church and anything that'll get new customers to fight the devil."

"What devil?" asked Lou, very much interested.

"Quit interruptin'," said Bud.

"Yah," added Dot. "Lay off. Leave Bud talk. Have a doughnut, Bud."

"SO the saxon tells me this feller, this here minister, is goin' to have a lawn social next week." Bud was "dunking" his second cruller.

"Among the tombstones?" asked Dot. The gruesome thought seemed to impress her.

"No," corrected Bud. "Up at the house of one of the members of the church. He's an important guy, too—he's one of the fellers that wears a vest—"

"A vest!" exclaimed Lou. "Don't he wear no pants?"

"How do I know?" barked Bud. "I'm tellin' you what the saxon tells me. He calls him a vestman. I don't know what they wear in church."

"Well, if they wear vests and no pants, I'm goin' sometime," remarked Lourella. "That oughta be a laugh—only *you* can't go, Dot."

"Aw, shut up," said Bud. His mind was on business and he had no time for Lou's facetious remarks. "And the saxon says they're lookin' for some kind of a attraction that'll bring the crowd. And with *that* as a tip, I beats it to the address he gives me. And on the porch who should I see but—who do you think?"

"The devil," guessed Lou.

"NO," said Bud excitedly. "This here minister and a certain guy named Richard Lamport."

"Not of the Lamport Circuit!" Dot and Lourella exclaimed almost in one voice.

"That's who," said Bud. "He's sold all his theaters, retired, and just for fun he's backin' this here minister."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Lou was astonished.

"So I goes in and sells 'em the idear of the Casting Wilsons doin' a high dive at the social for three hundred bucks, net, which we splits fifty-fifty, and you two saps set here and live on good eats and hot Mocha, while I goes out and hustle and dig up the biggest cinch job you ever had. I says to 'em, if we don't pack that there lawn feet and bring 'em the biggest crowd they ever had, then I'm a dirty, lyin' so-and-so and they don't have to pay us a dime."

"Well, then," said Lourella, stretching his massive arms and yawning, "we work, don't we?"

"You said it," remarked Bud. "And I'll go down to the freight yards and get out the riggin'."

"It's lucky for us we brought it along when that wagon show went blooey," said Dot as she rose and started to collect the dishes.

"Are we goin' to use the single pole?" asked Lou.

"No," said Bud, getting his hat from its resting place. "The whole act goes. I told 'em you'd dive off'n a pole a hundred and ten feet high into a tank of water four foot deep, so I'll have all the sections sent up. You might fool the minister, but Lamport would know. He's been in show business and is liable to measure the pole before we put it up. I'll see you later."

"Did you tell 'em I do the dive and don't make no splash?" asked Lou.

"No more of a splash than you make when you're drinkin' coffee," said Bud as he went out the door.

Lourella watched his faithful wife as she cleared the things away, gayly humming a tune, and just as she passed him he flicked his hand playfully at her.

Dot brought her hands together, and the only two cups they owned crashed in pieces to the floor.

Lou laughed. " You get it," he remarked, " even if you did bust the props."

Dot had a serious look as she knelt to pick up the pieces.

" I don't like breakin' dishes or mirrors," she said. " I wonder if that was a grave that saxon wuz diggin'."

CECIL LEAN

*actor, playwright, composer, radio and talking-picture star. Besides this story he has written other fiction and a number of plays and motion picture scenarios.*

As per contract and agreement, Bud Lawson, the energetic manager of the Casting Wilsons, a few evenings later presented himself and his daredevil act at the home of Richard Lamport, one of the city's leading citizens, prepared to offer their stunt, which promised to be a thriller.

For several days the congregation of the church had been in a state of great excitement. Passers-by had noted the enormous spliced white pole being erected in the center of the lawn in front of Lamport's, the pole towering toward the sky.

The sexton of the church had helped to throw up the mound of earth over which Dot and Lourella had spread a waterproof tarpaulin, and this was to serve as the tank into which Lourella did a back dive from the peak of the pole. This tank was now almost filled with water from a garden hose attached to a hydrant on the lawn.

It looked shallow for such a feat as was promised, being eight feet across and only four feet deep.

As the hour drew near for the great event, the crowd began to gather. By the time darkness had fallen the lawn was a solid mass of humanity, and the ladies of the congregation were trying to make their way through the mob to serve the refreshments.

A thunder of applause greeted Lourella Wilson and his little partner as they buffeted their way to the towering pole. Mr. Lamport showed his showmanship by having a band located on the roof of the porch, and the musicians broke into a fast, jazzy tune.

Flooded by the rays of a searchlight thrown from the top of the house, the two daring acrobats basked in its blinding glare as they reached the base of the pole.

The excitement was becoming more intense every second.

Lourella threw off his bathrobe and, attired in pure white tights, sprang to the top of the embankment of earth and stood in a graceful pose. At the same time he looked to see if the tank was properly filled, which it evidently was, for a broad grin overspread his face.

" What's that? " he asked, for Dot was talking to him.

" Be careful, will you, Lou? " she was saying.

" What's there to be careful about? "

" I don't like the idear of a gravedigger helpin' to make our tank," she whispered.

" Don't be a sap," he replied. " You're just super-super—you're just nurts. That saxon guy is a good old egg."

" I know that," she said, " but I'm nervous."

" Cut it," he ordered.

Dot discarded her highly colored outer garment and revealed a pretty, lithesome form in pink fleshings, and she, too, assumed a fetching pose and smiled through her fears at the cheering audience.

" Ready, Lou? " asked their personal manager, who had followed them through the crowd.

" Right," said Lou.

He and Lawson took firm hold of the rope which stretched to a pulley at the top of the pole, now hidden in the darkness above.

Dot put her hands in a noose attached to the rope as it curved down to her from the top of the high mast.

" Allez! " she called.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Between friends

..and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one. . . . And remember, always, in no other gum do you get the flavor that is found in Beech-Nut.

*Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.*

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

TAKE THE SLAP
Continued from page forty-five

"Oop!" barked Lou, and he and Bud started pulling.

Slowly the rope became taut, and Dot left the ground, hanging by her hand in the noose. Up and up she went—the rays from the searchlight following her as she went toward the sky.

Halfway up she started a variety of fancy acrobatic tricks, finally putting one foot through the noose and hanging head downward.

At last she reached the top, and, drawing herself up, she lightly sprang to the little perch over a hundred feet above the crowd, and the pole seemed to sway as she held a pose in the brilliant illumination from the searchlight which played on her.

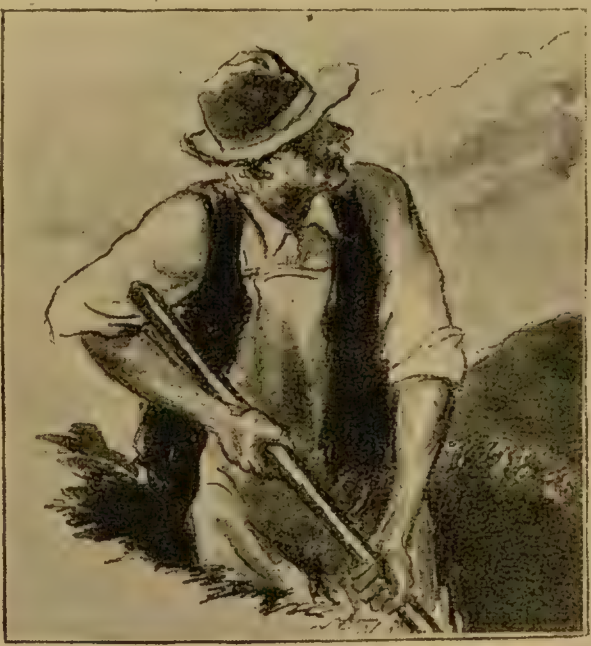
The crowd broke into a frenzy of cheering, and Dot was in her glory.

All thoughts of disaster left her for the moment.

She kept the pose for a while, enjoying the thrill of the applause and tumult which welled up to her, and then she leaned over and again took hold of the noose.

Suddenly leaping outward into space, she heard the crowd shriek with excitement. Was she falling?

It was just a trick to thrill the mob, and she slowly started downward, the light following her.



Halfway down the crowd was again electrified, for in the circle of light another figure was floating upward hanging from the rope by his teeth.

It was Lourella.

The Casting Wilsons were "doing their stuff," and their act was one sensation after another.

The arc of white light stopped, took in both figures, and then followed Lourella as he went upward toward the clouds.

Reaching the top, he put his hands over his head, grasped the perch at the top, and pulled himself up. A scream came from below as his hands apparently slipped and he dropped backward; but he still gripped the leather mouthpiece at the end of the rope in his iron jaw.

The crowd below was moaning with the tenseness of the moment.

Then he lightly pulled himself upward until he stood on the perch.

There he posed, a figure like a gladiator, and the applause and cheering welled up to him like the roaring of the surf in a storm.

A moment he paused on the edge of the perch, ready for the dive down into the little tank.

DOT, on the ground, was watching him, her heart thumping.

She had never felt like this before.

She saw him hesitate and point in a direction across the street.

"Somethin's wrong," she said to Bud.

"Yah," said their manager. "What is it?"

"I don't know," she murmured in a trembling voice. "I never seen him do that before."

"What d'ye s'pose is the matter? Do you think he's gone nurts?" Bud, too, was worried.

"Wait a minute," said Dot. "He's tryin' to tell us somethin'. I think the light's blindin' him. I wish them damn' fools would shut up."

The immense audience evidently sensed something was happening that was not on the regular program, for they suddenly stopped their cheering.

"What is it, Lou?" yelled Dot at the top of her voice.

Lou cupped his hands and shouted back, "A fire."

"Where?" hollered Bud.

"Acrost the street," called back Lourella, "in the back of that house."

The immense throng turned as one in the direction he indicated, and saw flames bursting from the rear of a house across the avenue.

Someone on the porch of the Lamport home rushed inside and turned in an alarm over the telephone.

The interest of the now very much excited crowd was divided between the lone figure standing on the peak of the pole and the flames which were roaring through the roof of the house—the red glare reflected on the white acrobat above.

Lourella, instead of completing his dive or coming down by the rope, remained standing on the perch watching the fire.

HE was engaged to do a trick, and he wanted undivided attention when he did it. In the circus, when the Casting Wilsons worked, *they* were the feature act, and everything in the other rings came to a stop and every eye was on them, and Lourella felt he was about to do his big act and he would wait until the attention was concentrated on him and not divided by counterattractions like a fire or the engines which were now coming within sound.

Difficult as it was for the fire department to make their way through even the outskirts of the packed throng, they finally succeeded in getting their hose lines attached and heavy streams of water were soon playing on the blaze.

Quickly the flames died down from the drenching, and the crowd returned their attention to the white figure which seemed to be standing in the clouds.

Lourella saw that now his audience was back with him, and he posed for the fall backward and the hurtling through space into the little tank of water.

Dot again watched him, a feeling of impending disaster causing her breath to come in quick gasps.

He was balancing himself on the perch. The veriest fraction of an inch out of the way in his drop might prove fatal.

The crowd was yelling and the sound grew to a shriek. The noise was deafening.

She heard a sucking, hissing sound in the direction of the tank, and she turned to look.

*The tank was dry!*

The heavy streams from the big lines of hose of the fire department had caused a suction in the little hose which had been used to fill their tank—still connected with the hydrant on the lawn—and had drawn off almost every drop of water.

Would he make the dive?

Could she make him hear her warning and prevent him from the plunge to certain death?

She shrieked, "Lou! Lou!" at the top of her voice and waved her arms. Bud, too, was yelling and gesticulating.

The roaring moan from the crowd grew greater. Now they were going to see something.

Lou, intent on what he was doing, balancing himself on his toes, blinded by the glare of light and deafened by the tumult, could hear nothing.

He was carefully calculating his distance.

"Lou! Lou!" she screamed. "*Don't jump! Don't jump!*"

Slowly and deliberately he balanced himself for the final plunge.

The fearful tumult of the crowd welled louder and louder.

Little Dot grabbed a spade which the sexton had used to throw up the mound of earth, and struck the base of the pole a resounding blow.

Again and again she struck.

She was like a madwoman.

Would he hear her and heed?

She looked aloft with fearful eyes. Yes—he was hesitating.

"Thank God!" she said. "But he ain't safe yet. Bud, haul me up. I gotta tell him, so he won't dive."

"Atta girl!" said Bud. "Go to it!"

Into the noose went her arm, and Bud started to haul.

Up she went, hanging by one hand and frantically striking the huge mast with the other as she called: "Lou—Lou! *Wait—don't jump! Wait for me!*"

Lourella had felt the vibrations of the blows through the soft soles of his acrobatic shoes and had stopped.

Then he heard the squeak of the pulley, and he looked downward, but below the spotlight's glare he could distinguish nothing.

"What's this?" he mumbled. "Somepin's wrong. Dot's comin' up again. We never work the trick this way. She wouldn't change our routine—unless that bum super-super—unless that saxon idear has got her."

Her blonde head came in sight, and he could see her tearing at the pole with frantic hands.

He leaned over and helped her to reach the perch, and the little frail platform that was built large enough for one gave insecure footing for them both. She clung to him, sobbing. Then she told him of the empty tank.

Swaying on the tiny foothold, Lourella saw her face change to a chalky white and her body went limp.

Disengaging one arm, he struck her in the face with his open palm, but there was no response from the dangling hands of his partner. She had failed to take the slap and he knew she had fainted. The shrieking and hysterical roaring of the mob below meant nothing to him now. Slowly and very cautiously he leaned over, supporting Dot with one hand while he picked up the end of the rope with the other and put the leather mouthpiece in his teeth. Then he jumped into space with her in his arms. Like a huge pendulum he swung with her as they descended to the earth.

Bud, too, had been on the job, and with the aid of the sexton and other willing hands payed out the rope.

LOURELLA laid his precious burden on the grass and looked at the tank. It was again filling with water, now that the suction had stopped.

"I'm goin' up again," he said to Bud.

"The hell you are!" exclaimed Lawson. "You'll collect anyway."

"It ain't that," emphatically remarked the strong man. "I gotta make that dive. Dot's lost her nerve, and if I don't make it she'll never be any good."

"But listen—"

"Do as I tell you." Lou's jaw struck out viciously. "This here's *my* trick. The tank's almost full. When I get up there, if it's O. K. you hit the mast again like she done. I can feel it through my feet."

Scarcely believing what it was seeing, the tremendous gathering of people became hushed as they saw the daring acrobat soaring aloft again.

He reached the top. Bud struck the base with the spade, and Lou backed again to the edge, held his hands over his head, and his body fell backward and dropped like a shot. A splash—and it was over. A quick turn of his body in the shallow water, and Lourella Wilson stood dripping on the bank, acknowledging the ovation from the pent-up multitude. . . .

When Dot came out of her long faint, she was lying on a couch in the living room of Lamport's home. Lawson was beside her and was the first she saw—dimly.

"Is Lou in his grave?" she mumbled, trying to rise.

"Lissen, Dot," said Bud. "Get that idear out of your nut. I found out from that saxon he don't dig graves—he was lookin' for a busted water pipe that mornin'."

Through a haze she could distinguish Lourella as he leaned over her, water dripping from his face.

"How did you get yourself all wet?" she murmured.

"I went up again and done the dive. Listen, kid. I smacked you in the face that last time when you come up, and you never took the slap."

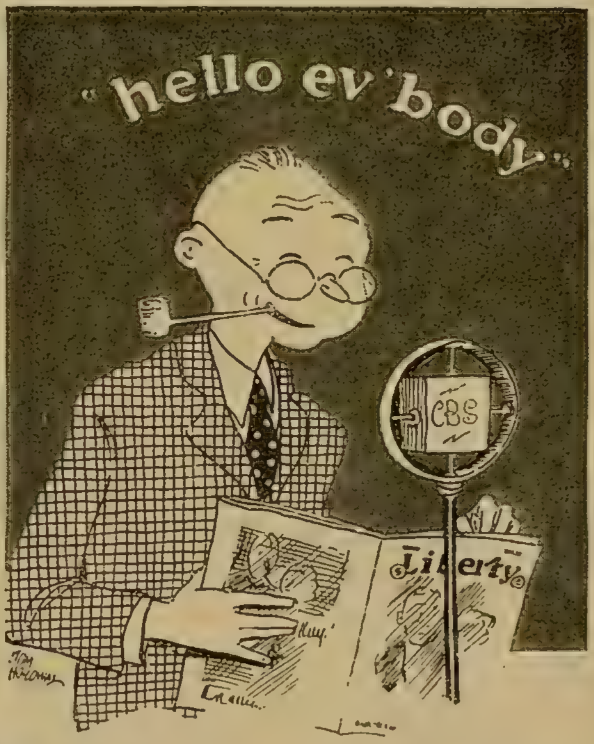
"I was out, I guess," she whispered. "I'll bet you hate me for faintin'."

"That stuff is all right for society dancers and violin players," said he, "but it ain't got no place with acrobats. The next time keep your nut about you."

"Aw, nurts," said Lawson. "Lay off'n her. The kid's all right. She ain't stingy with doughnuts, like you."

THE END

VOX POP
(HIMSELF)
SAYS



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*NOW BEGINS*
AT 9:15 P. M.
*EASTERN STANDARD TIME*
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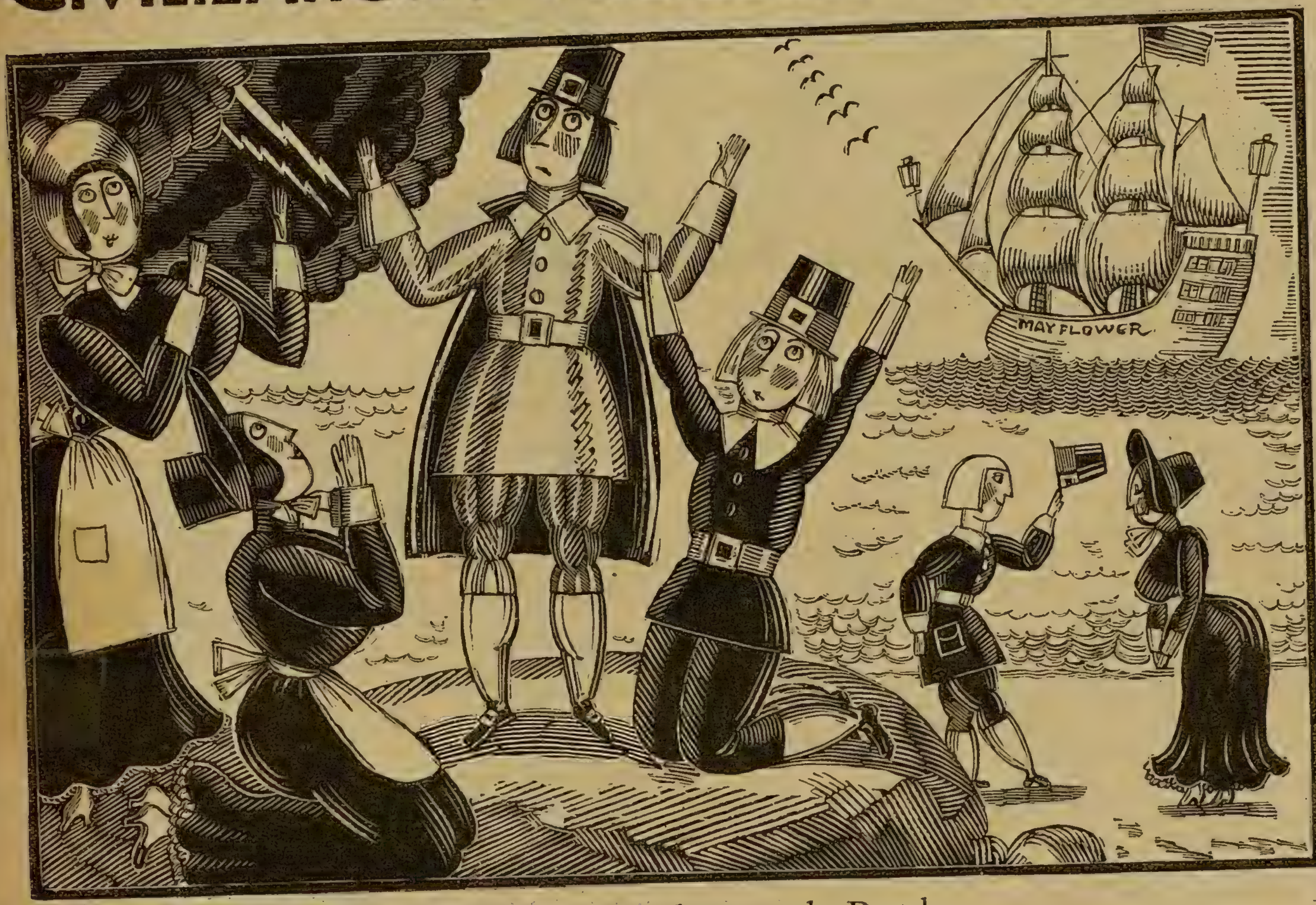
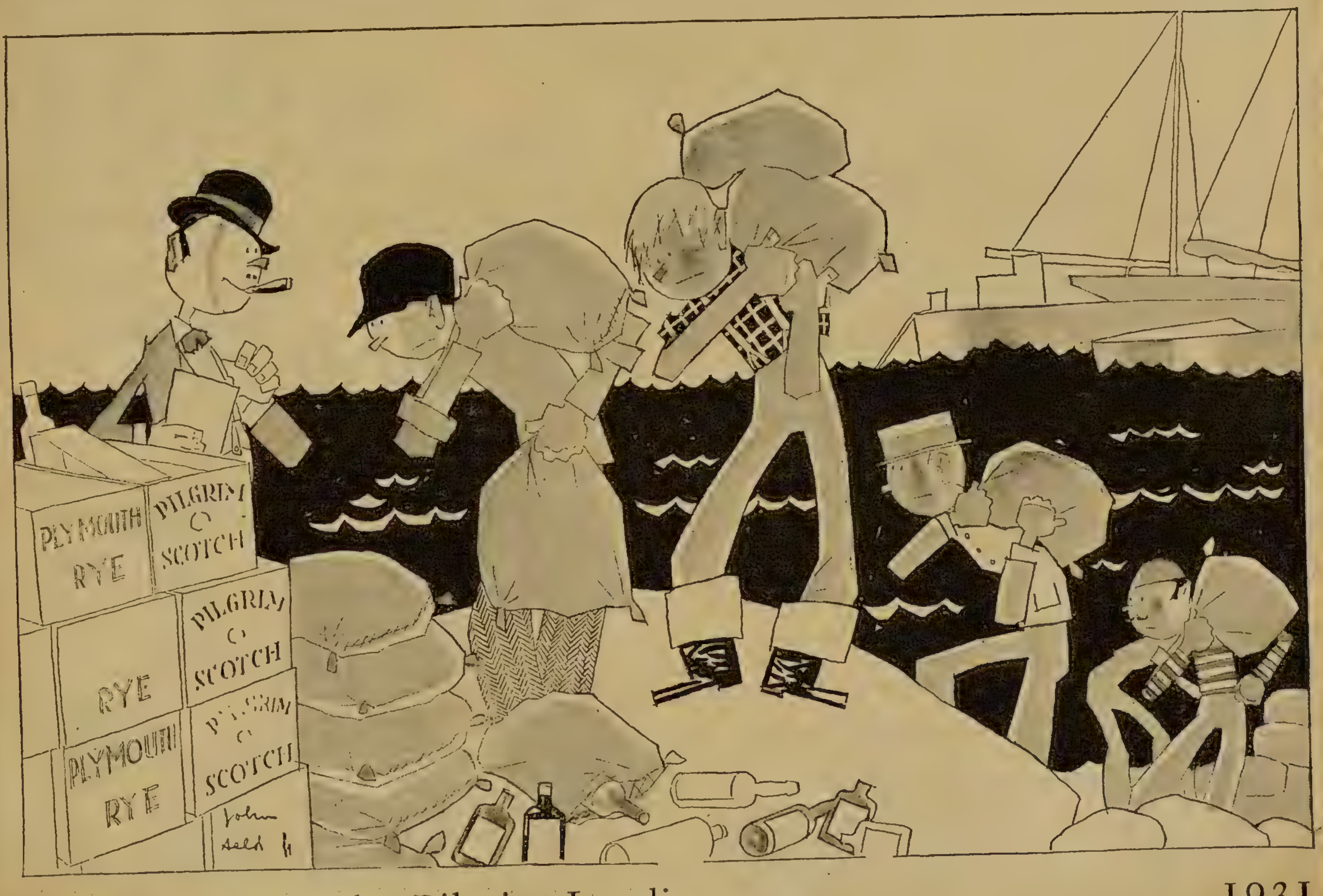
*FRIDAY NIGHT*

# CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock . . . . . . . 1620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PILGRIM SCOTCH
John Held Jr

Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Landing . . . . . . . . . 1931

# Heroes of the Past

## A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

A VERY dear schoolmate of Lil's has suddenly shown up. Gloria Bond, vivacious and modern to her finger tips!

Gloria and her widower father, Humphrey Bond, come to visit Lil and Sandy. They are looking for a little house in the country and Lil has offered to put them up while they search. Gloria and her father highly disapprove of the bootlegging Smitherses, swaggering around in their new car. Nor is that all that complicates their visit.

Little Ulysses is the only one who completely enjoys them. Mr. Bond has become "Uncle Humphrey" to him and is a hero out of a storybook, for he is a World War veteran! And Mr. Bond is prolonging his stay just a few days more, so that he himself can take Ulysses to see the Armistice Day parade. Lil sits by and watches Gloria's father describe the Argonne. There is tragedy pressing against Lil's heart—and she has kept it a secret from her friends.

This week's cover picture.

Sandy has lost his job! Sandy goes out every morning and comes back every evening, just according to regular routine. But he is not going to work. He is, astounding as it may be to realize it, *looking* for work. Sandy!

Lil watches Ulysses' eyes glow as he pulls on his "uncle's" memorial helmet. What was all the shot and shell for? Lil asks herself bitterly. We are facing hard times now—too many people, too few jobs, overproduction, stock crashes, unemployment. . . . Imagine Sandy's firm cutting down so close that they had to dismiss their crack salesman! Oh, well, Sandy has a fine reputation. It won't be long before some company snaps him up. If only they hadn't bought on margin, if only they hadn't lost every vestige of capital they had, leaving them to face heavy, unbelievable debts. . . .

"Uncle Humphrey, did you wear a gas mask?" Ulysses' piping voice breaks through her thoughts.

"I had given my gas mask to my buddy," she listens to her guest's excited explanations. "I got the gas bad that time, sonny. I was in the hospital for weeks."

Lil squirms. How easily we have all forgotten what the men and boys went through! Yes, she can remember the days of suspense and horror when Gloria's family learned that Mr. Bond had been wounded and gassed. . . . She looks at the kindly, cordial face of her neighbor-to-be, and her eyes begin to smart suspiciously. Why had he had to suffer? Maybe men know what they are doing. . . . But how had the war changed anything—made things better?

"Gee, Uncle Humphrey, you were some hero!"

"Every man was a hero those days." Mr. Bond nods his head thoughtfully. "The trouble is, boy, that they were recognized then. Today we have just as much of a war in life. America needs her soldiers now just as much as she needed them then—to fight against the enemy that's creeping in, sure as I'm telling you, to destroy all that the Stars and Stripes stood for. . . ."

Lil stirs uneasily. Is that the answer? What does he mean? Gangsters—racketeers—bootleggers—rumrunners? Well, the Smitherses, her next-door neighbors, are bootleggers, and what of it? They don't hurt anybody, and look at the money they make. . . . Nobody to fire *them* when times are hard. . . .

"Gosh, I'm going to be a soldier!" announces Ulysses in a proud treble.

And Lil wonders, as she gazes at his shining little face, why she has flushed so guiltily.

*(Next week's cover adventure: Second from the Right.)*

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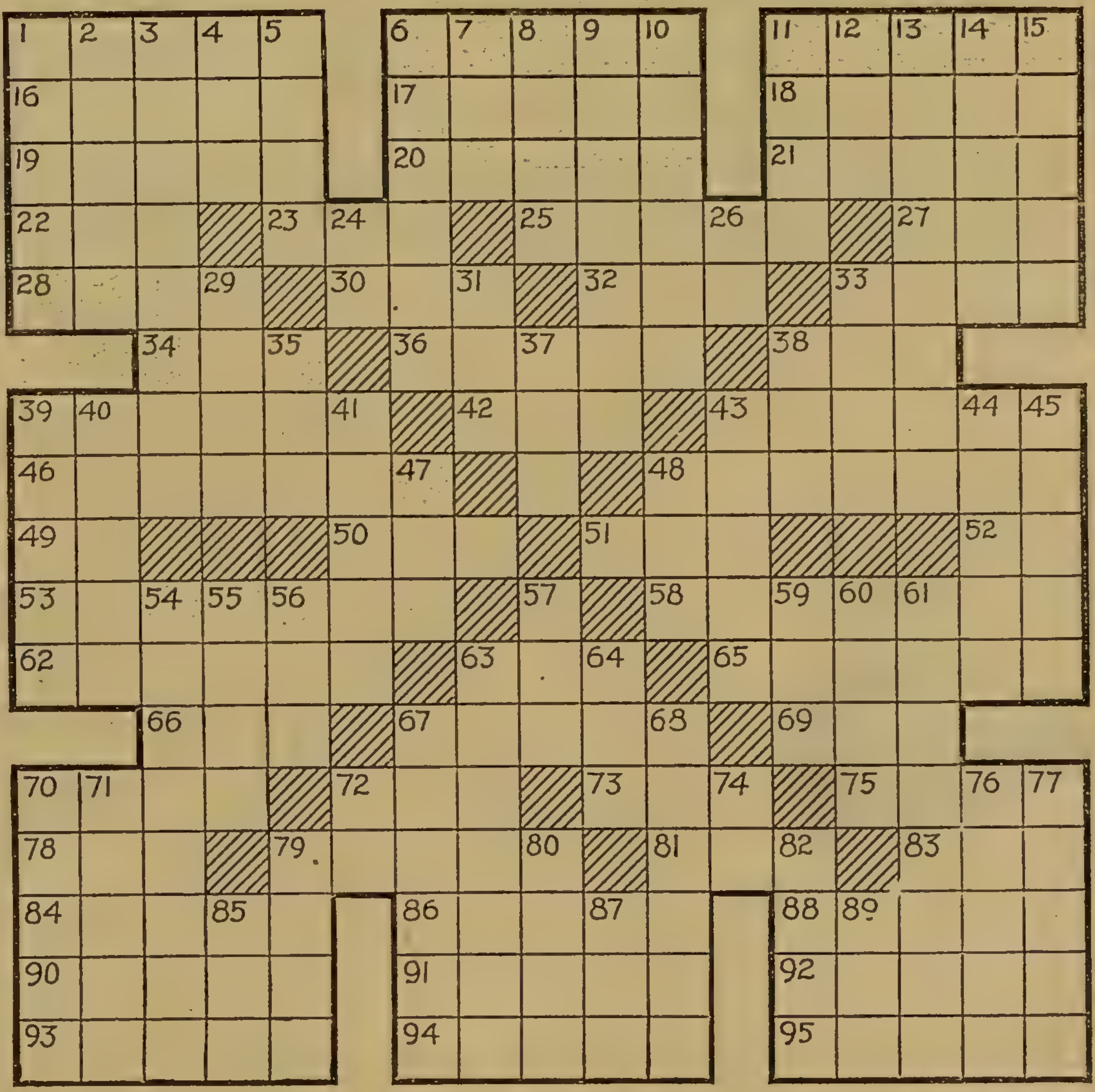
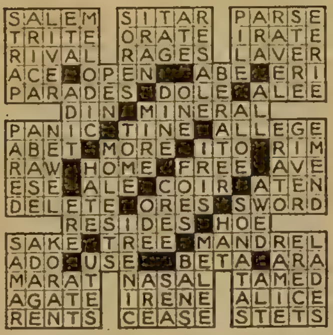
# Cross Words

## A New Puzzle



### HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of parrot
6 A shoot, as of grass
11 Iambics
16 Woman's name
17 A faint trace
18 Article of apparel
19 Books
20 Controls
21 Landed estate
22 Prior
23 Article
25 Fruit (plural)
27 Kind of snowshoe
28 Dispatch
30 Domestic animal
32 Cardinal number
33 Degree or rank
34 Spigot
36 Charger
38 And not
39 Appeared to be
42 Measures of area
43 Most painful
46 Made broader
48 Talebearer
49 Hypothetical force
50 A fruit
51 Swine
52 A state (abbr.)
53 Declined
58 Rebounded
62 Obliterator
63 American author
65 Salty
66 Free from charges or deductions
67 Carries
69 A snare
70 Mast
72 Stake
73 Devoured
75 Greasy substance (plural)



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| R | E | N | T | S | | C | E | A | S | E | | S | T | E | T | S |

Answer to last week's puzzle

78 Domestic animal
79 Smaller in number
81 Measure of work
83 Sup
84 Ascend
86 Pleasant odor
88 Classifier
90 Happen again
91 Repulse
92 Goddess of peace
93 City in Germany
94 Paradise (plural)
95 Describe the elements of a sentence

### VERTICAL

1 Companions
2 Worship
3 Held together firmly
4 Beverage
5 Occident
6 Scatters
7 Pastry
8 Wife of Geraint
9 Relatives whose relationship is through males
10 Relaxed from toil
11 Theories
12 Exclamation
13 Wandering musician
14 Shattered
15 Narrow piece
24 Pronoun
26 Type measure
29 Woman of station
31 Greek letter
33 Kind
35 Indite
37 Bird of prey
38 No
39 Made oath
40 A duck
41 Submit to the opinion of another
43 Scandinavian myths
44 Cardinal number
45 Swap
47 Performed
48 Nervous irregularity
54 Zealots
55 Employer
56 Put in place
57 New Zealand bird
59 A tatter
60 Medley
61 Diplomatic officer
63 Became exhausted
64 Period
67 Take care!
68 Goes stealthily
70 Alarm
71 Peels
72 Partake of reality
74 Adjective suffix
76 Charges against property
77 River in Germany
79 Flowerless plant
80 Stout cord
82 Grasp firmly
85 Entreat
87 Pieces used in the game of checkers
89 A constellation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

## *An Escape from the Breadline—*

# DRIVEN BACK TO PARADISE!

*Back to the farm, and glad of it, in Abbeville County, South Carolina.*

*"I love it!" cries Mrs. Dacus, whose story this article tells.*

### By MARY NOBLE

*(Reading time: 21 minutes 45 seconds.)*

"TWENTY minutes for breakfast. All out."

The train carried no diner. You either got up and out at seven thirty or you went without breakfast. I stepped from the Pullman into the gracious, protective presence of an old Negro porter in shirt sleeves and battered cap, his white expanse of teeth flashing.

"This way, lady. This way to the dining room."

I followed across a lawn to a long ramshackle "hotel," crossed the porch, passed through a large bare lobby and into a dining room filled with long tables. There I was given into the custody of several solicitous Negro waiters in spotless white uniforms.

Breakfast was breakfast. You either took it or you didn't. A half grapefruit was waiting my attention. Followed oatmeal with cream. From this stage, everything was passed on large platters, and the platters were left on the table for second helpings, country fashion.

Believe it or not (you can go see for yourself), that breakfast consisted of fried chicken, broiled bacon, scrambled eggs, delicious hot biscuits and hot rolls, yellow corn "spoon bread," hashed brown potatoes, and hominy grits. Topping all this, delicious brown batter cakes with honey or sirup. Coffee, tea, or milk. The price was seventy-five cents.

It was at Hamlet, North Carolina.

I was on my way to Columbia, South Carolina, to make a survey of the food problem and the unemployment situation in the crowded industrial mill sections. What sort of food problem could possibly exist here, I wondered.

Back in my seat in the Pullman, I looked out of the window with definite interest.

It was the latter part of September, and a heavenly day. I saw cotton field after cotton field white for the harvest. I saw corn and grain. Back of each farmhouse were vegetable gardens, fruit trees, and grapevines. But, most impressive of all, I saw miles on miles of uncultivated land.

I recalled the country scenes that I had visited in Italy during the summer, where on every rocky hillside every inch of soil was under cultivation. I recalled the fields of northern Germany, where the peasants' labor of years on years in reclaiming barren soil is now producing rich harvests of grain.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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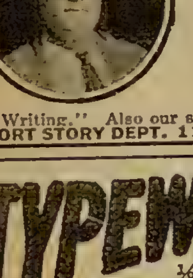

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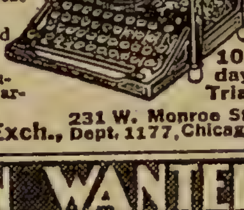

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DRIVEN BACK TO PARADISE!
Continued from page fifty-one

And here was North Carolina, 525 miles across, with thousands and thousands of acres lying waste.

I thought of the state of Texas. It has been estimated that if the land of Texas were divided among all the male citizens of the United States, each one would receive one and one-half acres. And there are the other Southern states: Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Florida.

However, I feel that it is unfair to include Florida in considering the problem of acreage in the Southern states for the growth of food products and in the solution of the unemployment situation. Much of Florida's soil is put to its best use in the making of golf links and tennis courts. It lends itself to the creating of summer paradises for winter sojourns. But it does not lend itself to diversified farming, as many farmers from the northwest can bear tragic testimony. They were lured to this land of perpetual sunshine by real-estate promoters during the boom. They had been told that the soil could be "made." So it could, with an enormous outlay of money for chemicals and fertilizer; and it stayed made just about six months, when it had to be made all over again. Every other Southern state, however, has an amazingly rich fertility of its soil as a whole.

I had been told to see Mr. S. R. Spencer of Columbia, South Carolina, who could tell me about abandoned farms, and especially about the experiment of the Red Cross of Greenville, South Carolina, in placing families from the breadline on some of these farms.

I FOUND Mr. Spencer a very busy man but glad to give all the information possible. He said:

"There were about six hundred families in Greenville in the mill district that had to be taken care of last winter. President Hoover sent Mr. Holt of his Unemployment Investigating Committee down here in February. He found that these unemployed were chiefly men and women who had been replaced in the cotton mills by the new, efficient machinery. Some of the men were eager to get on farms. They had wives and children. They were penniless and starving. What could be done?

"It so happens that there are thousands of acres of land in South Carolina 'laying out,' as we call it, uncultivated. I suppose the same is true in all the Southern states. The Red Cross could supply men who were eager to work this land. The land was there, ready to be worked. How could the two be brought together?

"It was a problem. Among the Red Cross workers in Greenville is Mrs. Caroline Hill. Mrs. Hill was born and raised on a South Carolina farm. She understands every detail of farming. On her own initiative she made a survey of the situation. Miss Margaret Laing, the executive secretary of the local Red Cross, cooperated.

"Such crowds were coming into the office of the Red Cross in Greenville as almost to cause a stampede. Daily men stood jammed together on the sidewalks in front, in mute expectancy, waiting, hoping. One man had walked four hundred and eighty-three miles, hunting a farm. They did not want gifts or charity. They wanted work.

"A YOUNG World War veteran in Greenville, R. W. Hudgens, became sponsor for the cause. Mr. Hudgens cannot be discouraged in anything he undertakes. He was in the One Hundred and Eighteenth Infantry of the Thirtieth Division with the British army. He was in the assault on the Hindenburg Line. He was shot to pieces, but he was patched up and mended and took his natural place in the front line in Greenville last winter, fighting unemployment. He is the sort of man who'll be on the firing line in every noble cause. It is largely to his ability and energy that we owe the consummation of the undertaking.

"Mr. Hudgens wrote to the Department of Labor in Washington and related the circumstances. The Secretary, Mr. Doak, became interested. He sent two of his men down here to investigate: Mr. Forrester and Mr. Richardson."

I interrupted:

"All this is very interesting. But what I want to know particularly is this: You put families on abandoned farms—"

"I am coming to that," he said. "I wanted to give you a brief résumé as to how it was brought about, how the forces came together that made the project possible."

I settled myself to listen. He went on:

"Through Mr. Hudgens and the interest of Mr. Forrester and Mr. Richardson and Mrs. Hill's untiring enthusiasm, some eight thousand dollars became available. Then we got right down to brass tacks. The Red Cross established forty-two families on farms in South Carolina.

"My Land Bank happened to have a farm of ten hundred and eighty acres in Abbeville County. There were nine tenant houses on this farm. They were in bad shape. The whole farm had been abandoned for more than two years. The fields were grown waist-high in broom straw and gum and wild-plum bushes. Many of the roofs of the houses had fallen in. Everything was dilapidated. All the wells had to be cleaned out and made sanitary. We rented these farms to the Red Cross for a very nominal sum and pledged ourselves to spend all the rent in improvements. As it turned out, we had to spend much more.

"However, on the sixteenth day of April we moved nine families with their household goods into these nine houses. They had been in the bread line for months. Each one was have about thirty acres of land. The Red Cross promised to provide necessary food and, for each family, a mule and all the seeds they wanted, limiting cotton seed to sufficient for seven acres only. They provided small farming implements such as hoes and rakes for each family, but the larger implements needed, like harrows and wagons, were to be used in common. It was Mrs. Hill who did the actual supervision and instruction."

I said, "Do you mean to say that it was just this last April sixteenth that these families were taken to the farms?"

"Yes. Five months ago."

"Well, what has happened? What has been the result? That is what I want to know."

"And that is what I want you to see for yourself."

Two hours later I was on the highway, going down into Abbeville County, some ninety miles from Columbia.

Mr. R. G. Ellis, acting as Mr. Spencer's representative, was my guide and drove the car. Our objective was called Barnwell Farm. It was there the nine families had been established and were living. They had been transplanted from the dirt and squalor and misery of slum districts and breadlines.

I wondered what had been the reactions in the minds of those nine families, sitting among their meager household goods on trucks, as they were passing through the country. Each season has its own beauty. It had been spring then, on the sixteenth day of April, and everything had been fresh and pregnant with new life.

Autumn was now beginning to clothe field and forest with its own peculiar glory. The day was a miracle of beauty: clear skies, warm sun, crisp pure air, and every tree that sheds its leaf robed in scarlet and purple flame.

I was not a stranger in the South. I knew that in South Carolina the fire of the sun never dies. It warms and thrills even in February. There is no need for canned sunshine. They don't know what it is down there. What would the newcomers from the breadlines think of all this?

WE left the highway. The drive along the dirt country road was of surprising beauty. We made a first sharp turn at a huge rural delivery box that received the common mail for the colony. Another turn, and we came to a neat cottage whose porch was shaded by a wistaria vine. No one happened to be at home in this cottage; all were working in the fields. Father and mother and four children.

We followed a curving road bordered with broom sedge, where the rabbits must play at night, and came to a house on a breezy hilltop. No one was at home here, either. It was harvest season; all were busy in the fields.

Mr. Ellis stopped his car, however, in the shade of a great oak tree in the yard and went in search of the family. The husband was pulling fodder in a cornfield. He was sent to find his wife, who was gathering beans in another field.

In this family there were only three—husband and wife and a fourteen-year-old adopted boy. Their name was Dacus.

In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Dacus appeared. He lingered only long enough to greet us, so eager was he to finish that fodder. His clothes were in tatters, but he was smiling and genial. He said:

"She'll do the talking better. She'll tell you all you want to know."

But I had to ask a question: "And you? Do you like it here?"

*Here's Fred Murphy as he looked last spring when they brought him back to the farm. He weighed sixty pounds and had pellagra. Now he weighs ninety and is almost well. And, boy! Is Fred Happy? Ask him!*

HE looked at me a moment as though he could not understand a question so inane.

"Of course I like it! But she'll tell you"—as he waved a hand and disappeared toward the cornfield.

"She," Mrs. Claudia Dacus, would tell us indeed. And she could not tell us quickly enough. She was a small woman, sunburned as brown as a berry. She wore an old straw hat as protection from too much sun, and a pair of men's heavy shoes. Her dress was a nondescript skirt and blouse; a towel was pinned around her neck. There was a bright, eager, alert light in her blue eyes and always a smile around her mouth. She began:

"You want to know if I like it? I love it! Look what a nice place we got!"—pointing to the small dilapidated cottage. "We came here on the sixteenth of April. It was terrible then. The roof was half off. The house hadn't been lived in in two years. All around was grown up in weeds and briers. But we didn't care. We were being fed while we could fix it and get started."

"You like it better than the city?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Who wouldn't? I'm my own boss out here. In Greenville I worked in the sewing hall at the mill. My husband was a weaver for twenty years. We made right much money, but it took every cent of it to live like you have to live, all crowded together. We got all of our food, such as it was, out of paper bags from the store. And then—there was no more work and we nearly starved, until Mrs. Hill"—at the thought of Mrs. Hill her face beamed—"she brought us out here."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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## DRIVEN BACK TO PARADISE!

Continued from page fifty-three

Mr. Ellis prompted her: "Tell how you got started. All about it."

"Of course, we had to grub out the land first, get rid of all the weeds and brush and broom sedge. And then we had to get it ready for the seeds. They gave us whatever seeds we wanted. I just couldn't get those seeds in the ground fast enough. I love to watch things come up and grow."

A wistful note had crept into the woman's voice and a far-away look in her eyes. She could not express it in words, but it was the glow of creative joy that she felt when she planted her seeds in the soft warm earth, co-operating with God in giving life. She went on:

"It's just awful nice to plant seeds and watch them sprout. I love it! Mrs. Hill, she was out here yesterday helping me do some canning in a new, quicker way."

"Did you raise vegetables enough to feed yourselves this summer?" I asked.

How she laughed! I was an ignorant person.

"Did we?" she beamed. "This summer? I reckon we did! We've had all we could eat and I've canned two hundred and seventy quarts of vegetables and fruits for the winter. No, ma'am—nobody will have to feed us this winter. Come in the house and let me show you."

Her house was bare, with white-washed walls, but it was airy and spotlessly clean. She took us first into a small ell in the rear. She said:

"Look at those peas. I got twenty-five bushels of peas, the best peas that grow and so good to eat. And I got twelve bushels of beans."

WE went into the kitchen. She opened the door of a pantry that was in a corner. The pantry was lined with shelves that were stacked with glass jars of vegetables and fruits. It was a beautiful sight.

"See there? Do you think we'll be hungry this winter? I'll say not. I've got two hundred and seventy quarts," she repeated, overflowing with pride.

It was unbelievable.

"And you've done all this since April sixteenth?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am. See here. I've got peaches and pears and blackberries and plums and tomatoes, snap beans, okra, corn, beets, garden peas, and sweet potatoes. And I've got grape jelly and all kinds of sweet and sour pickles—Mrs. Hill brings me the sugar and vinegar—and scuppernong and fig preserves. And—oh, yes, I found a bee tree and robbed it, and an old bee log and robbed it, and I got a gallon and a half of as fine honey as you ever saw. I got two black-walnut trees on my place too. And, besides, we'll make about sixty gallons of sorghum molasses."

Her words tumbled over one another in her happiness and enthusiasm. Mr. Ellis remarked:

"There will be seven hundred gallons of sorghum made altogether. They will boil much of it down for brown sugar."

"How about your winter garden?" I asked.

"We'll have nine vegetables in our garden every month in the winter. Nine."

"What are they?"

Mrs. Dacus did not have to stop to think.

"Lettuce, kale, turnips and turnip salad—I mean greens, you know; carrots and carrot tops, onions, parsnips, spinach, collards, Brussels sprouts. That's more than nine, by rights!"

*One of the nine families in Abbeville County brought back to the farm from the breadline and now thriving.*

She was thrilled with delight at my amazement. She laughed:

"And you ask me if we'll have enough to eat this winter? You know we will now, don't you? We'll have lots left over to sell. Then we can buy coffee and sugar and salt. Now if we only had a cow—"

"You have no cow?"

"No, ma'am. A cow costs thirty-five dollars. Oh, I'd be too rich if I had a cow. Or even a little pig. They cost three dollars; but I'll have a pig by next year."

"And you don't get lonesome?" I inquired.

"Lonesome? No, ma'am. You don't know it, lady, but the lonesomest place on this earth is standing in the breadline, waiting. Here I don't have time to get lonesome. We work hard, of course, but we love it."

It had been many a day since I had met a woman so happy and contented. Her concluding remark as we were getting in the car was significant. She said:

"Out here we feel like somebody. We have something. We're real folks."

She promised to send the fourteen-year-old boy, Fred Murphy, who was living with them, to the outer road as we passed. I saw his little figure running across a cotton patch. He came around to my side of the car and hopped up on the running board with a friendly "Howdy!"

He was a thin, pale-faced lad with wistful, appealing eyes and a brave smile.

"Howdy!" I replied. "And when did you come out here? And how?"

He was pleased to have an audience.

"You see, my father got killed by an automobile. My mother moved to the mill with us five children. I'm the oldest. I'm fourteen. Mother got sick and couldn't work much, and we all got sick. They said it was pellagra. A lady in Greenville, Miss Hattie Finley, brought me here. I've been out here three months. I didn't weigh but sixty pounds when I came. I weigh ninety now. The sun helps, and I eat green things—carrots and turnip greens and cabbage. I never have any milk. We don't have a cow. But my pellagra—it's almost well. See?"

He pulled up the leg of his overalls, revealing sores with dark scabs as large as a quarter on his pitifully thin ankles. He went on:

"They're most well now. My mother, she's awful sick with pellagra. She stays in bed all the time. But if she lives, I'm most big enough now to be a man on a farm, if we could get one somewhere. I'm saving my money to buy a little pig. I could tend it and it would grow and be a hog and we'd have meat and lard for bread. A pig costs three dollars, though. I've had a dollar hid away a long time, and Mr. Ellis gave me ten cents, and I worked and made five cents once, and if I keep on I bet I can get a pig this winter."

I FELT something deep stir inside me. I remembered a friend in New York who had paid $2,000 for a fur coat for her daughter, only a week before.

When the boy paused for breath, I asked:

"Do you work all the time?"

"No, ma'am. Of course, I help Mrs. Dacus. I tote water from the well, and keep her kitchen fire going. We got plenty of wood to cut and burn. I've got lots to do, but plenty of time to play. You get tired playing all the time. We have lots of children around us. There are thirty-five children and we're going to school soon, too—soon as it starts. In that house across over there"—pointing to another of the cottages—"there are four little girls. They're littler than I am, but I go over there a lot.

"When we get tired playing, we hunt hens' nests in their barn. They have some chickens too. I found one nest under the floor yesterday, and Betty, she's the oldest, she found one in the hayrack up near the ceiling. The children there have puppies, too. They ain't nothing nicer than puppies. Maybe they'll give one to me. Oh, gee, wouldn't I love to have a puppy!"

"What else do you do?"

"We hunt birds' nests. Of course we don't rob them, but we can hunt and find them and watch the birds get born and grow up and fly."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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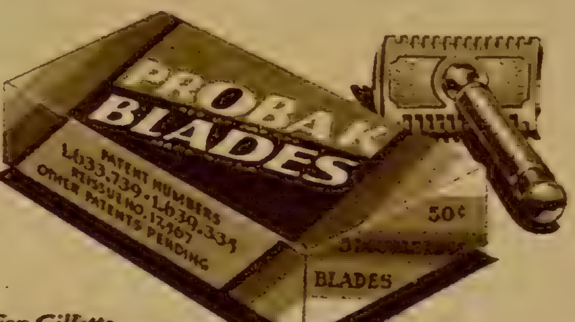


For Gillette
and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

DRIVEN BACK TO PARADISE!
Continued from page fifty-five

I began to realize how every day on a farm is a thrilling drama in the life of a child. I encouraged:

"Mocking birds?"

"Sure, mocking birds. And can't they sing pretty? We get lots of fun listening to their singing and watching them feed their babies and teach them to fly. Birds have sense."

"What other kinds of birds?"

"Oh, we got wrens and redbirds and bluebirds and thrushes and English sparrows. Lemme tell you what happened to a mother sparrow?"

"I'll be glad to hear."

"I watched a tiny sparrow build her nest in the grass down in the hollow. I went past it two or three times a day when we were working in the field just beyond. I saw the first egg in the nest and the last egg. And then the mother settin' on them, and then the little teeny birds. I kept the dogs and cats away and tried to keep a watch over them—but just when the bird babies were feathering and nearly ready to fly, 'cause they more than filled the nest, some rat or crow or something found them.

"They were all right when I passed by going to the field one morning, and the mother was chirping, she was that proud! When I came back at noon the nest was torn from its perch in the grass and every bird was gone. The mother was crying like her heart would break."

I saw the eyes of the boy grow dim. Who can weigh the value of such incidents in the shaping of a human soul? How many brass bands and monkeys and hand organs and moving pictures would it take to compensate for their loss?

He was eager to tell more. There was so much to tell. He went on:

"There's a lady who lives in one of the houses who was sick, too, when she came out here. Just weak and no 'count. She cried most of the time. She's real young, she and her husband. She likes children and I go there most every day. And yesterday she tole me a secret—that she's going to have a little baby all her own. She's that happy! She sings all the time now. Won't it be grand to have a little bitsy baby around?"

I agreed that it would.

*Mrs. Caroline Hill of the Red Cross and, above, R. W. Hudgens, World War veteran. They led in making a go of Greenville's back-to-the-farm plan.*

WE went on to the next place. There I found a man and his wife and five children. The oldest little girl was twelve, and the youngest, eleven months. Mr. Ellis said to me:

"When these children came out here they were like little wizen-faced old men and women. They didn't know how to laugh and play."

I looked at them now: sturdy, healthy children. In five months. The father and mother said that they were happy. They, too, had fed themselves during the summer and had an abundance of food stored and canned to carry them through the winter.

Every one of the nine families had the same story to tell. Their appreciation and gratitude were too deep to try to express. Some of them were better placed than others. Some had relatives to give them a cow or chickens.

I asked the mother of five little children how she could manage without a drop of milk. She replied:

"It's not easy, but we get along. We have abundant food now, and good food. After all, most children in the world have to do without milk, I reckon."

I wondered if this could be true. Certainly it had been true in the line of her vision.

A little pig that costs three dollars, a cow that costs thirty-five dollars would bring boundless joy into these brave, happy, healthy homes, pioneering, fighting for existence in God's wilderness. Mr. Ellis was saying:

"There hasn't been one sick person on these farms since they came. Some of them were brought here, ill—like Fred Murphy and the woman he told you about.

"In three months Fred had gained in weight from sixty to ninety pounds. Many of them had pellagra in one stage or another."

"Surely this must be a healthy country," I commented. He went on:

"Another thing. When the soldiers were tested at the beginning of the war, it was discovered that not one case of goiter came from South Carolina. The reason was that the soil has iodine in enormous quantity. All vegetables raised here have a large content of iodine. Milk from the cows that feed on the grass is loaded with iodine. Goiter is practically unknown."

I REMEMBERED reading recently how a survey had been made in New York City and it was found that a large percentage of the girls eighteen years old had goiter.

Mr. Ellis continued:

"The Red Cross of Greenville put forty-two families on farms. Mrs. Hill says they have canned more than eight thousand cans of fruits and vegetables for the winter.

"They distributed sixty thousand sweet-potato plants. To relate all the Red Cross of Greenville has done would fill a book, and an interesting book."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Everybody has a remedy to suggest for unemployment and depression.

Bernarr Macfadden has been contending for more than a year that the one unfailing remedy for the depression will be found by going back to the farm for a living. The practicality of this plan cannot be questioned.

Doubtless, every one of the various relief agencies will ultimately devote their attention to this dependable plan.

What has been done can be done. If the experiment carried to such a triumph with nine families put on nine farms in Abbeville County, South Carolina, has proved that families can be made self-supporting on the farms, certainly the same thing can be done with nine thousand families or nine million, if need be.

I've been told that a great mail-order house has three thousand men and women unemployed this winter and has promised to supply them with fuel and food. It would cost less than the fuel alone to establish these men and women on farms in the South.

Senator Couzens, out of the generosity of his big heart, has given one million dollars for relief to the unemployed.

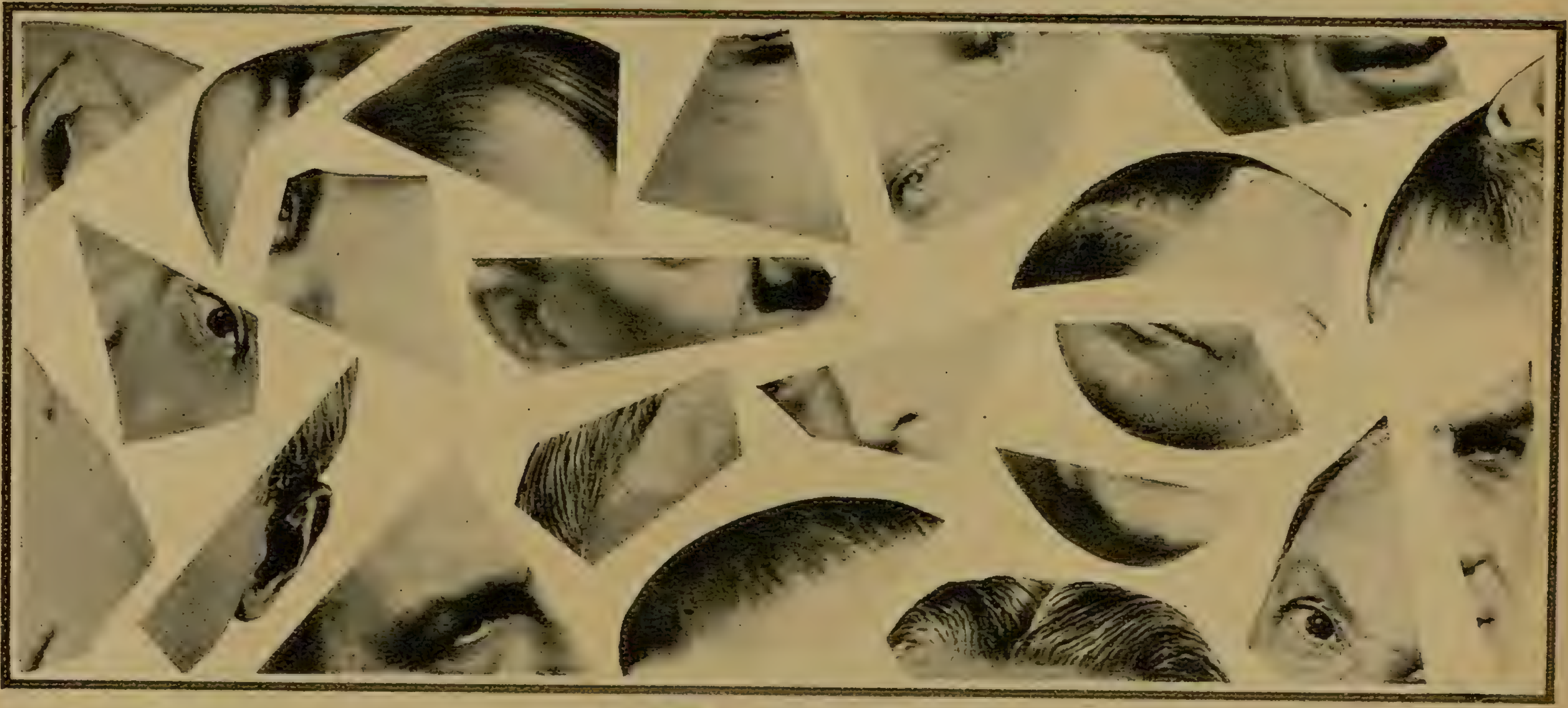
Think what one million dollars would do in placing families on farms to be self-sustaining, self-supporting, self-respecting!

It has been estimated that there will be six million unemployed this winter to be fed and cared for. Send them BACK TO THE FARM FOR A LIVING. Land can be bought for very little. It can be rented for less. There is land in the South for all. Give the helpless a chance.

"Out here we feel like somebody. We have something. We are real folks."

THE END

# JIG-SAW PUZZLE 9



# $5,000 CASH PRIZE

# JIG-SAW PUZZLE CONTEST

## *ALMOST COMPLETE!*

### CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

| | |
|---|---|
| First Prize | $1,000 |
| Second Prize | 500 |
| Third Prize | 100 |
| 8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total | 400 |
| 300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total | 3,000 |
| 311 Prizes ... Total | $5,000 |

THE Jig-Saw Puzzle prize money is almost within reach! Just the above puzzle and then next week's to solve. If you have stayed in the game until this point, don't give up now when the finish is practically in sight.

Possibly you already have selected the subject for the letter which you will submit with your solutions, as called for in Rule 5. If you have not, this week, while you are waiting for the final puzzle, might be a good time to consider this point. You can select a tentative subject if you wish, and then if you want to change it after solving next week's puzzle you will still have time.

With the great number of prominent persons who have been pictured in this contest you should have no trouble at all finding many likable traits of character to choose a subject from.

By the way, do you own any sort of camera? Next week on this contest page Liberty will make an announcement of tremendous interest to the finder-and-shutter fraternity. Watch for it.

## *The* RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers. magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

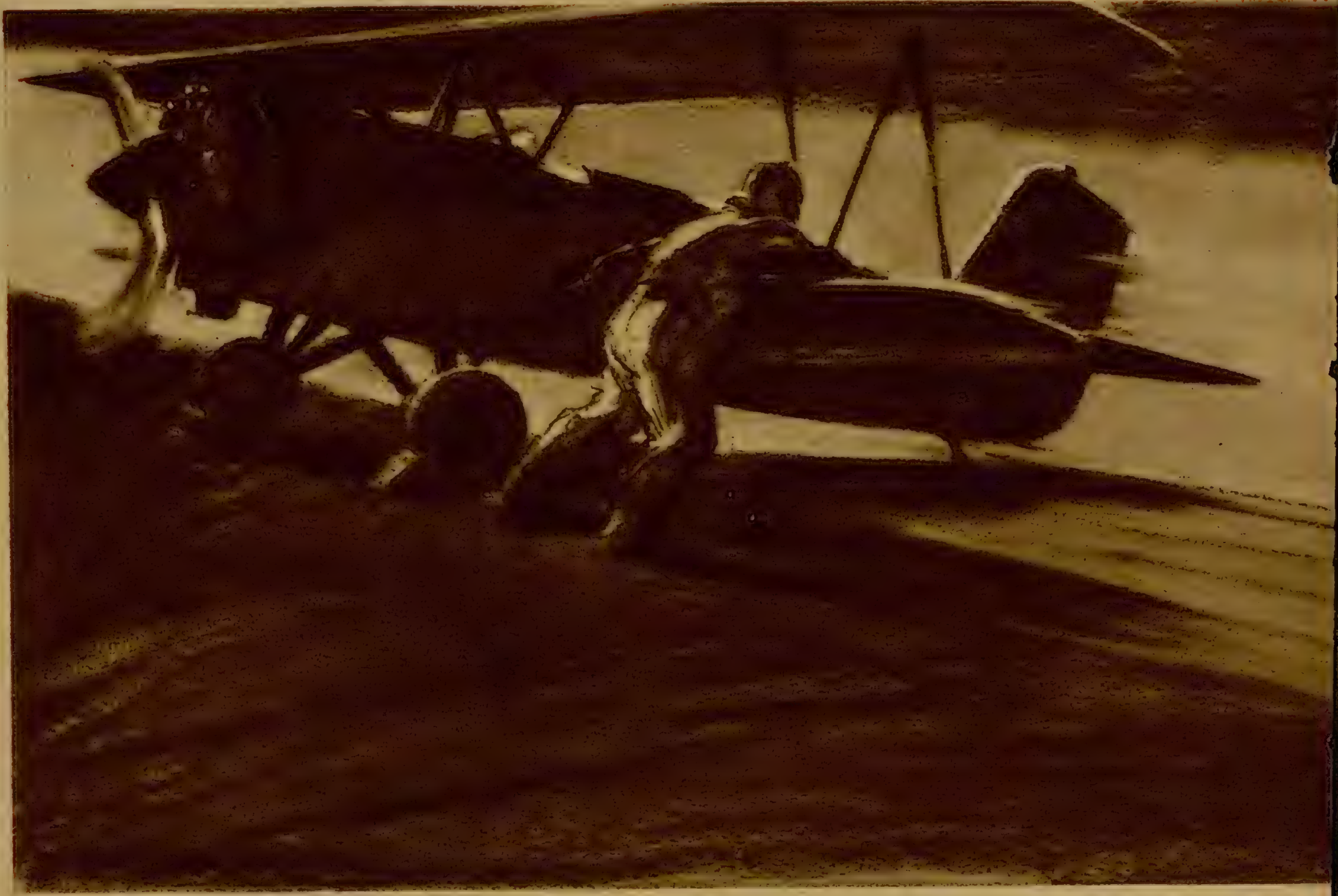
8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcements of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

## COMPLETE YOUR ENTRY WITH NEXT WEEK'S PUZZLE



## *A Story of Flying Death and a Thrill Builder's Finish*

# LOST

By DI

Pictu

*(Reading time: 27 minutes 15 seconds.)*

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

OUTSIDE, a woman's voice was yelling, "Let go of me. Let go, I say!" Jettick dropped the cowling and ran toward the door. Already a couple of the others had gone ahead. Gibson gave me one last glance and started. I was too weak, after the last few minutes, to follow. I just sat where I was—next to the spot that Gibson had just left. When they came back, a couple of the detectives were carrying a bundle of something that might have been just clothes, except occasionally you could see a leg or an arm or a bobbing head of hair.

"Let me down, you big stiffs!" came a voice.

I knew that those officers were more than willing to. One of them had a dark red streak running down his hand. The teeth marks were still visible.

Gibson, who had not quite gotten to the door, came back, and together we stood looking on wonderingly.

The girl flopped on the floor. The Pest! Our own little Pest! Her hair was full of knots and sand, her dress torn and dirty. A couple of dry creeks coursed from her eyes down the dusty little face. Her big, wide eyes just looked. They took in everything—the policemen, the reporter, and me. They wandered over to the cowling. I wondered whether or not she knew. Then she looked at Gibson.

"I found her out in back of the hangar—peeping in through a tear in the metal," explained the flatfoot.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Gibson in an authoritative tone.

She pushed her hair back on her forehead, rubbed some of the dust from the corners of her eyes, and then said defiantly: "And what are you doing here yourself?"

The lieutenant gave the first hint that he knew what it was to smile genuinely. The smile disappeared as he brought himself back to the duty at hand. The impudent face of the Pest, in her disheveled condition, Captain Gibson in his flying paraphernalia, and me a nervous wreck from the near exposure of de Forst's body, told plainly that there was something unusual in the proceedings of motion picture's greatest stunt squadron.

"Who is this girl, Gibson, and what's she doing snooping around at this time of night?"

"My ward, sir," answered Gibson; "and further than that you'll have to ask her what business she has being out in this storm."

The officer turned to the Pest. "Come on, now—why the snooping around?"

"I was following the example of your men, sir," she said without a crack of a smile. "I saw this officer peeking in a hole in the hangar a few minutes ago, and so I wanted a look myself."

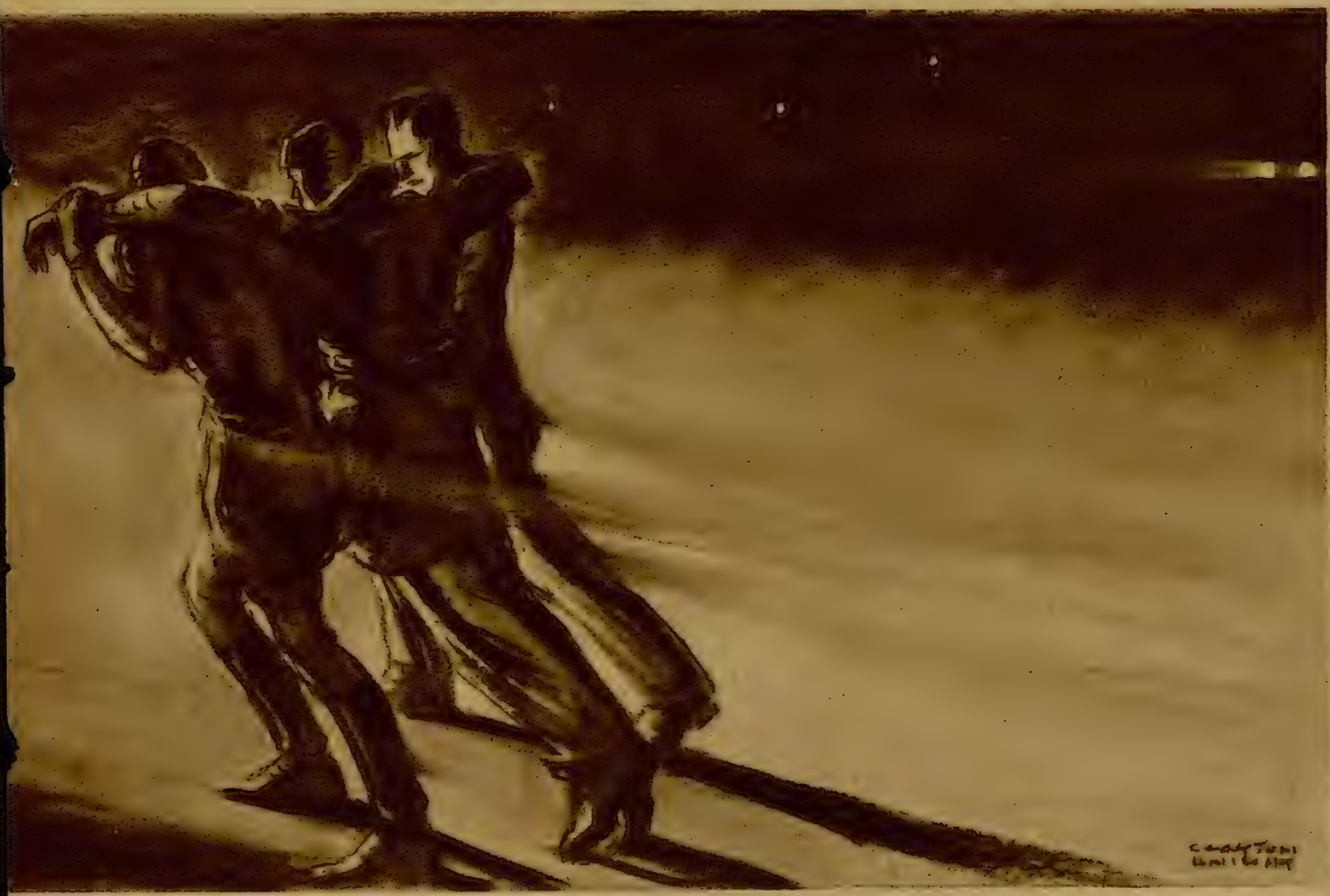
"Is that so?" asked Jettick of the flatfoot.

"Er—well, I thought I might learn—"

"You, Jordan, will go on a beat after tonight. You're no detective. You're just a driver."

"Yes, sir," answered the patrolman submissively.

"And," continued Jettick, "although I'm not satisfied



*WE half ran, half stumbled across the field toward the starting line with our burden.*

# SQUADRON

## RACE

TON KNIGHT

with your explanation yet, Captain Gibson, there's not much I can do. I've still got to find de Forst. I'll expect your help and coöperation. If he turns up with a hangover tomorrow, then my apologies are in order."

"Yes, sir," said the captain.

"But if he isn't here by noon, I want you—all of you—down at my office. At that time I'll be forced to place you under surveillance until such time as we can get some trace of this fellow."

"That's agreeable with me," said Gibson, astounded by the latest turn of events. "I'll have them all down at any time you say."

"Not before noon," said Jettick curtly. "I'll have a lot of other tracing to do before that time. All right, men," to his aids; "let's be getting on the job. Tow that car that's parked by hangar number one to the station and have the steering wheel looked over for fingerprints."

IF there was one person in the old hangar who got a genuine thrill out of this last remark, it was old Fritz. It was he who had taken the keys from de Forst's pockets and had driven the car to the dump yard between hangars one and two. But we did not have to fear anything he might say or anything his features might express. He never could use his voice, and with a dumb face like his one might take the sudden opening of his mouth to be the beginning of a yawn.

Gibson followed the officers out of the door. I noticed that it was almost more than he could do to appear casual.

Jettick, never satisfied, was grumbling about being dragged from his office on a night such as this, and the captain, all affability, was agreeing that a lieutenant of detectives had one of the most exciting and at the same time disagreeable jobs on the force.

"Well, Gibson," I could hear Jettick saying, "I hoped I'd find you here—and I guess I've not made myself any too pleasant, but that's neither here nor there. Duty is duty and I've got to act accordingly. Heard you were hardboiled, so I had to come in with a chip on my shoulder. No offense—just duty. But," he added in a semistern tone, "you'll come in tomorrow if I can't locate him."

"Certainly, captain."

"Lieutenant, Gibson."

"Sorry, lieutenant. With your effectiveness you should be a captain."

"Well, maybe I should—"

"I know it—" And thereupon hinged a conversation which anyone who is familiar with police operatives knows. Praise them and they'll do anything for you; but say something they don't like, give them an honest opinion, and see how many charges you'll find lodged against you when you wake up in the Emergency Hospital.

The captain did not notice Fritz or me when he strode back into the hangar. Instead his gaze narrowed on the Pest, who was rearranging her hair in front of the small broken mirror. He bolted the hangar door and turned on the poor little devil with: "All right, you. Come

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page fifty-nine

here!" And when the old captain omitted first names it meant that he was not so well pleased.

The Pest, with a final primp of her unmanageable hair, came toward him. In every step there was saucy defiance.

"I thought I sent you home," said Gibson sternly.

The Pest bowed her head in mock shame. I could have annihilated her. Here we were with a dead body, and a few free minutes in which to get rid of it if she weren't present.

Of course I knew we could tell her the truth; but it would be dangerous to confide in her.

"I'm not going home until you and Red take me," she said, hands on her hips. This didn't seem to please Gibson, for reasons which the three of us knew.

"Oh, you aren't, huh?" he said belligerently.

"No, I'm not," she flared. "You wouldn't send me home alone in a storm like this at twelve o'clock at night!"

Gibson sputtered. In all the years he had officially acted as the Pest's guardian he had never left her unescorted.

"I'm not going to scold you tonight, young fellow," he said in a peculiarly pathetic voice. "I'm not going to tell you that you must go home. But I can't spare Red. There's still a lot of work to be done. If you want Fritz—"

She shook her head negatively.

"Well, then, I'd like you to do me this favor—just this one. Please go home. Don't make me scold. It seems that's all I've done. And today's sort of given me the jimmies. Go on like a good youngster, get some sleep, and I'll be along early in the morning with Red to take a cup of good hot coffee and a bit of ham and eggs with you."

Her flippant manner disappeared. Yet her round little face showed no weakness. Instead she became very determined. "Gibby, I don't want to go without you—you and Red."

"If that's all you think of one who's tried to take the place of your own brother, I'm through. I've officially adopted you and am responsible for you, and you reward me with nothing but insolence and disobedience. After this evening you're your own boss," he concluded bitterly.

SHE came close to him, took him by the biceps of both arms. "You—you don't mean that you never want to see me again—"

"See here. Today's been a living hell to me, young lady, and you're not improving matters any by wasting time when Red and I could be getting some sleep."

"But, Gibby, I don't want to leave you now. I'm afraid for both of you. I want to stay. I want to be responsible for—for—"

"For what?" he said viciously.

"For Phil's murderer—for your appearance in court."

"How much did you listen to at that hole?" demanded Gibson suspiciously.

"It doesn't matter. I was just afraid—afraid for you and Red. You're all that's left of the squadron now, and you've both got to always be with me."

Gibson laughed. And there was no mirth in that laugh. "How much did you hear?"

After a silence she spoke: "All I heard was—was the officers trying to find out about de Forst."

Gibson sighed his relief.

"Won't you take me home?" she pleaded.

"I've told you that's impossible," he said harshly. Then: "We've had hard luck today, little Pest, and you've got to overlook anything we may say. Don't add to our difficulties by hampering our work when we're so near to the end." He brightened. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bargain with you."

"What?" she asked suspiciously.

"If you'll get in your little whoopee and go straight home, I'll—I'll take back what I said about sending you to a girls' school."

"You mean I won't have to go?" she asked, eyes dancing.

"Exactly."

"Never?"

"Never," he answered positively. "You can be with Red and Fritz and me until you get tired of us."

She looked at Fritz and me thoughtfully. Then, as if making a sudden decision, she pulled Gibson's head downward and planted a kiss on his wan cheek.

"Good night," she said, and a second later she disappeared through the roller doors and into the darkness.

Gibson heaved a long, tired sigh. For fully ten seconds no one spoke. The condition of our minds seemed to prohibit any one of us from functioning as humans. But one thing I noted. I heard no car starter whine, no humming of any automobile motor. Had the Pest really gone, or would she reappear at an exceedingly inopportune moment? Again and again I told myself that no automobile exhaust could be heard above the storm. But to combat this thought was the knowledge that the Pest always parked in the same place; and if she had followed her usual custom, then the wind ought to carry those sounds to instead of away from us.

I WAS still thinking of this fact when Gibson began issuing commands. "Fritz," he said, "you stand by the door ready to run for the Steerman. Remove the blocks, untie the ropes, face the ship into the wind."

"She's liable to blow away on us if we do that," objected the mechanic.

"Never mind; we've got to take a chance. We'll be lucky to get her into the air at all if you don't follow directions. After she's headed into the wind, give her about five cylinders' choke on the starter, then put on the switch. Get her started at any cost."

"But," objected Fritz again, "there's a dual control in that ship. You can't strap de Forst in—you're going to loop him out. Suppose—"

Gibson smiled grimly. "Tonight's a night of chances. Red, you help me get de Forst into the cockpit. We'll wait until we hear the motor hitting, and then you and I will run as fast as we can carry the load."

So it was arranged. Fritz stumbled into the darkness, and Gibson and I lifted the cowling and canvas from the body of the director.

"It's a more decent burial than he'd have gotten from the state!" was the captain's only comment as he tugged on an arm and brought de Forst to a sitting posture.

With Gibson on the left and me on the right, with de Forst's arms tightly over our shoulders, we stumbled drunkenly to the door—to await the first explosion.

It must have been a grotesque picture which we presented. The ruler under the helmet held de Forst's head erect, but his knees sagged first in one direction and then in another. In the few minutes' wait by the door we found a remedy even for this. By leaning the body slightly backward and pushing his knees until the caps locked, practically all we had to do was to keep him in balance.

Poor de Forst! Poor Phil! Poor old Gibson—who had to fly on such a mission as this on such a night as this!

A sound. The motor coughed. Then into the whining and whistling of the storm broke the staccato notes of the J-5. I looked at Gibson. He had already pulled his goggles down over his eyes; but through the lenses I could see that there was that soft, easy nonchalance of assuredness which was always his.

He was like a brother as he reached over and patted me on the shoulder and said: "Don't worry, Red; everything's O. K."

And de Forst's body, between us, wavered as if in acknowledgment.

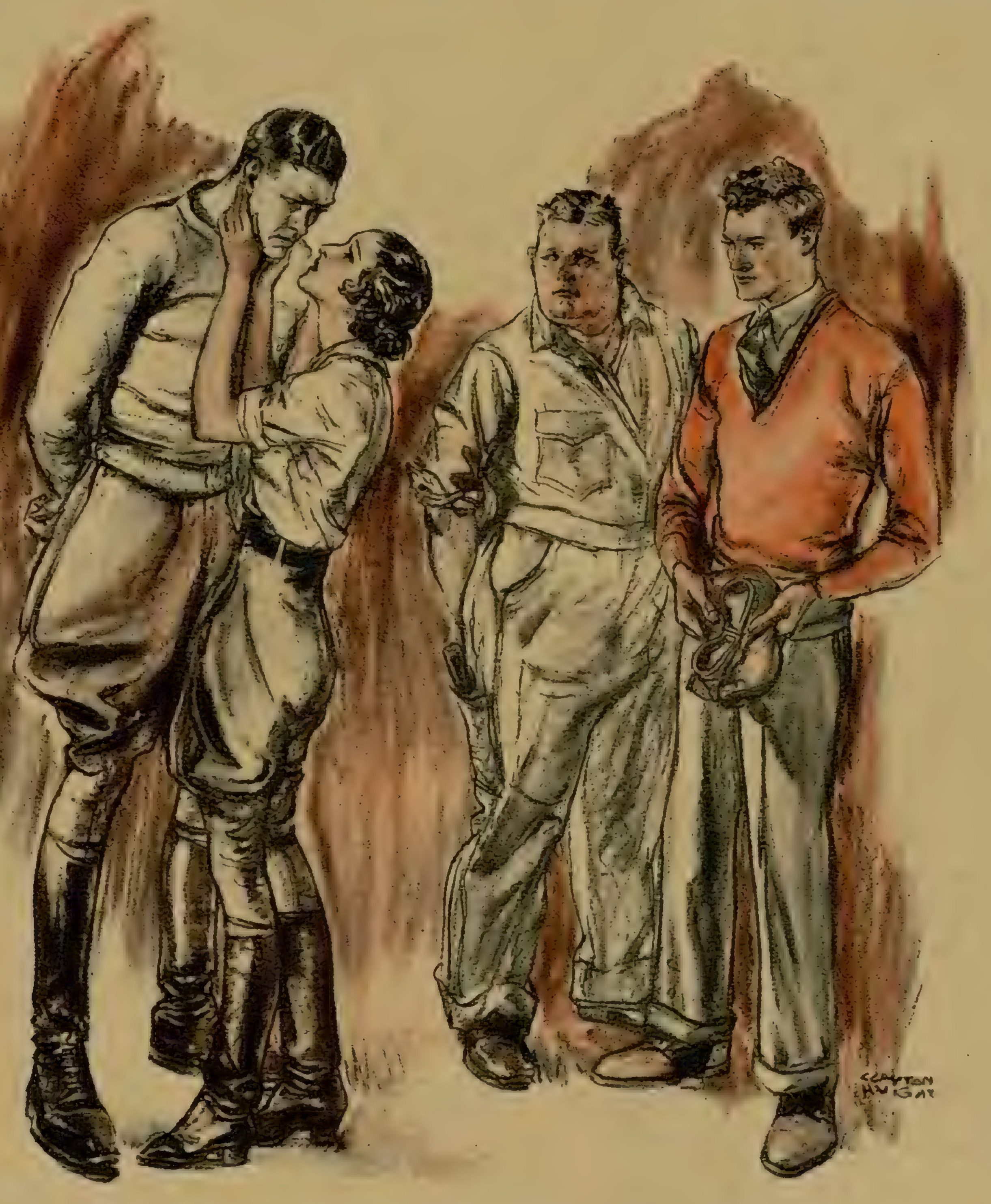
"I may sleep in late tomorrow," he said, "so you run over and have 'ham and' with the Pest, will you?"

I nodded gravely. There was a damnable lump in my throat I just couldn't swallow. It wasn't that I felt any qualms about Gibson. I felt that he would come out O. K. But he always had such grand thoughts in any sort of crisis.

"Well, you old hawk, let's be going."

We half ran, half stumbled across the field toward the starting line with our burden. Unaccountably, before we had gone fifty yards I turned and looked back toward the hangar. At the time I thought it must all be part of a dream. I was almost positive that I had seen the disheveled figure of a girl—of the Pest—sliding in the open roller doors.

Nor was I wrong, as I afterward found out. She had never left the field at all. She had been there when I threatened to kill Gibson, and later when the old cap had ordered de Forst to be bound. Her eyes were glued to the tear in the corrugated iron, where she was captured by the policeman, when de Forst had made his leap for the automatic. She screamed as the gun exploded, yet no one had heard it. She had prayed afterward that Hopkins would not discover that de Forst sat in Gibson's chair drinking a toast to his first flight—as a dead man.



*As if making a sudden decision, she pulled Gibson's head downward and planted a kiss on his cheek.*

As we ran with the body she cowered at the corner of the hangar. When she thought it safe enough to reach the doors unobserved, she had made the dash I saw. And there she clung, half kneeling, uttering supplicant prayers for the man who was her protector.

There was no use trying to tell Gibson of my suspicions. We were busy with one job, and it was a big one. We were struggling. Already two of the three of us were breathing hard. The third one had no cares or worries.

"Faster, Red. We've got to make better time. An automobile!"

Through the dust and darkness came the gleam of two headlights. They were headed downfield—toward our hangar.

"Just hope the oil is warm when we get there," I gasped.

"Who cares as long as the old motor picks up enough to get me into the air?"

"Might cut out on you altogether," I warned.

"A chance we've got to take."

"The car is at the hangar. I think we're sunk. It'll come out to the ship before you get off."

"Maybe," he said. "Can you go it a little faster?"

With our last burst of energy we went on.

"Anyway, it's not police. They'd have a red searchlight," he said.

"Anyway, save your breath. You'll be in no condition to control a ship by the time you reach the cockpit."

FRITZ climbed from the plane and came running toward us.

"Let me take your end of this," he said to Gibson, and, grasping de Forst's arm from around the captain's shoulders, wound it around his fat, bull-like neck and lumbered forward.

Gibby ran ahead and when we got to the ship was already seated. His feet must have been on the rudder and brakes, for instantly he gave gun to the motor, testing to see if it would splutter on him on the take-off.

Fritz and I struggled with the ungainly dead weight, which wabbled uncertainly first in one direction and then in another. Once we had one of the cadaverous legs over the cockpit cowling when the mechanic's hold slipped, throwing the dead man directly against me. Taken unawares, the body slipped from my grasp on to the trailing edges of the panel. A crunching sound as the rear of the ship's ribs broke and the body toppled with a dull thud to the ground below.

Gibson was patient. In the dim light of the cockpit bulb his pale, set features never changed expression as he watched. He sat there like some unearthly thing. Like the wax figure of a master artist. Perhaps he was thinking, as I was, that it was de Forst's way of objecting to this, his final flight.

We scrambled down, lifted him, and finally deposited him, sole passenger, in the wide front cockpit—his erect head pointing forward, his unseeing eyes staring over the bristling cylinders of the J-5. As the uneven gusts of wind struck and swayed the ship on its landing gear, he bobbed back and forth.

I was worried. No belt. Air bumpy. Would he sit in the seat or would he fall to the bottom of the pit? I did all I could to keep anything from happening which Gibson might not expect. I twisted two of the cold fingers into the space between the throttle rod and a longeron. I knew that this would not hold sufficiently to keep the body from falling out in a loop, yet might keep it in the seat.

All set! Fritz and I climbed down from the wing and stood by the side of the cockpit.

A slight smile played around the knifelike edges of Gibson's mouth as he said in a slow, articulate voice: "Thank goodness we're about at the end of this night. Twenty minutes and I'll be back." He looked at each of us seriously, adjusted his goggles, and peered over the top of the engine into the darkness and dust ahead. For just a second he leaned his head far back, looking straight into the cloud-distressed sky above as if trying to fathom

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page sixty-one]

the secrets of his enemies of the storm. Then he was at the work at hand again. " Chocks out? " he asked.

" Chocks out! " I said after looking.

" Then I'm off. But wait! Fritz, come here." He grabbed the mechanic by the neck and pulled him close. There was a short whispered conversation which I could not hear.

I did not think it right. On a flight such as this I thought that Gibson owed me the right to any secret information. He could trust me. There was a brotherhood of inseparable friendship between us. Weren't we the last two living of the squadron?

The conversation ended and I again moved in.

" So long," said Gibson (he was always superstitious about saying good-by). " I'll be back to you in twenty minutes."

" Hurry; give the gun, captain," I said. " That automobile's started out here."

A wave of his hand, a last long look hangarward, and the ship moved slowly. Then, as the full blast of the gun took hold, he shot forward. Out into that wind and dust, up into those clouds of rolling, threatening devils of flyers' hell.

The motor spluttered, caught, spluttered. Then the drone of even explosions filled the storm-swept night, and we knew that the captain had done the impossible. It was all over now. There was nothing to fear. The take-off was the thing, and it had gone off successfully. But Fritz stood there as if of stone. He had not moved an inch—did not notice the approach of the car.

Suddenly I remembered the conversation which had passed between him and the old cap, and a pang of jealousy ate into my heart. I know I shouldn't have done it, but I was so curious, perhaps envious, that I couldn't help asking: " What was it you and the captain were so secretive about—anything we have to do? " And he just stood there and looked into the hole in the darkness that a few seconds before had held the tangible and the touchable. A ship, a pilot, a dead man.

Before I could question him further we found ourselves in the confusing glare of the headlights of the automobile. It came to a stop beside us, and, again out of the brilliant ray of light, it was impossible to see the car's occupants, or, for that matter, anything. I thought it most probably the watchman.

Gradually my eyes adjusted themselves and I saw that we stood before a limousine. In the back seat sat a woman dressed in ermine. A cold, rather harsh voice came from within:

" Where's de Forst? "

My God! It was Follette! What an impossible twist of fate! Just as the ship took off with the body of her husband in the front seat, she should *happen* along. Circumstances like that just don't happen. They are ordained.

BLANKLY I stood there trying to think of some plausible answer. Here was the last of the day's tragic climaxes. Follette would hear the dull impact of the body. Undoubtedly she would run with the rest to see what could fall from the skies on a night such as this. She would find what was left of her own husband. Or, if the thud was inaudible, she would be there when Gibson landed, and of course he'd immediately make his report.

" You know! " she challenged. " Tell me—"

" Let's get out of this wind and dust," I answered, and I climbed to the running board of the car, Fritz following my example.

We helped her from the car and went inside. The Pest was sitting on Gibson's desk, entirely ignorant of the fact that her blouse was in tatters. She sat there, her eyes staring into space, straining her ears for the sound of the motor for overhead.

Nor was she the only one. To both Fritz and me Follette was just an interruption, and not a serious one at that. The shock that would be hers in a few minutes she'd get anyway sooner or later. All we were thinking of was Gibson and his fight for altitude.

Once in a while, in a wind lull or when the captain circled to the leeward of the hangar, we could hear the hum of the motor, and by its sound we knew that the nose of the ship was being struck skyward at its maximum angle of climb.

" Arthur never left this place tonight," declared Nena Follette. " I know that. I demand to know where he is."

FRITZ was toying with the nearly empty bottle of Black and White. That gave me an idea. " You're right, Miss Follette," I said gravely. " He's been here since the last shot was taken."

" But why? " she asked impatiently. " He had an engagement with me for tonight."

" I think," I said, " that your Arthur was rather broken up "—Fritz smiled—" over the accident we had this afternoon."

" Accident? "

" Phil was killed."

She paused in the act of lighting a cigarette. I nodded toward the sand-covered spot on the floor.

" Died there," I said briefly.

" But how does that affect Arthur? He's seen men die before."

" Not, I hope, like Phil did," I said, and continued: " See that bottle? He had a few drinks—"

" Absurd! " scoffed Follette. " Arthur never mixes business and drinking."

I shrugged my shoulders. " I know nothing of his habits. If you don't believe me, suppose you ask the field watchman. He was here when Captain Gibson and de Forst were having a toast to your director husband's first flight at night."

" Flight at night! Arthur go up at *all* with Gibson! Really, you must think me crazy."

" That's right, Miss Nena. I heard him myself—in front of the watchman."

" Then what the little hoyden said is true," said Follette.

I looked at the Pest; but as far as we or our conversation were concerned, she might just as well have been sound asleep.

" I haven't the slightest idea what the Pest may have said. All I know is that they are upstairs in the Steerman right now. I—"

The sentence was never finished. From far above came a sound that brought the Pest to her feet and Fritz and me to instant attention. The racing of that motor up in those clouds. No J-5 in any sort of normal flight would turn up like that. It meant but one thing: the ship was in a dive.

Fritz and I looked at each other. Gibson never dived a ship in a vertical to loop; yet he must be vertical to get the revs he was making now. For ten seconds the motor roared on its way down. Then it stopped. There wasn't a sound from up above. The stillness itself was ominous.

" He's not looping! He'd lose his wings if he tried with that speed," gasped Fritz.

The Pest stood trembling, shivering at the doorway. Her eyes were glued to the heavens, and regularly came that faint, supplicated little " O-o-oh."

It was all she could say.

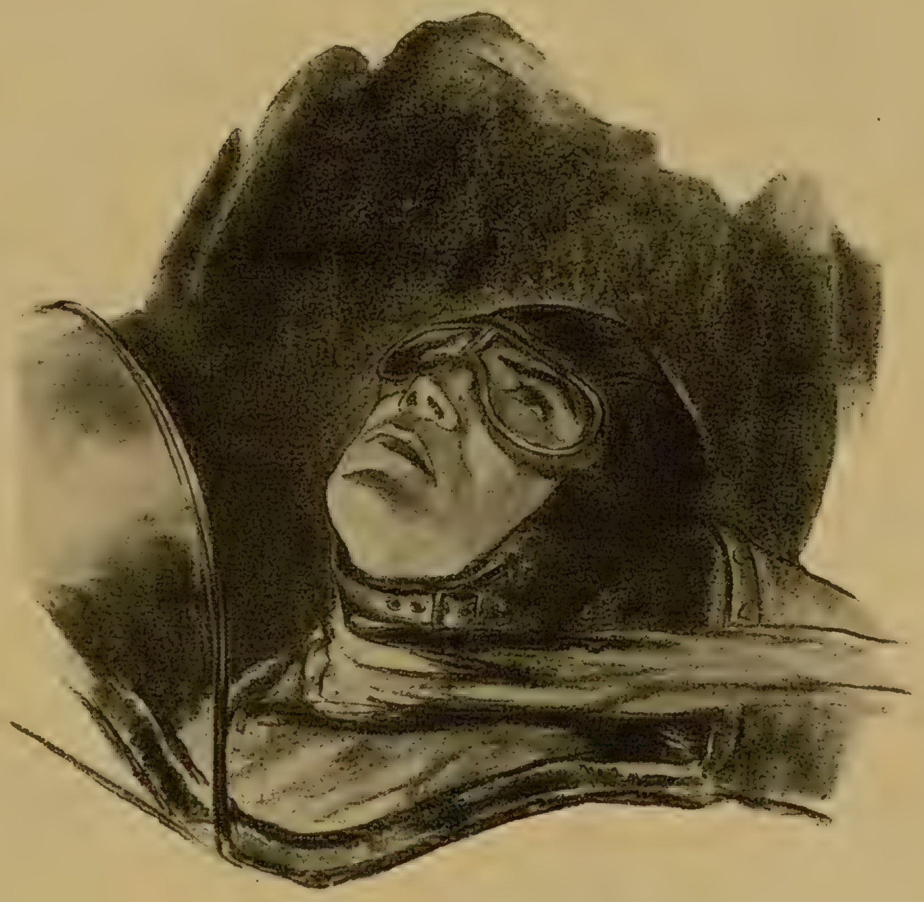
Out of the night came another blast of motor. It lasted for a second, and was followed by two more of the same duration. Then three shorter spurts, and once more three longer ones.

I gasped, " S O S! Fritz, he's in trouble! Throw on the flood lights! "

He ran to the wall, turned on the powerful landing beacons, and we ran from the hangar. A dead silence. Then above the mutterings of the wind we heard the shrill whistle of the wires and struts almost directly above us. Louder and louder—until the air seemed to vibrate with the screeching. Fritz darted into the hangar again, and when he came back he was carrying two fire extinguishers.

The next second, from out of the low-hanging masses appeared a ghostlike thing. An airplane, twisting and turning, corkscrewing and spinning. Down! Down with speed the eye could scarcely follow.

A roar! A crash! A body flung high into the air. A spurt of flame from the ship as the motor bounced clear of the wreckage, to fall a hundred feet away.



*For just a second he leaned his head far back, looking straight into the sky.*

"No use trying to put that out," I yelled as Fritz started for the ship. "You couldn't get within throwing distance with those things."

He dropped the extinguishers and followed me.

We rolled the broken body over. Untwisted the broken arms and legs. It was Gibson.

The Pest, who had followed, was kneeling beside me. When Follette came to the little knot, she glimpsed the prostrate form on the ground and fainted. And because there was nothing else to do at the moment, we had to leave her where she fell.

"His heart's beating a little," I said—"just a little."

"I'll go for a stretcher," volunteered Fritz.

I gave a negative shake of the head. There was a long pause. Everybody was silent. Everything was silent. Even the wind seemed to have spent itself.

Gibson shivered—and lay still again. Then came a half groan. He seemed struggling a bit. His eyes partially opened.

"I said twenty minutes. How long was—I?"

"Twenty minutes," I whispered.

"He jammed the stick—on me. A dead man—froze my—controls," he said.

FOR a few seconds, silence. And then:

"Red!"

"Yes, cap; I'm holding you."

"Your glass rolled out." There was a semblance of a smile. "You'll do—what Fritz says?"

"Anything!"

His eyelids slid down a little more. His voice started trailing off in a whisper.

"Red, take number two on right. Phil, three on the—left. All set—let's make—"

And then I couldn't understand any more. His eyelids were completely closed.

The usual thing happened. A screeching of sirens, a clamorous, inquisitive crowd of police, reporters, officials. But finally they were all gone.

I looked at the pegs. Six were filled—one still a bare spike. The Pest had put the last helmet there—and when she did they dragged her away sobbing pitifully.

They were all gone—all but Fritz and me. He sat on the wheel of 707; I sat on the edge of the captain's desk, looking down at the empty chair. Neither of us spoke. There was nothing to say.

Finally I got up, took a ring of keys from a drawer. Fritz saw me. We gave one last look around the old hangar—the place that had been filled with excitement, laughter, sorrow.

Then we locked the doors.

We piled into the Pest's flivver. Silver-gray threads of light streaked the eastern sky. A new day was already born.

We rambled down the familiar road that led from the field.

"D'you remember the captain talking low to me before the take-off?" he asked.

I remembered.

"He said he had a hunch that everything wasn't going right. He told me to tell you that you love the Pest and she loves you, only you're both too damn' dumb to know it."

I straightened up in the flivver.

"He said," continued Fritz, "that he loved her also—in a different way. And then he asked me if you'd do him a favor."

"You know my answer to that."

"Well, then—go over and have ham and eggs with the Pest this morning."

. . . . .

IT'S been over two years since Captain Gibson's death. Now that night and the few days following it seem like a preposterous dream.

At that time I thought I'd be wanted for murder. I harbored the thought that it had been my finger on the trigger of the gun that killed de Forst. The coroner's inquest held the two deaths accidental, and the Department of Commerce, judging by only the available facts, laid absolute blame on the dead pilot.

Only Fritz, the Pest, and I really knew.

I got no peace either from the thought that it was actually an accident or that we were justified in the course we had taken.

I gave myself up to the District Attorney; made a complete confession of every fact, every detail. When I had finished, he looked at the signed document in his hand for a long time.

I expected to be imprisoned. I wanted to be tried for murder—if it was murder.

Instead, he tore the paper in two and, turning to me, said coldly:

"I'm sorry, but this case is closed. The coroner's report says, 'Death due to accidental causes.' And that report quite agrees with my opinion."

Still it seems like a preposterous dream. But it wasn't. The Pest says so, and what she says goes, because we were married two hours ago in the Little Church of the Flowers.

Lots can happen in two years—or two hours.

When Fritz was presenting the ring, all the buttons flew off his vest and he handed a button to the preacher instead of the ring.

We'd barely gotten home when Harding, the business manager of Epic Pictures, called me.

They're going to make an air epic of future warfare, and it's up to me to assemble a crack squadron of seven ships.

You think I won't?

I'll have seven flyers who can never be topped! But it's the last squadron I'll ever organize. I'm through after this one.

And I'm going to make one rule: if anyone ever "washes out," his place will never be filled.

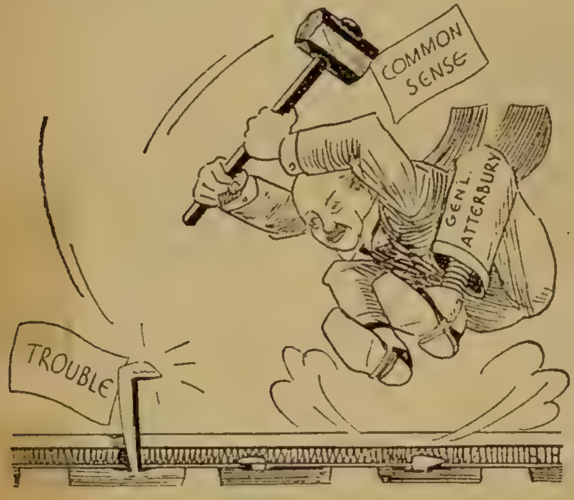
THE END

# Vox

### Railroading Trouble Out of Sight

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Let me tell you, George Sylvester Viereck's interview with General W. W. Atterbury, entitled "How to Get the Business Train Back on the Track," was a humdinger. I've rarely seen so much common sense packed into so short an article.

I see that the General said, among other things: "The railroads of America, like the country itself, are capable of developments that will take your breath away."



That's 100 per cent right!

In that article General Atterbury hit the nail of Trouble right on the head, and if he keeps on hitting it he'll help to drive it right down out of sight.—*Just a Railroad Man.*

### If You Want to Start an Argument, Just Say "Capone"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Imagine Al making the statements Mr. Vanderbilt attributed to him in his article, "How Al Capone Would Run This Country"?

Since when has this glorified bootlegger become a statesman, philosopher, and guardian of the home all in one?—*L. A. Kay.*

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.—I wish I could believe Mr. Vanderbilt's story about Capone, as I am from a Chicago suburb, and mighty skeptical. If Capone really made those statements, then rah rah for ole Capone!—*J. H. C. Risdon.*

OWOSSO, MICH.—Jumping Jupiter! Has Liberty been taken for a ride by Al Capone?

If not, why that article, "How Al Capone Would Run This Country?"

Vanderbilt must have gone press agent for Capone, and Liberty must have gone nuts.—*Robert Langdon.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A fine article, that one by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., entitled "How Al Capone Would Run This Country." A few people may misunderstand Mr. Vanderbilt's motives, and conclude that he was trying to glorify a gangster. That, of course, was not his intention. When a gangster makes such remarkable statements, it's *news.* Mr. Vanderbilt was the first to grab this news, and Liberty the first to print it.—*"Red."*

### We Were Expecting This

EDMONTON, ALTA., CAN.—Herbert O. Yardley may have had no low motive in writing his article, "Double-Crossing America," but our great endeavor should be to bring the Anglo-Saxon peoples together.

To sow distrust between the Anglo-Saxon nations is double-crossing the world. When did Liberty exchange her torch for a bomb?—*A Britisher.*

### No, Just Bustling Around

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin advises us to read "The Macadam Trail," by Mary Day Winn and E. H. Suydam.

She says the book records 10,000 miles of travel by motor bus all over the United States.

What were those busses doing? Looking for a place to park?—*Melvin Hammerfly Brooklittle.*

### Short Cheer for Mr. Thrasher

CULLISON, KAN.—Aw, let the Thrasher youngsters alone, Vox Poppers! They are not beautiful, but they're mighty human.

Mrs. C. B. Farnsworth

If you don't like them, tear off the cover and forget it. Perhaps the neighbor who borrows your magazine will not like this mutilation and it may induce him to buy Liberty, thus aiding the circulation department, though it seems to be getting along all right as is.—*Mrs. C. B. Farnsworth.*

### She Went Back to the Land

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I am still keeping in mind your editorials advocating a back-to-the-land movement. I had wondered why such a movement was not given an impetus by some guiding hand that belonged to a clear head.

My family and I staged a march to the soil several years back, and today we can truthfully say, "You can't tell us nothin'." We know all the down grades as well as the ups. Such a venture is not a glorious adventure, neither is it funny. It is heart-rending at times, back-breaking at other times, but soul-satisfying at the last.

If you must have a new start in life, no matter if the cause be ill health, lack of employment, or a mental thirst for a freer life, Old Mother Earth is the one to go to. We were in southern California, but this same joke can be played on trouble in any state.

We found a landowner who let us have a contract for five acres. Our cash was nil, but we gave him a Liberty bond as down payment. We were to make no further payment for six months.

We went to the nearest lumber yard, and, after an explanation, the manager was glad to let us have lumber for our house on time, and I am telling you nearly all lumbermen are glad to do the same thing today. We built a one-room house, with what I was pleased to call a kitchenette attached.

The land was virgin, and plowing that is a healthy job. The garden plot and the house yard I plowed with a push plow. Yes, sir. All the neighbors helped us and we helped them. At the end of the year we were not ahead in cash, but we had fed five people with plenty, clothed them, and owned our own place instead of paying rent.

We know what it means to begin from the ground up, and then stay up, because going back to the ground was the only thing that would give us the lift. It was hard, but it paid. If it paid us it will pay others. You have started something good, Mr. Editor. Keep it going!—*Mrs. F. M. Steele.*

### Romantic Results of Reading an Editorial

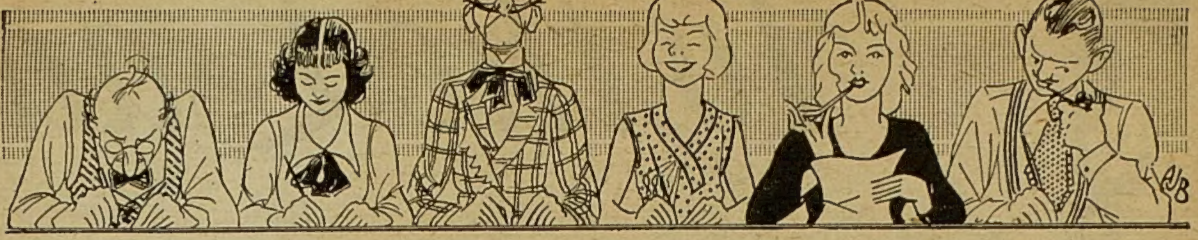
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In writing your editorial, "Are You in Love?" were you writing from experience, or were you just trying to kid us? The following is a consequence of reading that editorial. I had been angry with my boy friend for about six months, but immediately after reading your article I experienced a softening of the heart, and promptly made up with him, and told him how it had come about.

He had never read Liberty, but I guess his heart also softened, for he states that, from now on, he is going to be a firm advocate of your magazine, and will recommend it to all of his friends and business associates.

SMACK!
SMACK!
Liberty

Thus you've gained a few more Liberty fans! When next Christmas comes, if we don't hang a copy of Liberty on the chandelier, instead of mistletoe, we'll be confoundedly ungrateful to the magazine that brought us together.—*Grateful Girl.*

# Pop



### Send the Bill to Dick Grace

HAWKINSVILLE, GA.—In the language of ancient sea-story writers, "I've got a boy what goes to the air in ships." Said boy was flying in to the home port the other day, and apparently was making one of the most graceful landings possible with a cabin monoplane.

PAY— OR ELSE!
EDITOR

But after touching Mother Earth, that plane turned a complete flip-flop, coming to rest on her back without any injury except to the prop.

Leisurely crawling through a window, the young flyer was seen with a Liberty in his hand, still reading Dick Grace's "Lost Squadron."

Now, how in thunder can a "Liberty-loving" pilot fly a ship, or land one, when there's a Liberty lying around loose? I hereby call on the Department of Commerce to pass a law preventing any more Libertys lying around in reach of any pilot.

And I want to know if you are willing to pay for that prop. Answer me that!—*W. W. Poole.*

### Digging into Wells

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Have just finished H. G. Wells' article, "Fifty Years from Now," and have this to say. It seems to me that, humanity being what it is, Mr. Wells' picture is only a beautiful dream.

No one but God could effect such a change in the present situation.—*J. Whale.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The article by H. G. Wells was a welcome one to many of us. To be a nationalist today is to be an obstructionist.—*Earl Grant.*

AMBRIDGE, PA.—You call H. G. Wells' "Fifty Years from Now" a startling prophecy. Whereas, what he predicts and what he states in his article is nothing more than facts and common sense. And the sooner the people in the present-day world will come to reason and realize that they have been humbugged long enough by a gang of rascals, the sooner this world will become a place such as its Creator intended it to be. Namely, a place of plenty for all, with peace and happiness reigning supreme.

To accomplish this, the right kind of education is needed.—*Thomas R. Supe.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—There is one element that Wells always seems to forget in his articles—his latest one in Liberty is typical—and that element is human nature.

But even with this omission his writings are always interesting, and I am always glad when I can drift along with him in a Utopian existence.—*A Member of Modern Society.*

PEORIA, ILL.—More power to H. G. Wells! If your mag would print more articles like his you would truly have a weekly for everybody.—*One for International Unity.*

### Forward Passing

MCCLUSKY, N. D.—We live in a one-horse town of 700 population. The only thing that keeps us alive is the thought that each week brings us another Liberty. Our corner drug store gets only two copies of Liberty and we buy them both. After we've read them from cover to cover we pass them along to our neighbors, who in turn pass them to their neighbors. When we get 'em back you wouldn't recognize your magazine.—*M. C. and L. S.*

### Couple of Cracks at Ending the Depression

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have heard so many people talking about the depression and asking what can be done about it. Liberty, too, has had a crack at solving the problem. Well, here is the solution:

S. W. Fossick

Why is it that the lawmakers in Washington cannot see that people are dissatisfied—I mean the largest number — and that we are governed by a minority? Where is the government of the people, for the people, and by the people? Kill the dry law today and tomorrow the depression will be lifted. If those in Washington are looking for a solution and really want one, then they can stop talking and wipe out the Eighteenth Amendment, and we can have prosperity once more.

Let's take all the prohibitionists and put them in the middle of the Sahara Desert and listen to them call for a drink!—*S. W. ("Soaking Wet") Fossick.*

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—The trouble with the United States is just this. We, the majority, think we are kidding the rest of us into thinking we are not making any money, haven't any money, and are almost starving. We are "depression liars," and for our own selfish benefit. How did we get the habit? Well, by listening to the really poor, hard-up folks truthfully state their exact predicament.

L. B. Christman

To "talk poor" is the fashion just now, and a selfish one that is causing part of the business depression here today. Plenty of wealthy people who could make times okay once again are using this current fashion as an excuse not to spend their money, their efforts, and their power to bring prosperity back.

Everyone should forget blue times and stop "talking poor."—*L. B. Christman.*

### For Mr. Hope

KILGORE, TEXAS—I've got a great big kick, and I might as well tell you about it. I am lying on a hospital cot with a leg half cut off, and am supposed to lie still—all of which I was doing until I read "Nature Takes Its Course," by Edward Hope, in Liberty.

Now I am set back a week, from laughing, and by then— Well, I ask you, how in the h— can I get well?—*Homer A. Jones.*

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
Liberty

CHICAGO, ILL.—Any guaranty you can give that Edward Hope will continue writing stories one half of one per cent as good as "Nature Takes Its Course" will boost your circulation to heights unknown, regardless of whether that would please you or not.—*Max Grogan.*

### Can Anyone Find a Husband for This Girl?

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Ah! At last I have solved the gangster problem. This is how. Start another war with somebody. The gangsters would feel at home and immediately join the army. Then we could break up all their old hangouts. Then when they came back there would be so many of their old friends gone that they would be too mournful to fight any more. Incidentally, I want a husband. They are easier to find in wartime.—*Susie Lee.*

UPLIFT FLOUR

# To the Ladies!

UPLIFT FLOUR

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

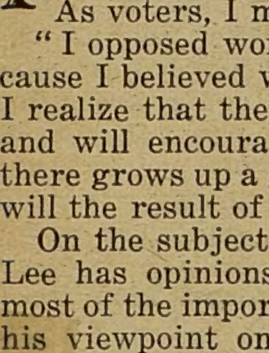
*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia*

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)*

IVY LEDBETTER LEE has changed his mind. He used to be against us girls, but now he's for us. As voters, I mean.

"I opposed woman suffrage at first," he told me, "because I believed women too emotional for politics. Now I realize that they will gain political knowledge in time, and will encourage their children to learn. Not until there grows up a generation sprung from voting mothers will the result of woman suffrage be fully apparent."

On the subject of women in business and politics Ivy Lee has opinions. And his intimate association with most of the important *men* in America and Europe makes his viewpoint on feminine affairs well worth hearing.



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Ivy Ledbetter Lee

Mr. Lee is probably the world's most noiseless publicity man. The Rockefellers depend on him for publicity advice. So does Charles M. Schwab. So do several giant corporations, among them the owners of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It is said that Mr. Lee is just as expert at keeping the "big drum" quiet as he is at thumping it.

In fact, his method with publicity is noted for its extreme quietness.

We spoke of the vast sums of money now in women's hands through inheritance. I asked Mr. Lee if he thought that sex was invading finance.

"No," he said. "At present the huge wealth controlled by women is not causing any particular stir in the world, because the women who control it are not yet making use of the power their money puts at their command. All their training in the past has been along lines so different that they are not yet able to enter finance as independent thinkers."

Mr. Lee comes from Georgia, is fifty-four, has two sons, one daughter. His hobby is collecting information about Soviet Russia.

AWAY down south in Dixie Land they still grow innocent maidens who can be fooled by their mothers. Listen to this if you don't believe me:

Last month a lady from a small Southern town brought her sixteen-year-old daughter to New York. Mama was giving her the trip as a special treat to celebrate her recent recovery from a siege of illness. The girl had never seen a big city before, but some of her young Southern friends were in New York, and the very first day she arrived they asked her to join a party for that evening. She wanted to go, but Mama thought bed would be a better place for her that night, considering her long train ride and her recent sickness. The argument reached its climax in one of the large New York department stores, just as mother and daughter finished their tour of the ground floor and started for the second.

"Honey, you know you're still weak," contended Mama, stepping on to the escalator.

"Why, Mama, how can you say . . ." The girl was so eager to win the argument that she followed Mama on to the escalator—the first escalator in her young life—without even noticing that it was not an ordinary walk-up stairway.

But as they went up her words faded out and she stopped talking in the middle of a sentence. Turning, at the top, to ask what the trouble was, mama saw her unsophisticated child standing white-faced, scared, with closed eyes.

"Mama, you're right," the girl said faintly. "I'm not well enough to go to a party tonight. All the way up those stairs I felt just as though they were moving under me."

And this cagy lady from the South took daughter right away from there before she had a chance to find out why the stairs gave her that funny feeling.

BUSTLES are back! They are really in style again—minus their old-fashioned wire stuffing, and thank goodness for that!

The new ones take the form of padded loops, stiffened bows, drapes, etc. They may not be quite as perky as the authentic bustle worn a generation ago, but they don't look as much like a dislocated hip, either.

I have seen several new dresses with extremely attractive back draperies. One delightful evening frock in dove-gray taffeta, with the quaintest top part, gathered down the center and buttoned with pink rhinestones, has this tunic top ending in a frill a little above the knee, then drawn upward at the back, where an enormous bow lined with pale pink marks the waistline—and constitutes the bustle.

For afternoon or informal evening wear I saw a charming black dress in soft heavy faille taffeta with a demure touch of lingerie at the neck. Jet buttons went all the way down the back of the tight waist, which terminated behind in two huge loops of silk hanging over the elaborate shawl-like drapery of the skirt.

A WOMAN I know has just nursed her husband through an acute attack—of success.

They were getting along well in their modest circumstances until two years ago, when he suffered a sudden stroke of fortune. He put over a big deal, made a lot of money (a lot for them), and received a salary boost such as he never had dared to dream of.

Up went his self-esteem. Up went the size of his head. As a husband he became painful to live with. As an employee he became painful to work with. He lost his balance.

He began to think of his job, and his town—and hi wife—as not good enough for him.

When he left to take a much finer job in a much larger city his wife refused to go with him. Some months later he asked her to grant him a divorce. Her friends said: "Do it. Let him go, and good riddance."

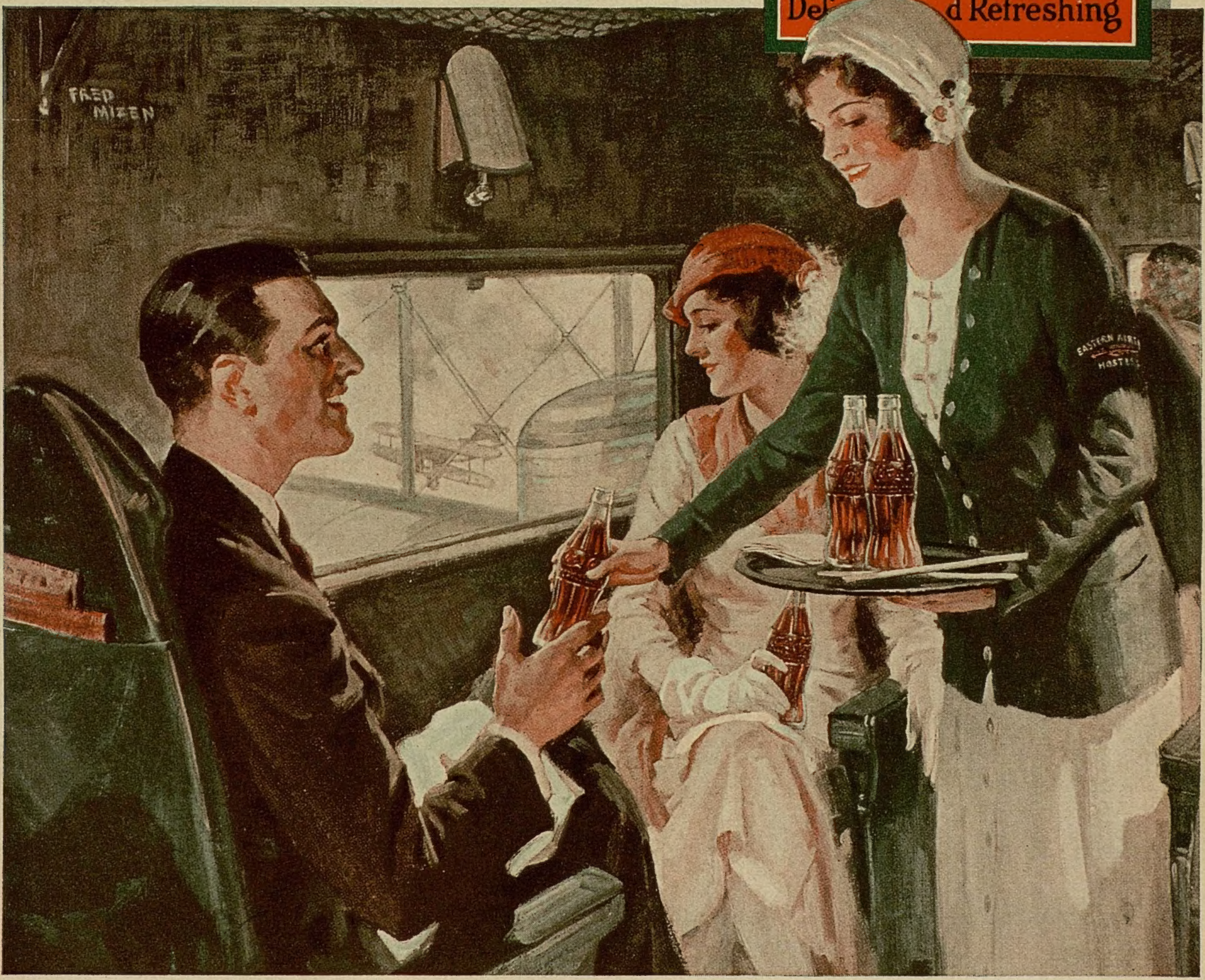
But she paid attention neither to her friends' advice nor to her husband's request. She merely sat pat and waited.

Back, after a while, came her prodigal husband—his fine job gone, money gone, swelled head gone. She welcomed him home with a knowing smile. To a friend she explained:

"Divorce him? Nonsense! I knew just about ho far he would go. He's been on a *success* spree, that's al I knew he would be mine again when it was over."

READ The Mad Monk by R. T. M. Scott (published by Claude Kendall). An absorbing fantasy about the origin of Rasputin, Russia's evil genius. True or not, it is certainly thrilling, strange, exceptionally well written. Some pages of almost classic beauty.

# Up in the sky



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Camels are milder and more throat-friendly because they are dust-free and fresh.

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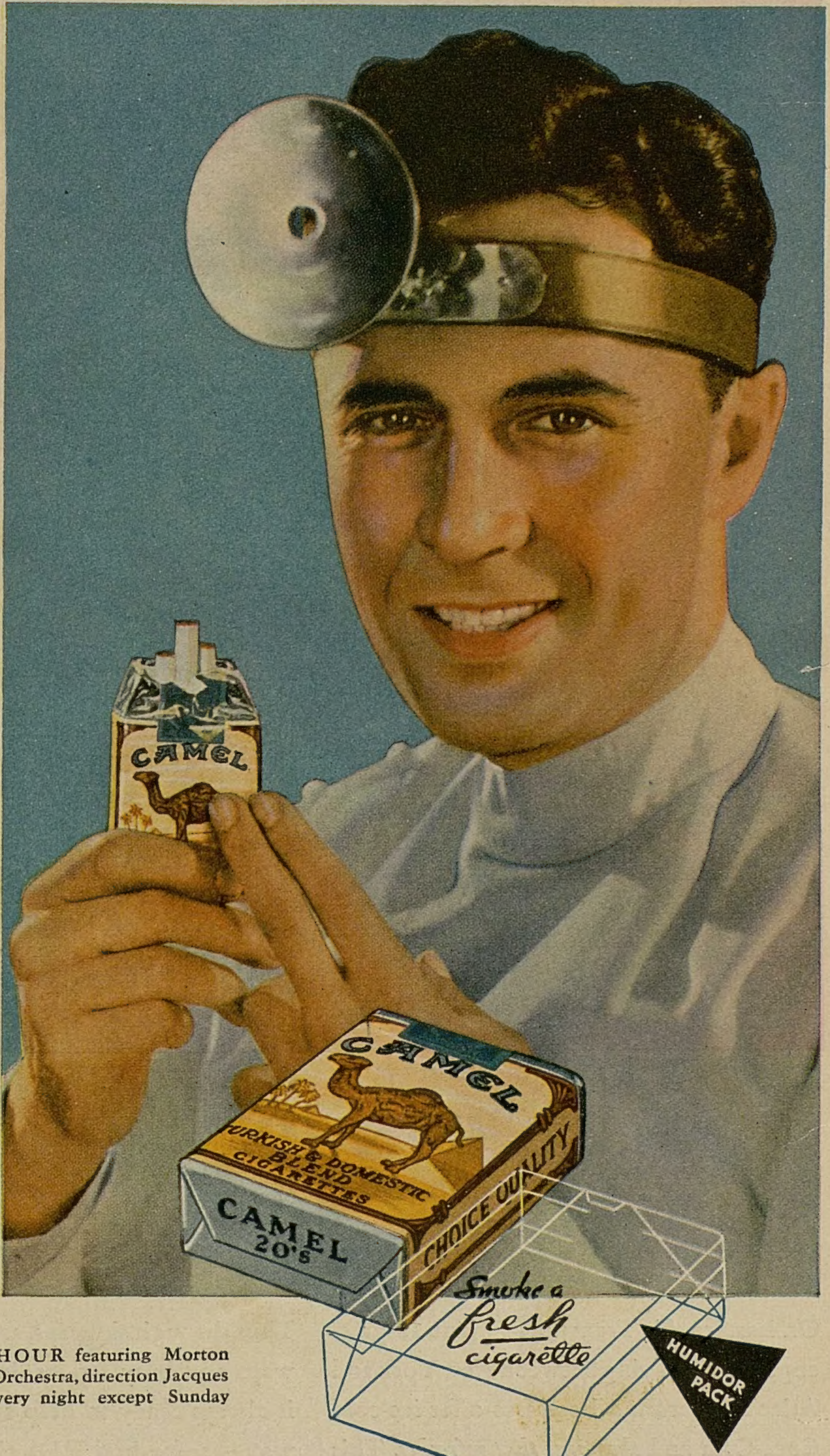

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